

GWIR YN ERBYN Y BYD.

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THE  
**CAMBRIAN JOURNAL;**

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE  
**CAMBRIAN INSTITUTE.**

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CAS GWR NA CHARO  
Y WLAD A'I MACCO.

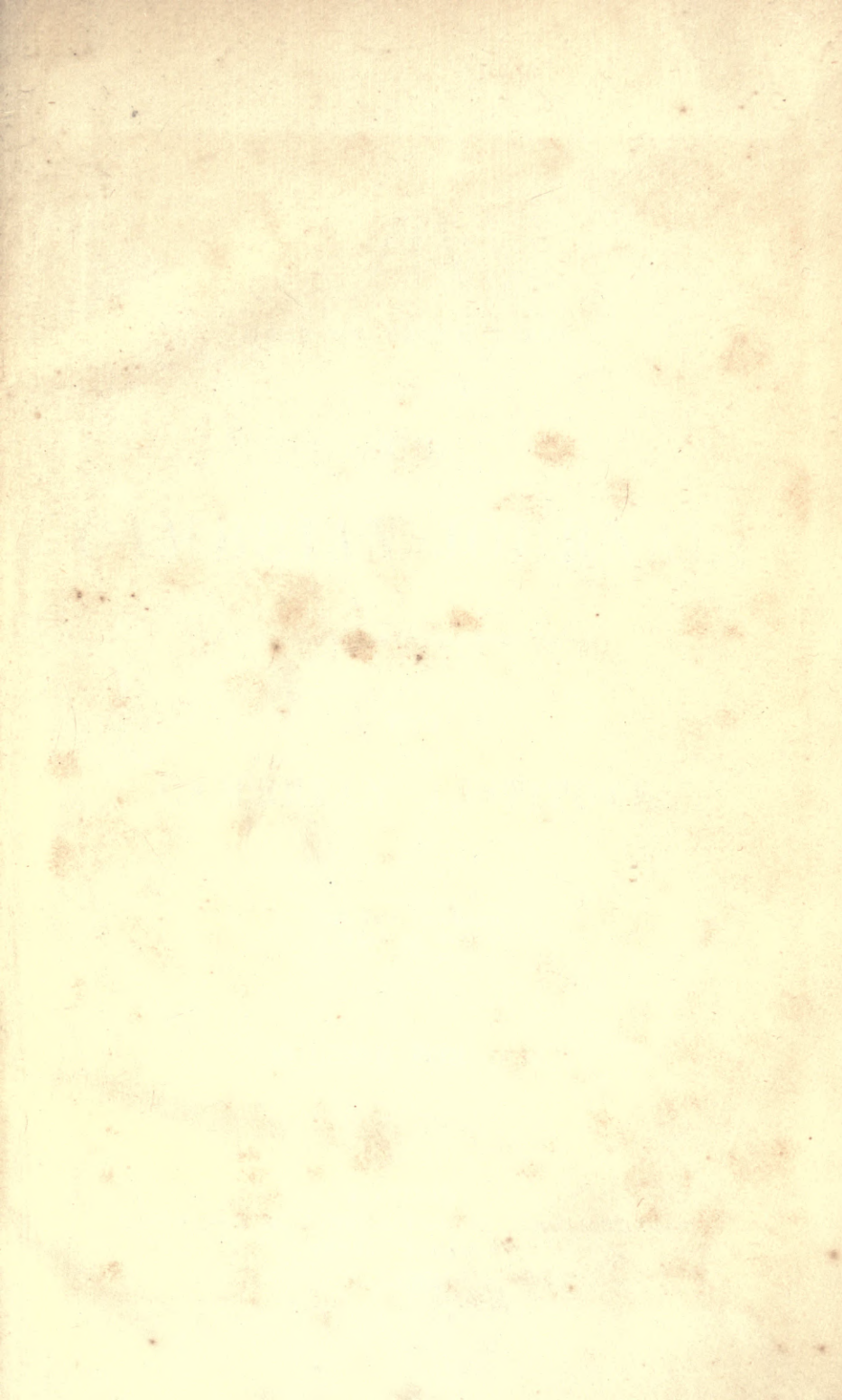
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VOLUME FOR 1858.

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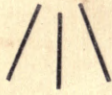












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## P R E F A C E.

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WHEN we take a retrospective view of the year 1858, now about to expire, we cannot but congratulate the Members of the CAMBRIAN INSTITUTE upon the great success which has attended the national cause. One deep source of gratification is the determination of government to publish our historical records, the first volume of which, entitled *Brut y Tywysogion*, or Chronicle of the Princes, is already in the press, to be followed immediately by others of a similar nature. In addition to this, the numerous Eisteddfodau, or bardic meetings, which have been held in divers parts of the Principality, and more especially the grand Llangollen Congress, indicate very clearly that the Welsh people have lost none of their national ardour, and that there is a craving among them for some more permanent institution, in which their own language will constitute an integral element. They seem pointedly to suggest the question whether provincial, or even parochial, schools should not be established in Wales, under the auspices of government, in which the competitive principle should be introduced, and form one of their most prominent characteristics. The Eisteddfod is a reflex of the Welsh mind, and those in high places ought certainly to take it into account in dealing with the educational condition of the Principality.

We are given to understand that the compositions to which prizes were awarded at the recent national Eisteddfod will be published with as little delay as possible. This is a step in the right direction, as it is calculated to remove much of the prejudice entertained against meetings of this description, on the part of those who

fail to see any practical results attending them, and will be the means of augmenting the store of our native literature.

It gives us infinite pleasure to discern a growing desire among our English neighbours to learn our language, to countenance our distinctive usages, and to approach our records and traditions with a free and unbiassed mind. Indeed some have in these respects gone beyond several of our own countrymen, who, whilst they profess to study the antiquities of the Cymric nation, earnestly advocate the abolition of the Cymraeg, blind to the truth that

“To study tribes without their speech,  
Is to grope for what our sight should teach.”

The spread of these patriotic principles has had a visible effect upon the condition of the CAMBRIAN INSTITUTE—an unprecedented number of new Members having joined it in the course of the past year. We feel much cheered by this circumstance, regarding it not only as a sign of a wider appreciation of British interests in general, but of approval in particular of the nature of the subjects which have been introduced into the pages of the CAMBRIAN JOURNAL. One of the main features of this Volume is the publication of MS. fragments, which, though highly valuable in a historical point of view, would in a few years no doubt have fallen a sacrifice to the bite of time, were they not thus rescued. We are in possession of a considerable store of these documents, which we shall from time to time bring to light. We may say, moreover, that several of our principal supporters have promised to contribute to our pages, in the ensuing year, original articles on the different subjects which our Journal embraces, so as to make it as complete and as varied as possible. We wish our readers

GWYLIAU LLAWEN A BLWYDDYN NEWYDD DDA.



THE  
CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

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ALBAN



EILIR.

(VERNAL EQUINOX.)

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no doubt that a much greater attention is now being paid to Cymric affairs than was the case some few years ago. Welsh nationality is more generally respected—the literature of the country commands a wider circle of admirers—and etymological excellences have at length been discovered in the Cymraeg, which will assign to it a high position among the various tongues of the great human family. The opprobrium hurled against the bardic school is recoiling, and the old maxim of Taliesin, “Myn y gwir ei le,” is continually being verified. The allophyllian theory has been abandoned, the doctrine of a Gwyddelian pre-occupation finds no rest for the sole of its foot, and German scepticism evaporates into thin air; whilst every fresh discovery in the sciences of geology, ethnology, philology, or whatever else may bear upon

the subject, is ever contributing its testimony, more or less, in favour of the general honesty and consistency of that great literary system which was reared by our bardo-druidic ancestors.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not blindly attach ourselves to native authorities, without a critical examination of their weight and value. The prejudice is on the other side. We proceed in our historical investigations on the assumption that our forefathers were ordinarily upright men; and whenever we find that their statements are not contradicted by reason, and the stronger testimony of extrinsic facts, we unhesitatingly accept their conclusions. On the other hand, the anti-national theorists act independently of home records, and not unfrequently, indeed, as if truth invariably dwelt, and was to be sought for, in their very opposites.

It was not proper that the bardic school should be without its organ, in which papers illustrative of the usages of the Cymry, and explanatory of their traditions, might be inserted, and in which such persons as took an interest in the national lore might meet to interchange their sentiments thereon. Such an organ is the CAMBRIAN JOURNAL, of which we now commence a "New Series," established on a firmer basis than before, and thoroughly removed from the reach of adverse influence.

One great characteristic of this Series will be the publication of manuscript memorials that will be of rare and valuable service to the future historian of Wales. It is our intention also to enrich our pages with an array of some hundreds of Cymric words, that have never appeared in any printed dictionary. This, it is presumed,



will prove an interesting boon to the philologist, and greatly facilitate the studies of those scholars who attempt to explore the treasures of our ancient literature.

Wales has long been under an eclipse; but we trust that by the aid of the Welsh MSS. Society, the Cambrian Institute, and the Eisteddvod, as well as by the literary efforts of private individuals, the darkness is dispersing, and that a brighter day is dawning upon it. We trust that Europe will soon be able to judge for itself—that it will be convinced from the store of our ancient learning, and from the philosophical structure of our language, that Cymru was at one time the centre of civilization—that it was a bright spot when the surrounding nations groped in intellectual and moral darkness. In itself it is still bright and happy—land of the awen and the harp; but our wish is that the film should fall off the eyes of our neighbours, to enable them to see all this. No pains on our part shall be spared to bring about so desirable a consummation.

## MOELMUTIAN TRIADS.

By the Late IOLO MORGANWG, B.B.D.

THE language of these triads, as we have them, is of that period between the time wherein the Romans quitted Britain till about the close of the thirteenth century. It differs no more from that of Howel's Laws than what might have been expected from the difference of object in a new and old code; a new order of things had taken place in the age of Howel widely different from the age of Moelmutius—in these things alterations had been growing greater and greater for ages. In the language we perceive but little difference between that of 500 and 1130; from this last period to the present day, English words and English idioms have mottled the language a little, especially the vulgar dialect; but no good writer ever uses either one or the other of them; the legitimate words and idioms are still perfectly retained, and the difference between the literary language of the present day, and that of 2300 years ago, consists entirely in the new compounds that have been formed to designate new ideas that have been excited or suggested by our succession of knowledge, by modern discoveries and improvements in philosophy, and the arts and sciences in general, with those figurative, metaphorical, and sometimes catachrestical senses that are the unavoidable, and indeed natural, effects of such accessions of new ideas. The Charter of Llandaff is the oldest specimen of prose that we have of ascertained date; we are sure that this never became liable to insensible alterations of time by frequent transcript. It was not a thing of common use, or common amusement, so as to be continually copied through every age, and by such means be insensibly altering as it was carried along through many ages; and yet the language of it, divested of nothing but its antique orthography, is so similar to that of Howel's age as not to be greatly distinguished. Divest the Welsh of the present day of its new ideas, and adhere to etymological



and grammatical purity, and we shall not be able to point any great difference between it and that of Howel, that of the Moelmutian Triads, or that of the Charter of Llandaff; so that those who might attempt to fix the period wherein these triads were written, from anything merely in the language, will find themselves on a wrong pursuit; the language will correspond sufficiently with that of any period subsequent to the Roman empire, down to at least the commencement, and even an advanced period, of the fourteenth century.

We may fairly form other conjectures with respect to them than the preceding, without in the least impeaching their authenticity, and amongst others the following:—The Laws of Dyfnwal are expressly said in Howel's Laws to have existed till that very time, and to have been in a considerable degree the basis of his code. It is not at all probable that, after he had made such use of them in his new laws as might have appeared proper, he should cause all to be destroyed and annihilated; even should he have entertained such an unreasonable and silly wish to no useful or even gratifying purpose, it is not probable that he could have accomplished it in a country and amongst a people of some literature, who cultivated and wrote in their own language, as was then the fact in Wales. Of course MS. copies of the reputed Laws of Dyfnwal would be found in several hands and places. Many passages in Howel's Laws are, from their remarkable brevity, very obscure; for instance, the laws respecting aliens, the mention of the *teisbantyle*, of the *gwrthrifad*, of *Cymry benbaladr*, &c., whence it would soon become necessary to search for everything that could in any degree elucidate such passages; and to what could they recur with so much propriety as to the ancient Laws of Dyfnwal, which, in the greatest probability, were extant in MS. for a considerable time after Howel. Thus would they be necessarily re-copied, MS. copies multiplied, and from the necessity, at least utility, that occasioned this, they would have been with the Laws of Howel as indispensable concomitants, brought down to a late period, to



the time of Henry VIII., in whose time Wales became incorporated with England, and Howel's Laws, till then in use and force, were abolished. Hence we find nothing but what is very agreeable to, and indeed little if anything less than the necessary effects of things that as necessarily occur in the ordinary course of nature, in the circumstance of the Laws of Dyfnwal Moelmud reaching the present day, from the very remote period of 2600 years ago, nearly the same in substance as when the code was first formed; and though in language and expression altered by the insensible gradations of a very long period—of half the age of the world—yet I believe not so much even in that as some who are not acquainted with the Welsh language—its roots and structure—may suppose. Should an experiment be tried to separate the original text from the interwoven commentary, I will not venture to say that it would be successful; but, possessed of time and leisure, I should myself feel but very little despair in entering upon such an attempt.

This kind of commentary could not have been necessary in the time of Dyfnwal, nor indeed for ages afterwards. The simple original text of each Triad was for a long period sufficiently understood without an explanation; it could not have been necessary till the original triads had, by passing through a long succession of ages, especially those of the Roman period, become obsolete and obscure. Whether this commentary was attached to and blended with the original text immediately on the Britons being left to govern themselves by the Romans, and the Laws of Dyfnwal were restored—whether it was soon or not till long after—whether before Howel, by him, or in his time, or subsequently to his time, and how much, cannot be ever ascertained. Nor is it, I believe, known whether, during the Roman period, the Britons were allowed their own ancient laws, or whether there exist any documents by Roman writers that would clear up this point. By the oldest Welsh writings one would be disposed to believe they had been, at least in some degree, indulged in this, especially with respect to their

agrarian laws, or the territorial franchise, and its attendant privileges and honours. Had these laws been once totally laid aside, and lands appropriated on the principle they now are, we know not how it could have been possible to revive them, and bring them into general use. For in general use they appear to have been in the time of Howel, and their principles admitted into his code. They must in all probability have continued uninterruptedly down through the Roman period to the age of Howel, as they did for some ages afterwards; for had there, at any time of the period under consideration, been any, or at least many, great landed proprietors, we cannot conceive that they would easily have been prevailed upon to give their estates up *pro bono publico* to the use of such as they might, on their own favourite principles of injustice, have termed a swinish multitude.

I have given it as my opinion that our language has not been greatly altered from what it was in the time of Dyfnwal, more than 2000 years ago, especially in its radicals and structure; but, admitting that it had, we may still suppose that, notwithstanding such an alteration in language, the laws might well have continued unaltered in their fundamentals; for, being of a general and perspective use, they would insensibly adopt the idiom of the time, and successively of every time, through which they passed along; and, as their object insensibly varied with time, which introduced new objects of mental and corporeal sense and interest,—of course new ideas,—so comments would become dilated into a paraphrase of more or less amplitude, as the object of its principle would have become more or less varied by time, and the vicissitudes of nature, from what it appeared in its original state when first it became the occasion of a law. Such a paraphrase would naturally fall into the idiom of the time wherein it became necessary, and a law continuing the same in its principle with reference to its object, notwithstanding any alteration of words and idiom which expressed or declared it, would still, with the greatest propriety, be ascribed to him with whom it originated.

Hence we may fairly infer that all the alterations in the Welsh Laws of Dyfnwal, as well as in their language, were less the effects of legislation than of the natural effects of time, and new orders of things insensibly growing up in the world—in the political and scientific, super-inducing the same in the moral world, in a considerable degree. No abrogation of those ancient laws seems to have taken place, but as their objects also became, as we may say, abrogated, by the vicissitudes of time and of nature.

There are several instances of the triad, in its original simple text, without any commentary, where no alteration of time, or of any other circumstance, could possibly have obscured the principle or its object, or have rendered an explanation requisite. Such are Nos. 152, 178, 188, 196, 220, &c., &c.

Howel's Laws have certainly for their basis those of Dyfnwal Moelmud, of which they seem to be less an alteration than an explanation; and it is remarkable that the most prominent feature of alteration in Howel is the substitution of the Christian for the druidical religion. With respect to property, there seems to have been no real or fundamental alteration: it was more properly regulated or accommodated to varied circumstances and orders of things; but, fundamentally, with reference to landed and moveable property, the alteration was but little in the laws of the Cymry. For they had for their solid foundations the adamantine rocks of justice and equity, whereon, with respect to themselves, they might have stood for ever, had they not been attacked from without by predatory powers that surrounded them—powers that had never been trained up under the tutelage of justice—that never to this hour submitted to, or listened for a moment, to its dictates.

All that are hitherto known of our ancient memorials are in triads. The Fourth Book of Howel's Laws is in triads; the Laws of Dyfnwal Moelmud were most probably in triads; and, in our most ancient specimens of literature, triads are more to be confided in than any-



thing whatever in any other form of prose. The internal evidence of authenticity will, I believe, be found considerable in these triads.

In Edward Lloyd's Catalogue of Welsh MSS. in Hengwrt Library, we find, amongst other laws, the Laws of Dyfnwal Moelmud. The copy is most probably there still, but no access to that library can now be obtained.

There is in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, a large collection of Mr. Edward Lloyd's papers and correspondence, made up into four or five large volumes. In the index to one volume I find the Laws of Dyfnwal Moelmud; but, turning to the page, I found it torn out.

Let us not misunderstand or misrepresent what we contend for. It is not for a written code of laws, of almost five hundred years before Christ, by Dyfnwal Moelmud, it is only for laws ascribed to him, that appear to have been actually extant in writing about the beginning of the ninth century. When they were first committed to writing we dare not attempt to ascertain; how long they remained in only the voice of tradition we know not, but we may have our conjectures; and we caution the searcher out of historical facts to remember that we offer the little that we have to say only as conjectures. Conjectures are fair, and have not unfrequently been successful in their researches: after exploring a great many recesses, they have, in many instances, ultimately discovered important truths. In our researches after truth we cannot always—we cannot often—discover the pre-supposed object of our inquiries; but, failing in this, we may discover to a certainty that no such object ever existed but in our own misconceptions—our own preconceptions—possibly our own ignorance. But to discover clearly that we have been mistaken, is to discover a very important truth, that may, at least should, operate as a powerful caution to us for the future. Thus we may become properly guarded against those “strong delusions” that induce us to “believe lies.” It is an unpleasant circumstance for a man to discover, when too late, that he has rashly, if not foolishly, committed

himself; and against such a misfortune (for a misfortune it is) a wise man will studiously be on his guard. It is fair in every man to give his conjectures; but let them be professedly conjectures, and not boldly asserted facts, for which he cannot produce legitimate evidences. Conjectures may remain for ever open to conviction; bold assertions are never so.

CURSORY OBSERVATIONS ON THE TRIADS OF DYFNWAL  
MOELMUD.

By the Same.

It is unanimously said by all our ancient writers, bards and traditions, that Dyfnwal Moelmud was the first regular lawgiver of the Cymry in Britain. It is, however, not as unanimously agreed who he was, *i. e.*, whose son he was; for some genealogists make him to be the son of Prydain ap Aedd Mawr, the first federal head or sovereign of this island, and call him sometimes Dyfnwal ap Aedd Mawr, at other times Dyfnfarth ap Aedd Mawr; but others say that he was otherwise descended, and that it was in right of his wife, an only child of the preceding sovereign, that he succeeded to the monarchy.

He is supposed to have lived about four hundred years before the Christian era. His laws were, for much more than a thousand years, held in the highest repute, and are in the Laws of Howel expressly said to have continued until his time; but then, owing to the changes that must have taken place in so long a succession of ages, and the different circumstances of political society, many of them were become obsolete in the time of Howel, many of them dark and but ill understood; and it was found absolutely necessary to new model the Laws, and to adapt them to the then existing circumstances of the nation, abrogating many of the old laws, amending and explaining others, and to make others that were new. For this purpose a national legislative assembly was convened by Howel—the old laws were taken into consideration; and for this purpose we may fairly presume that written copies of them were properly prepared, most of them,



doubtless, from ancient writings, others possibly from the practices and the traditions of the law courts, and perhaps of the nation at large.

These laws had now passed through more than twelve centuries, and must have undergone very considerable alterations by insensible degrees; they must have been greatly affected by the Roman and Christian civilization and learning, and had doubtlessly been long before this period committed to writing. They were, however, still considered as the Laws of Dyfnwal Moelmud, and under such a title were taken into consideration; and to prepare the proper documents for the senatorial assembly, Howel engaged Blegywryd, (Blegalredus,) Archdeacon of Llandaff, the greatest scholar of his age. All or most of the ancient memorials of the Cymry were either in verse or in triads. It is highly probable that the Laws of Moelmutius were in triads, at least many of them, as the Fourth Book of Howel's Laws is; and in their outlines, or fundamental principles, might still with sufficient propriety have been termed the Laws of Dyfnwal Moelmud, notwithstanding the alterations, and most probably improvements, that must have taken place in them during the lapse of so many ages. I assume, for argument's sake, that Blegywryd compiled those triads, and made out the best copies of them in his power; but a great number of them must have been at this time antiquated, obsolete, and obscure: hence it was necessary for the compiler to explain or comment upon them as he went on in forming his compilation. The triads under consideration at present have all the appearances and colours of such a document. The perpetually occurring comments of *sef hynny*, *sef yw hynny*, *sef yw penbaladr*, *sef yw teisbantyle*, *gwrthrifad*, *cyfallwy*, *ceiniog baladr*, and numerous other instances, sufficiently authorize my ideas—sufficiently warrant such a conjecture. Now admitting this to be fact, it might yet be objected—what evidences or reasons have we to suppose that the present set of triads may be considered as a copy of one of the supposed documents? and that any of them should have been



preserved until our age, as they had ceased to be the laws of the nation? To this we may answer that they still retained the original outline, which was necessary to be kept always in view—contained the fundamental principles of even the new laws, and afforded lights that were very useful, and often indispensable, towards the clear understanding of the new code. To instance a few passages. I have often asked the ablest critics in the language what the terms *penbaladr*, *teisbantyle*, *pedwargwr*, *gorescynnydd*, and others, meant, and I never could obtain an answer that was in any degree plausible. The ablest philologists have never been able to explain to me some of the most important passages in the Eighteenth Chapter of the Second Book of Howel's Laws. But I will venture to say that whoever reads Triads 69, 89, 93, 94, also 65, 80, 214, and some others, will clearly understand this chapter, as clearly as they see the sun of a bright summer noon.

To know what *teisbantyle* means, he must absolutely consult Triads 88, 166, 167, 170, &c.

To understand *penbaladr*, let him read 63, 64, 151, 167, 169, &c. Many other passages afford very clear explanations of Howel's Laws in important instances, and where no other explanations can on any rational idea be admitted. It is sufficiently obvious that, for this very reason, leaving aside all antiquarian reasons, it was found necessary to preserve the Triads of Dyfnwal Moelmud with their interwoven commentaries and explanations. For such obvious reasons were these triads retained; and, with the Laws of Howel, through long ages of darkness and turmoil, making their way, they arrived at our own period.

By the Moelmutian Laws, every aboriginal native was entitled to a specified portion of the national territory. To this franchise aliens could not be admitted, for the most obvious reasons; it would have introduced a deluge of foreigners amongst them. To obviate this, it was found necessary to enact that no alien could be admitted to the territorial franchise till his posterity had attained

to the ninth descent, or to the privileges of it by a stated successive number of regular intermarriages with free-born women, and that with the consent of their tribes. To this degree they might by such intermarriages attain in the fourth descent, or in the great-grandson (*gorescynnydd* or *pedwarygwr*; in English, the *possessor*, or *fourth man*); an irregular marriage kept an alien family a degree back in the legal number of descent.

Our remote ancestors appear to have liberally patronized such arts and sciences as were known to them, and the genuine principles of civilization. To effect this, every native that was a master of any of their sciences, was endowed with the allotted portion of land, exclusive of what, as an aboriginal native, he was entitled to. An alien, learned in such branches of knowledge, was entitled to this portion, and to all its inseparably attendant rights and privileges. But it was experienced that this also introduced an oppressive inundation of foreigners, and, to check this evil, a law was made that no alien could be admitted to this franchise; but his son, by a constitutional marriage, might, with consent of the sovereign, or of a national convention, but not otherwise.

The noble or privileged sciences were the bardic sciences, literary arts, the principal or fundamental mechanic arts of smiths and builders in wood and stone; and to secure a sufficiency of instructors, the territorial franchise was extended to learned and skilful foreigners; but inconveniences thence arising, it was found necessary, though not to forbid aliens the exercise of such branches of knowledge, yet greatly to restrict them, for the reasons already given.

The CORANIAID (*Coritani*) are said to have been Asiatics—a very learned and skilful people—were at first beneficial instructors, but afterwards became very tyrannical oppressors, so that the Cymry were provoked to rise up against them, and cut off the greatest number of them. May we not fairly conjecture that this was the real cause of the restrictive laws respecting learned and skilful aliens? This, indeed, is not historically mentioned,



but it is said that, owing to the great inconveniences experienced from the admission of too many aliens—no particular nation named—the restrictive laws were made, that require the express permission of the sovereignty of either the prince or the convened nation before the son of an alien, by a legal native mother, could be admitted in right of his learned or mechanic profession to the territorial franchise. Consult Triads, 29, 39, 40, 41, 47, 53, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 84, &c., also *Trioedd Bonedd*.

It may be pretty clearly inferred from the Moelmutian Triads that letters were hardly, if at all known, or their use but very little understood; for the only methods adopted for the preservation of laws, the memorials of events, of religion, of ethics, &c., were bardic, patriarchal, and jurisprudential tradition, with some other things, as the erection of large stones on various occasions, the removal or destruction of which was punished with death, unless the consent of prince and a national legislative convention authorized such a proceeding. The bardic traditions were retained in song, and prescribed forms of aphorisms, chiefly triads. Patriarchal tradition was retained by the patriarch of the tribe (*pencenedl*), and his co-assisting seven elders, who transmitted their tradition from one to another. The eldership never died, for when one dropped, his place was supplied by another, and these elders transmitted their knowledge to the new *pencenedl*, if he had not been already one of their number, as well as to the new elder or seventh man (*seithwr*),—a simple but very effectual institution. Jurisprudential tradition was retained by the judges, and other officers of the law courts,—an institution that never died. Laws were their peculiar object. See Triads 71, 74, 97, 225, 226, &c., where these tradition-preserving institutions are mentioned, without any reference to letters, and as the only authentic and admissive memorials.

Letters, and books, and also literary men are, however, mentioned in several of these triads. See Nos. 54, 72, 103, 129, 192, 195, 204, 231, 235, &c. But it must be



allowed that these legislative and jurisprudential triads must have received successive improvements, and we know not how many additions, from the progressive accessions of knowledge during the Roman periods, and owing to the introduction of Christianity, and for that reason we must admit the fairness of the conjecture, that the appearance of a knowledge of letters in these triads might be, amongst such additions, adapted to the several periods through which they passed. Indeed this may be plausibly enough inferred from the tenor of many of these triads. One circumstance, however, fairly enough admits of an inference that letters were known previous to the Roman invasion. The 103rd Triad forbids the sending out of the kingdom a book, gold and wheat, without the consent of the sovereign and his country. This is hardly applicable to any period subsequent to our acquisition of Roman literature, of the improvement of Roman agriculture, or of the opulence of the Roman period; when it is highly probable that gold and wheat were, or might be, freely sent into foreign countries, without being under any restriction. We find from the 54th Triad that a book, a sword, and a harp, were so sacredly the property of a whole tribe,—or its jewels, as it is expressed,—that no sentence or decree of any law court could deprive them of any one of them, to satisfy debts, penalties, &c. This does not easily apply to the Roman, or any subsequent period.

Similar inferences may be also drawn from another triad or two.

The memory of events, and particularly of claims to lands, were preserved by huge stones bearing the mark or symbol of the tribe, erected on various occasions. Such stones were considered as a species of title deeds, and to remove or destroy them without the public consent of the sovereign and the country was punishable with death. See Triads 94, 99, 100, &c.

It appears from Nos. 93, 94, &c., that the original heir-at-law to an estate possessed a singular privilege. If his father, grandfather, or great-grandfather, had sold the

estate, this heir-at-law, son, grandson, or great-grandson, on repaying what was originally given for it by the purchaser, might reclaim his patrimony, which could not be withheld from him. A custom of the same nature, I understand, prevails to this very day in Norway; we find it also mentioned in the Laws of Howel.

It was usual amongst the ancient Cymry, as amongst the Romans, and other ancient nations, to adopt a son, when, having no other son, an heir was wished for. This appears from Triads 123, 247.

Agriculture was highly respected and patronized. A criminal flying to a plough at work was entitled there to sanctuary, and to the same at a place of worship. This appears from Triad 173. We find this custom alluded to by Taliesin, in the following passage:—

“Ni nawdd arad heb heyon heb hâd.”

The 64th Triad is highly interesting, and gives a clear idea of the ancient principles of government and legislation amongst the Cymry. These principles appear also in several others.

Bygant, in Triad 135, seems to be a coin, or something used for a similar purpose. It is derived from the pre-positive *by*, and *cant*, a ring, in composition *gant*. Iron rings, we are told by ancient writers, were used as coins by the ancient Britons—were their medium of commerce; *ceiniog*, a penny, seems also to be derived from *cant*, plur. *caint*, adjective, *ceiniog*, and nothing has been, or still is, more common in the Welsh language than to use an adjective substantively; *mawnog*, a turbary, *rhedynog*, a place overrun with fern, *brwynog*, a rushy place, *eneiniog*, the anointed, *llwynog*, a fox, *ysgyfarnog*, a hare, are all adjectives, of precisely the same kind of derivation, used substantively.

By the 102nd Triad it should seem that it was at one time found necessary to secure to the inhabitants of a town, or district, the right of taking water from a spring, brook, or river. This may be well enough accounted for thus. When lands were first inclosed, and became private



property, it was natural enough for those within whose inclosures springs appeared, or through which brooks or rivers ran, to consider these, as well as the lands, their peculiar property; hence they would forbid all others to walk over, and by doing so injure, the grass, hay, or corn on the lands, to fetch water; but the general inconvenience, and thence injustice, of such a conduct would soon appear and be felt; hence the necessity of a law to permit all to fetch water, at all times, from springs, brooks, and rivers.

By another law, see Triad 49, iron mines were secured to the public at large; every individual had an uninterrupted right to dig iron ore wherever it might be found, as also to gather acorns wherever he might find them. But it appears from Triad 238 that no one could be permitted to cut down an oak, birch, or buckthorn, without the permission of the sovereign and his country. For not felling the oak a sufficient reason appears, for in the earliest ages the acorn was a principal article of food; perhaps they also drew a kind of wine from the birch, and physic from the buckthorn, as the Welsh do to this very day.

A horn, with the sovereign's mark or symbol on it, was the commission or warrant of the RHINGYLL, and not a written instrument or authority. With this horn in his hand he was authorized to cross over inclosed grounds, and to go wherever he had an occasion by the nearest way possible, whether public roads or paths, or not. His office was to alarm the country on the approach of enemies, to summon all to legislative assemblies, courts of justice, places of public worship, and to join with their barking dogs in the expulsion of a malefactor that had been sentenced to be banished, till he had been for sixty hours out of sight. See Triads 113, &c.; also *Trioedd y Cludau*, No. 26.

By many of these triads, and much more so by *Trioedd y Cludau*, it appears that at the time of enacting these laws, a great part of the nation were yet in the nomadic state. The terms *carddychwel*, *cargychwyn*, *carllawedrog*,



*cargoll*, &c., in these triads, as well as in Howel's Laws, all clearly indicate that the Cymry, in the earliest ages of their possession of this island, lived in *caravans*, or moveable dwellings, as some Tartar hordes do at this very day. The Cymry, at the time of the earliest notices of them by Greek writers, lived very near, if not amongst the Tartars, and probably had many usages that were common to their Tartarian and Scythian neighbours, among others, this of living in what we may term travelling or moveable towns, wandering from place to place. But, however, many of them appear to have had more fixed habitations in the time of Dyfnwal; they seem to have been about quitting the nomadic state, but had not generally done so. We find, from ancient writers, that the old Britons were remarkably skilful in the construction and management of wheel carriages; witness their curious war chariots. These carriages enabled them to continue longer in the nomadic state than otherwise they should have done.

*Nid á cosp ar ynfyd* — *A'r ynfyd a á ar y post*, is a very ancient proverb; it is thus found in all our ancient collections of proverbs. But who understands properly the meaning or drift of it? Not one that has never seen these triads. Some, however, have endeavoured to torture it into some kind of sense, but without any success. Dr. Davies, in his printed collection, has it, *Nid a gost ar ynfyd*, &c. And in Dr. Myfyr's Collection, also printed, it is, *Nid a y post ar ynfyd*, &c. But both these great doctors failed in their attempts; and yet in both of these collections we find a few lines before *Nid a cosp ar ynfyd*, without any addition. Every one readily understands this, and sees the justness of the idea; but had either of our doctors read the 25th, 106th, and 148th Triads, the proverb in its full length would have been very clear to them, and its origin discovered. It is observable that Howel's Laws frequently refer to a proverb, for instance, *Nid rhodd ond o fodd*, and others.

*Brydd*, in Triads 198, 244, is a singular term, and in its application exhibits a singular and very just prin-

ciple. It is here used as a substantive, and seemingly in a strong figurative or catachrestical sense. *Brydd*, in Monmouthshire, is used as an adjective, and signifies weak, feeble, impotent. Adjectives, as observed above, are often used substantively; whence possibly a man of no landed property, as the *brydd* seems by Triad 224 to have been, was considered as an impotent and ineffective member of society; and having nothing but his life or limbs to lose, it was not considered just to oblige him to take up arms in defence of the properties of others, having nothing to defend of his own but his own person. It seems to have been admitted that he had a right to defend *that* in whatever way he might think proper, and that nobody ought to oblige him to hazard his own life for nothing. But if from patriotic affection for his nation and country he engaged in their wars, or in any other case *disinterestedly* saved the life of a Cymro, he was properly honoured and rewarded by being admitted to a *trwydded*, that is, the assigned portion of land to which every free-born native was entitled. The *brydd* must have been either a free-born native, who had sold his patrimony, or forfeited it; or he was the son or descendant of an alien not yet arrived at the degree of *gorescynnydd*, or *pedwarygwr*.

Many singular traits of ancient usages and regulations are to be met with in many more of these triads, of which much more might be said, and much more will occur to every philosophical reader.

*Trioedd y Cludau*, or Caravan Triads, ascribed also to Dyfnwal Moelmutud, exhibit a picture of a much earlier period of society. These seem to have been intended for the regulation of such portions of the community or nation as were still nomades; but when they ceased to be so, their triads applied in no important instance to any other state of society, and were of course not objects of alteration or improvement.

By these it appears that their towns or villages were little or nothing else but a number of caravans, or moveable dwellings. Yet we find amongst them agriculture,



seemingly in open and common fields, and the joint concern and labour of every member of the community, whence the term *cyfarwys*, which signifies joint cultivation, or joint cultivators (*cyf-ar-wys*); every member of the *trefgordd*, or *clud*, was a joint proprietor. We also find the bardic institution and regular religious worship—we find regular and patriarchal legislation—we find an organized and rational jurisprudence—we find smiths, and the use of iron, wheel carriages, implied in the terms *carr* and *clud*—we find harpers, the cultivation of poetry and music amongst them, and, what is better, the cultivation of wisdom and morality; and one of its main fundamentals, marriage, held in the highest respect. Besides these things we find but little of art and science.

The heads of tribes are here termed *rhiaint*, that is, parents, or patriarchs. *Rhi* originally signified no more than a parent, whence *rhieni*. *Rhiain* also seems to have signified originally a matron, or female parent, or one that was capable of becoming such; but when in after ages *rhi* came to be used for a lord or sovereign, the tyrant rather than the father of his people, *rhiain* came also to be used for a lady, the wife, sister, or daughter of a *rhi*.

Marriages in all these different sets of triads were considered as of the greatest importance—were the fundamentals, as it were, of all civil and territorial rights. Marriage was a qualification absolutely necessary for the rights of exercising legislative powers. No man could be a *pencenedl*, a *henuriad*, a *teisbantyle*, &c., unless married, and the father of a family. It was by means of marriages only, and not possibly by any other, that the descendants of aliens could attain, by the rights of *mamwys*, to the rights, privileges, and honour of free-born or noble natives. Even nine descents, or nine thousands of bastards, could never attain to this. The bastard of even a free-born or noble native was absolutely an alien. Such maxims of political society reflect the highest honour on our simple, but truly sensible and wise ancestors; and such ought to prevail in all communities that



assume to themselves the character of civilized societies. Wherever marriages are not held in the highest esteem, and violations of marriage in the highest abhorrence, what vices, what crimes are there that will not prevail?

The principles of government and legislation, exhibited in Triad 64, by which the nation and its territories were united into one, though subdivided into several independent states or subsovereignities, were admirable. What a noble institution the *rhaith gwlad a chywlad* was! What a check upon monarchy, at the same time retaining all its advantages! It is certain that much may be urged in favour of monarchy, strongly and effectually bridled; whilst unbridled or feebly restrained monarchy is the superlative degree of infernality.

Every free-born native had a right by his pencenedl, wherever he felt himself beyond the reach of law, to move the country, (*cyffraw gwlad*), and demand a *rhaith* to consider and determine his cause.

The nation in its legislative meetings and capacities was represented by the *pencenedloedd*, i. e., the elders or patriarchs of tribes, pointed out infallibly by nature, and inviolably by the national institution, and not by tumultuous and corrupt elections; and to this honour every individual of a tribe had an equally fair chance of attaining. The institution of *teisbantyle* was a noble, most excellent and effectual method of collecting the wisdom of the nation; he was commissioned to, or invested with, this office by the *rhaith aflafar*, or *coelbren*, quite and securely free from tumult, corruption, and party animosities.

Voltaire, after mentioning William Penn and his fellow Quakers in their settlement and government of Pennsylvania with enthusiastic admiration, mournfully admits that such a community, actuated by such principles of pure morality, peace and benevolence, would soon become the prey of their more barbarous neighbouring governments and nations. This appears to have been the case with *our* ancestors—hence all their misfortunes; they had too much of true civilization for the early periods of

a barbarized world, wherein their nobly rational institutions appeared. They were not sufficiently ferocious or infernalized to make an effectual stand against the incursions of brutish hordes that surrounded them, the *Caisariaid*, *Gwyddyl-Ffichty*, *Saeson*, *Eingl*, &c.; and it was not till after they had been for ages harassed by such savage tribes, that they sunk into what may properly be called barbarism, which appears not to have been the case with us till after we had been plundered, and impoverished, and depressed by our savage neighbours from the continent. The term barbarism should by no means be applied to the patriarchal simplicity which appears to have been the character of our ancestors, whose institutions were calculated to do justice to those who were subject to them, to act with humanity towards aliens, and to patronize all the learning and arts that were known to them. After they had been ruined, and their fine institutions destroyed by their invaders, it is no wonder that they fell into a state of barbarism, out of which they have but very imperfectly emerged, nor will they till a better order of things takes place, and prevails in the world. The object of true civilization is to patronize and enforce true morality, rational religion, truly beneficent arts and sciences, and that equality which genuine and properly restrained liberty demands, to distribute justice, to secure competency to every member of the community, and to curb with an invincible bridle the arrogances and tyrannies of power, rank, title, and ill-gotten wealth, that at present enslave every part of the world—the whole race of mankind.

A respectable writer is of opinion, and supports it with very plausible reasons, that mankind were not originally in that state of ignorance and barbarism into which they afterwards fell, but that just ideas of religion, morals, and of all the constituents of genuine civilization prevailed amongst them. But when the falling away took place, commencing, as he reasonably supposes, on the plains of Shinar, at the tower of Babel, whence the brutalized hordes became dispersed over almost the whole

world, all the ancient morality, justice and happiness became nearly extinct. Yet he supposes that a few tribes retained a good deal of it, and that it appeared in the institutions of the race of Abraham, of the Persian Guebres, of the Indian Bramins, of the Celtic Druids, and of a few others, wherein were retained pure notions of religion and morality, correct maxims of justice and benevolence, rational principles of government, and a proper sense of the great importance of peace and reciprocal good will amongst mankind, with the truly useful arts and sciences of an age of the world when nothing beyond the real necessities and true comforts of life were sought after. I am warmly disposed to coincide with him in this opinion, and to add to it another of my own, which is, that ever since this grand apostacy from primeval rectitude took place, every little nation that retained any remains of the religion, justice, benevolence, and, to use a comprehensive term, civilization of the first ages, have always been a depressed people—have been always harassed by the apostate nations. They never attained to the height and power of empire, at least for any length of time worth mentioning. They never had a permanent kingdom in this world.

But to return to the Triads of Dyfnwal Moelmud. The first fifty, or thereabout, seem to be introductory, and only deliver abstract ideas, or first principles. I have assumed that Blegywryd collected, compiled, or arranged them for the consideration and use of Howel's convention. He appears to have been, in conjunction with Howel and a few more, a dictator or prompter to this convention. It was obviously necessary for him to lay down first principles. Ideas may be admitted to have occurred to him, but may plausibly enough be supposed to be too refined for the age of Dyfnwal, and possibly not requisite in that age of well meaning simplicity.

Thus have I formed my conjectures, and given my opinion of these triads. The title which they bear might well startle an intelligent antiquary. The less intelligent would either implicitly admit them in their present form



to have been drawn up in the remote age of Dyfnwal, and perhaps by Dyfnwal himself, or totally reject them as spurious, without any farther examination or inquiry. Neither of these extremes can be admitted as rational. For my own part, I always on such occasions as this avoid high flights. I wish to keep sufficiently low to be within the regions of rationality and probability; at the same time that I detest that grovelling scepticism in historical researches that believes nothing but what is actually present to its eye.

For the laws ascribed to Dyfnwal Moelmud we need not—we cannot—safely go much higher than the age of Howel, in whose time, we are expressly told, they were in existence, and even in force, though many of them had become antiquated, obsolete and obscure, and ill adapted to the then state of society. To endeavour to trace these triads up much higher than the age of Howel, that is, in the form they now appear, would be quite unwarrantable, or in any considerable degree to do so. The language will but ill admit of it, and still less would many other circumstances, and perhaps amongst others, the frequent references to the three principalities of under names, and in the manner they then existed, *North Wales*, *Powys*, and *South Wales* with *Morganwg*. I say perhaps, for these and the practices of their law courts, as mentioned in those triads, are, by some passages in Howel's Laws, said to have been before his time—that is, the law courts as described by him. But the three principalities had been founded long before his time, even from the time wherein the sons of Cunedda Wledig and their heirs were invested with these several sovereignties. Our historians that suppose Rhodri the Great to have, as it were, created them, are very much mistaken. The hereditary succession to each of them had by intermarriages devolved on Rhodri. He had become heir to each of them, but held them as separate states, and never united them into one state—never incorporated them into one sovereignty—but left them independently separate as he found them, to his three sons, on the ancient principles, that the eldest

reigning prince of whichever of the three principalities should, as of old, be the supreme federal head of the nation and their countries. Such was Howel, when he convened all the principalities by their heads of tribes, and other representatives, to form a new code of laws. The law courts of the several principalities are described in the 248th, or last Triad. The accounts of them in Howel's Laws perfectly coincide with this triad, and assert that they had existed in their several forms and practices before the time of Howel.—See *Howel's Laws* p. 187.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

THOMAS AP EVAN AP RHYS.

HE was a monk in the abbey of Margam, but was expelled thence for his Lollardism. Because of his new opinions, he was confined for some time in Kenffig Castle, and from that place he addressed a petition in verse to Sir Matthew Cradoc of Swansea, soliciting his interference for setting him at liberty; in which he succeeded. He afterwards married, and lived for some time in the parish of Llangynoid, where he kept a small farm. How long he continued there is not known, but when far advanced in years he lived at Margam, about which time he wrote the following account of his age in verse:—

“Un mil chwech cant yn gywrain,  
A phedair blwydd yn gyfain,  
Calan Ionor, cyfrif tég,  
Wyf gant a deg a'r hugain.”

In English thus:—

One thousand, six hundred, correctly,  
And four years completely,  
The first of January, a fair account,  
I am a hundred and thirty years of age.



About the year 1612 he was *living* at Tythegston; in the year 1615 he is mentioned in a genealogical manuscript thus:—"Thomas Evan ap Rhys, who lately lived at Tythegston," whence we may very fairly infer that he was then dead, not removed to any place but to his long home. Supposing that he died in 1614, he must have been 140 years of age.

Oral tradition has retained a great number of his prophecies; some of them are found in manuscripts of his own times, and possibly of his own writing. He was a good Welsh poet, and wrote a great number of religious and moral songs.

Sir Matthew Cradoc died in 1500, whence it appears that Thomas ap Evan ap Rhys was then twenty-six years of age, and that he could not have been long in Margam Abbey, for none could be admitted as noviciates under twenty-five years of age. He could not therefore have made the vow of celibacy, which would have confirmed him a monk for life. Otherwise he must have been admitted a noviciate, been expelled, confined in Kenffig Castle, and thence liberated, within the year 1500, in which, probably towards the latter end, occurred the death of Sir Matthew Cradoc.

W.

#### MISS ELIZABETH PRICE.

This young woman was a cousin of Robert Vaughan, the antiquary, of Hengwrt, who died A.D. 1666. She was a poetess, was well versed in the rules and science of vocal song, and copied with her own hand a great number of the works of the old poets from the earliest times down to her own era. She also wrote many brief memorials of them, more, perhaps, than did any one else in the whole of North Wales either before or after her. The late Iolo Morganwg used to say that he had seen in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Davies, of Penegos, as many, at least, as twenty large manuscript volumes, all in Miss Price's hand-writing. These consisted chiefly of poetry, but some contained pedigrees, some short notices of



events. Wonderful, indeed, was the patriotic industry of this clever woman. Yet how little is known of her! Not one of her relatives—neither Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt, nor Rowland Vaughan of Caergai, has left the least memorial of her. They have not even mentioned her name. It does not appear that Mr. Edward Llwyd, who published a long list of our old authors, and collectors of MSS., knew anything about her, otherwise he would undoubtedly have recorded her name with honour. Thus,—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its fragrance on the desert air.”

Can W. W. E. Wynne, Esq., M.P. for Merionethshire, who is so well acquainted with the history and antiquities of his native county, produce any written or oral traditions about her?

W.

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#### A POEM BY ST TEILO.

Now when so many English and foreign scholars are turning their attention to Cymric literature, it is highly desirable that we should present our early documents to the world in as complete a form as possible. The *Myvyrian Archaiology* has not exhausted the poetical compositions of the sixth century, and I here produce one poem which I do not remember ever having seen in print. It is said to be the work not of Aneurin, Taliesin, or Merddin, but of no less a personage than Teilo, who died Archbishop of Llandaff, in A.D. 566. That Teilo was a bard is mentioned in the following Triad,—

“The three blessed sage-bards of the Isle of Britain: David, Teilo, and Padarn.”

And Cressy has this remark relative to him,—

“St. Thelias called by the continuators of Madeburg, *Anglicus vates de genere Bardorum*.”

The poem is said to have been written by him as he was sailing to the Isle of Bardsey. There is nothing whatever, either in the metre, language, or sentiments, that would militate against the supposition that it is the real production of one of the three “gwynwyddigion Beirdd Ynys Prydain.”

TEGEINGL.

LLYMA AWDL A GANT TEILAW SANT.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1.<br/>Gofynnawd ysgen<br/>O Gyfrin awen,<br/>Py dyddwg ymgen<br/>Nog ymgais gorden,<br/>Cyflewyr ym penn<br/>Am pwy dysgywen,<br/>Mywerydd arien<br/>Ar allawr addien,<br/>Caffwyf cyfystren<br/>A chof Ceridwen,<br/>Py geir un achen<br/>A Deon dien,<br/>Ys bwyf gyfawen<br/>A mor ab Morien,<br/>Ag om llyfreu llên,<br/>Ag om dwfn eigen<br/>Cyfarchwyf im Rhen<br/>Dofydd dwfn angen.</p> <p>2.<br/>Angen am dylludd<br/>Anghof am amcudd,<br/>Anghall am cyfludd<br/>Angau im ys bei budd,</p> | <p>Pan yw balch breilwy rhudd,<br/>Mi nim daw am cymmudd,<br/>Ysgawr gwawr llafnrudd,<br/>Im cyrch am edludd.<br/>Ar warthaf mor udd<br/>Engir o'm ymgudd,<br/>Ac nim dadanhudd<br/>Namyn dedwydd am hudd.<br/>Pan yw ef Ner nudd<br/>Am dwg o'm cystudd.<br/>Ys golud byd nim lludd<br/>Na thir na thai na thudd.<br/>Ys un am cythrudd<br/>Ys mwy am dyhudd.<br/>Ys menwyd im grudd<br/>Am atpeir anfudd<br/>Dofydd panyw ef Udd<br/>Am ysgar drabludd.<br/>Dofydd pan yw ef Nudd<br/>Am dwg yn adfudd.<br/>Teilo Sant ai cant pan ydoedd<br/>yn myned i Ynys Enlli.<br/>(O Lyfr Harri Sion o Bont y<br/>Pŵl:)</p> |
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SPECIMENS OF THE MEDIEVAL POEMS OF WALES.<sup>1</sup>

By W. O. PUGHE.

THE five next specimens are from the works of Cynddelw, a celebrated Powysian bard, who flourished from about A.D. 1150 to about 1200, and who extolled the martial deeds of several contemporary Princes of Wales. The first extract is from a poem addressed to Owen Cyveiliog, the poet last quoted; three others are out of poems to the family of Madawg, Prince of Powys; and the last is to the monks of Ystrad Marchell.

1. In the court of Owen, the munificent, his favour sheds a sunlike influence; firmly stand his purpose and assurance; where are gentleness and freedom joined; where there is the game of prison-bars; where there is drinking too, without regret, without denial, without any sort of want.—O, may the prince tumultuous as the flowing flood obtain a refuge in the realms of bliss!

“Yn llys Ewain hael, huanrod ei wir,

Hydr ei ddir a'i daered;

Yny mae gwaredd a gwared;

Yny mae gwaræ gwaradred;

Yny mae yved, heb neued, heb nag,

Heb nebawd eisiwed.—

Gorpo teyrn turv llanwed

Yn nheyrnas nev nodded!”

2. He has left his lance, with mourning recollections, and his kindred bathed in gore; the furious one has left us princely sons, who in their foes have left wounds to flow; who, with their leader, pushed the spear, heroic

<sup>1</sup> This paper forms a part of the Introduction which the eminent Welsh lexicographer had prepared for his edition of the *Mabinogion*. Other portions have appeared in Numbers of the CAMBRIAN JOURNAL (Old Series). As, however, the subject of the present paper is complete in itself, we have deemed it proper to alter the heading, or title, into the above form, in accordance with the requirements of a New Series. The MS. has been kindly furnished to us by W. Owen, Esq., of Tan y Gyrt, grandson of the late Dr. W. O. Pughe.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.



whelps ; three ruthless eagles in the rush of lances ; three familiar with dire conflict, and with mangled bodies ; three concurrent with fair gifts, and with minstrels ; three in need prepared for aid, about the gates of Saxons ; three decided, dauntless, great their vengeance ; three with weapons joined to stay a panic, in the van of troops by generous chieftains led ; three loud of fame along the field of comrade hawks : they, gallant youths, were wont to wash their brows from battle, fellers felling of the even ranks.

“ Edewis ei ron, gan govion galar,  
 A geieu-rudd yn ngwelyddon ;  
 Edewis terwyn teyrn-veibion,  
 A edeu geieu yn eu galon ;  
 Tri ergyr-waew glyw, glew ganäon ;  
 Tri eryr ongyr angerddolion ;  
 Tri chyvryn a thrin ae a thrychion ;  
 Tri chyvred â ched a cherddorion ;  
 Tri ðorth am borth, am byrth saeson ;  
 Tri ðovn diovn, dialvorion ;  
 Tri chyvarv rhag tarv, rhag torv haelon ;  
 Tri chlodian gwalchlan gweilch vrodorion :  
 Golchyn eu deurydd, dewr wesion, o gad,  
 Gwastad gymynad gymynogion.”

3. It is only known to God, and the diviners of the world, and persevering Druids, what our chosen band with wreaths of gold did number at the Rhiweirth river.

“ Nis gwyr namyn Duw, a dewinion byd,  
 A diwyd dderwyddon,  
 O eurdorv, o eurdorchogion,  
 Ein rhiv yn Rhiwgeirth avon.”

4. I cherish in my memory the virgin paragon, of a cautious, meek, and comprehensive mind, fair as the blushing of the dawn of morn upon a desert sea.

— “ cov ym canymdaith  
 Gwery vanan vanwl, gwar veddwl maith,  
 Gorne gwawr vore ar vor difaith.”

5. The answer of Cynddelw to a message from the monks of Ystrad Marchell, that they would not bury him in their monastery—

Since there could be no condition for being against me, and the blessed God thus knowing, fitter had it been for a monk to claim me than reject me.

Ateb Cynddelw, gwedi anvon o vyneich Ystrad Marchell er ei wrthodi, ac i vynegi nas cladynt ev yn eu mynachlog.

“Cân ni bai amhod dyvod im herbyn,

A Duw gwyn yn gwybod,

Oedd iawnach i vynach vod

I'm gwrthvyn nog i'm gwrthod.”

The two following compositions are selected from the sonnets of Howel, the son of Owen, Prince of Gwynedd, who fell in battle in the year 1171:—

1. I love the bright, white fortress, on the margin of the spraying shore, where she, so fair and bashful, loves to see the sea-mew; I should like to go, though I have not been loved over much, to pay a doating visit, on a white and slender steed, to my lightly-laughing sister, to declare of love, thus come to be my lot; and so regain my scattered senses, by her slightest grace, by the reflected ray of her in lustre like the torrent wave. Reproach from her domain to us is come, she of the hue of snow, so coldly glittering on the lofty ridge, because that so I was of her offended in Ogyrvan's court; there, from her promises arose a deep disease: she has stolen my soul away; I am so weak reduced; I truly am become, from passion, like tall Garwy; from the fair I am debarred in Ogyrvan's court.

“Carav gaer wenglaer, o du gwenlan,

Mân yd gar gwylddeg gweled gwylyan;

Yd gerwni vyned, cennym cerid yn rhwy,

Ry eiddun ovwy i ar veingan,

I edrych vy chwaer chwerthin egwan,

I adrawd caru, cân daeth i'm rhan;

I edryd vy lledvryd a'i lled ovrwy,

I edryd llywy lliw ton dylan.

Lliwiant o'i chyvoeth a ddaeth atan,

Lliw eiry llathr àr uchel vàn,

Rhag val ym coddidi yn llys Ogyrvan;

Chweris o'i haddaw hi addoed cynran:

Ethyw ám heneidi; athwyv yn wan;

Neud athwyv, o nwyv, yn ail Garwy hir;  
I wên ym lluddir yn llys Ogyrvan."

2. I love the proudly formed fortress of Cyvylchi, wherein the towering form of mine intrudes: the renowned and the bustling into it do penetrate: the restless, noisy wave doth clamour at the chosen spot of her so splendid; fair its glittering aspect, brightly rising, by the torrent side, above the woman that imparts a lustre on the present year, in the wild of Arvon in Eryri. To deserve the tent, to see the velvet vest, there is not one that loves and will defend her more than I: were she the prize for bardic song there would not intervene a night ere I should be the next to her.

"Carav gaer valchwaith o'r Gyvylchi,  
Yny bylcha balchlun vy hun ynddi:  
Enwawg, draferthawg â draidd iddi;  
Anwar dôn lavar llevawr wrthi,  
Dewisle lywy loew gydteithi;  
Claer, gloew ei dwyre, o du gweilgi,  
Ar wraig à lewyd ar eleni vlwyddyn,  
Yn anial Arvon, yn Eryri.  
Nyw dirper pebyll, nyw syll pali,  
Neb à rwy garwy yn vwy noddi:  
Pei chwaeraï ei budd er barddoni,  
Nebawd noswaith y byddwn nesav iddi."

These lines are from an elegy by Seisyll upon Owen, Prince of Gwynedd, or North Wales, who died in the year 1169:—

1. After Owen chief of Mona how devoid of hope our songs! how enthralled the minstrels! Is not unpropitious, is not paralyzed our hope! and is not Cymru's cheering language broken down!

"Gwedi Ewain Mon môr ddiobaith cyrdd!  
Cerddorion môr ynt gaith!  
Neud arwydd, neud evrydd gobaith!  
Neud Cymru cymmriw ei chyviaith!"

The next is an extract from an ode addressed by Einion ab Gwgawn to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales:—

1. At Aber Teivi thickly overhead were ravens flying,



where was seen the owner of a gallant throng of spears ; there thickly glared the blades, and screamed the cormorants for gore, and there regaled on prostrate heaps of slain.

Then may Llywelyn older be than Llywarch,<sup>2</sup> longer be his course !

“ Yn Aber Teivi tew oedd brain uch ben,  
Yn yd oedd perchen parchus gyvrain ;  
Oedd tew peleidr, crav creuynt gigvrain,  
Celanedd gorwedd gorddyvnasain.  
Llywelyn boed hyn, boed hwy dichwain  
No Llywarch.”

The three following specimens are taken from the odes of Elidyr Sais. The first is from his elegy upon Rhodri, the son of Owen, Prince of North Wales, who was slain in battle, in the year 1171 ; and the others are out of odes upon moral subjects :—

1. By losing Rhodri, suitors, who respected me, a mead-enjoying host, with sorrow how oppressed are they ! By such a loss, to me affliction greatly worse became ; it gave a shock as on the plains of Cattraeth !<sup>3</sup>

“ O golli Rhodri, neud rhygaeth eirchiaid,  
A'm parchai, llu meddvaeth !  
O golled ym galled mawrwaeth ;  
Gallas drais tiredd cattraeth !”

2. Glowing is my bardic lay, as Merddin erst did sing ; a glow that from the cauldron of the muse did rise, avoiding ire, exalted higher than of angels. I a bard will be to God, as long as I a man remain—since thou art three—and otherwise thou need not be ;—since thou art two and one—profound the thoughts !

“ Llathraid vy marddair, wedi Merddin ;  
Llethrid à berid o bair awen,  
Bar ochel uchel uch engylion.  
Bardd vyddav i Dduw, hyd tra vwyv ddyn.—

<sup>2</sup> This alludes to the aged prince and bard so called, from whose works extracts have been already given.

<sup>3</sup> The battle of Cattraeth is the theme of the *Gododin* by Aneurin, already quoted.

Cân wyt tri—nid rhaid it amgen;—  
Can wyt dau, pell goddeu, ac un!”

3. He made earth, before his presence came above from heaven to look on us: He made a sun to light a glorious course; He made a moon with light pervading darkness; He made the ebb and flow of tides—the universe his own, and over empires ruling.

“Ev gwnaeth daiar, cyn dyvu ei vron  
Vry o nev ein canvu:  
Ev gwnaeth haul hwylvawr lewychu;  
Ev gwnaeth lloer â llewych arddu;  
Ev gwnaeth trai a llanw—a llwyr veddu byd,  
A bydoedd wledychu.”

Llywarch Prydydd Moch, or Llywarch the rapid poet, a distinguished eulogist of several princes who were his contemporaries, was the author of the compositions from which the three next passages are selected. The first is upon the two surviving sons of Owen Gwynedd; and the others are addressed to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth:—

1. Two ardent princes, as to whom our anger died away: they were beloved by all on earth: one was on land the chief of ardent troops in conflict in Arvon checking violence; and another all mildness on the bosom of a mighty sea, in turmoil great and strange.\*

“Dau deyrn terwyn, dydores ein llid:  
Llu daiar a’u hofes:  
Un àr dir àr dorvoedd rhythres,  
Yn Arvon yn arwar trachwres;  
Ac arall mynawg yn mynwes mawrvor  
Yn mawr var anghymes.”

2. By Druids it is told of generous ones to be born again, of eagle offspring, in Eryri; Owen’s grandsons, on the face of Britain dignified in London, of exalted qualities.

“Dywawd derwyddon  
Dadeni haelon,

\* This was Madawg, of whom there is a triad recording his disappearance with a fleet. The same bard, in another ode, announces his readiness to submit to an ordeal of hot irons, to clear himself from any knowledge of the fate of Madawg.

O hil eryron,  
 O Eryri;  
 "O wyron Ewain,  
 Ar wyneb Prydain,  
 Yn urdden Llundain,  
 O lan deithi."

3. Bards! woe to us altogether, that on him the earth is laid, and we to mourn him! He who was our chief to stem the wrath of foes: then birds of prey towards his course did fly; there rippled the ruddy streams from men made silent; from the tumult, there lay dead the greatest part; the waves with many hues did there swell up and wildly break in endless roar: a far-extending wave of brine raged on; another overwhelming wave of gory red succeeded, when the leader of a gleaming host prevailed—Llywelyn, the renowned chief of Alun: then of warriors were a myriad slain, a lure for screaming ravens, and a thousand in captivity. When we did cross Porthaethwy, on sea wafted steeds,<sup>5</sup> above the swelling tumult of the wave, there ashen shafts made ruthless waste; there death in bloody red proceeded through a mazy gurgling path; there dreadful, there relentless was our course; there led despair, there death took forms unlike before; and there the world might doubt if there were left of us some few with age to die.

"Dybryd in' veirdd byd, bod daiar arno,  
 Ac arnam ei alar!

Ev en llyw cyn llid gyvesgar:  
 Ysglyvion ysglyvynt llwrw bar;  
 Oedd ran veirw vwyav o'r drydar;  
 Oedd amlw tonau hon anmhar eu naid,

Nid oeddynt ddilavar:  
 Ton heli ehelaeth trwy var;  
 Ton arall gwall goch gwyar,  
 Pan orvu pen llu llachar—Llywelyn;

Llyw Alun athavar:  
 Myrdd bu lladd llith brain gorddyar,  
 O'r milwyr, a mil yn garchar.  
 Porthaethwy pan aetham i àr  
 Meirch morthwy uch mawrdwrw tòniar;

<sup>5</sup> A common term among the poets for ships



Oedd ongyr oedd engir eu bar;  
 Oedd angeu gwaedrudd godrwyar;  
 Oedd engyrth ein hynt, oedd angar;  
 Oedd ing, oedd angeu anghymonar;  
 Oed ammau i'r byd bod abar o honam  
 O henaint lleithiar."

The next extracts are from the odes of Davydd Ben-  
 vras, to the same Prince Llywelyn.

1. May HE who has made a splendour from the west  
 to glow, the sun and pallid moon in radiant orbits; may  
 the Lord of universal light make me of high degree,  
 embued with Merddin's ardent muse, to sing an eulogy,  
 as erst Aneurin on the day he the Gododin sung, to cele-  
 brate the happiness of the inhabitants of Venedotia.

"Gwr à unaeth llewyth o'r gorllewin,  
 Haul a lloer addoer addev iesin,  
 A'm gwnel rad uchel, rwyv cyvythwin,  
 Cylawn awen, awydd Merddin,  
 I ganu moliant, màl Aneurin gynt  
 Dydd y cant Ododin,  
 I voli gwyndawd Gwyndyd werin."

2. Come is May to me! I am disconsolate, since that  
 my lord is bound beneath the sod! for that the generous  
 one is covered over, lamentation is the theme! he is in  
 earth: the ruddy spear is slackened in the ford: all see  
 that God has taken our support on high and the monarch  
 of the Cymmry gone, afflicting is the stroke! True is it  
 that a dreaded chief has died before the fortress of Elu-  
 glyd—it were better for us if we all were dead!

"Mai yw ym doddyw! yn anhyvryd wyv,  
 Am vyned vy rhwyv yn rhwym gweryd!  
 Golo hael, galar yw y ddedvryd!  
 Goludd ei achludd gwaew rhudd yn rhyd:  
 Golue y dug Duw ein diebryd vry:  
 Am vrenin Cymmry cymmrwyn ergyd!  
 Gwir yw marw gwr garw am gaer Eluglyd—  
 Goreu oedd imi ein marw i gyd!"

3. Llywelyn, who is affable, brave, and amiable, with  
 his princely sons Griffith and David, faultless ones in  
 cutting off their adversaries; three whom God has taken

from among mankind ; three by the marvellous fate of violence become mangled corpses ; three that none others can their qualities all match ; three gentle ones, supreme of chieftains ; three protecting tokens on their claims ; three golden stems of warriors wearing wreaths of gold ; three eagles, when they were men, when they were youths : three pangs that they are not, as erst for Cynon ; three whose spears were persevering, like Peryddon ; three locks on their country, lest there traitors came. Through intercession, then may Peter, chief of porters, also Mary, by her pure word, and her virgins, be the friends of my three lords !<sup>6</sup>

“ Llywelyn hyddyn, terwyn tirion,  
Grufudd a Davydd dywysogion,  
Rhai divai yn diva eu galon :  
Tri à ddug Duw o'r dyniadon ;  
Tri eres arnes trachures, trychion ;  
Tri ereill ni eill oll eu dedvon ;  
Tri arav, penav penadurion ;  
Tri arwydd hyrwydd ar en holion ;  
Tri arwr eurdwr eurdorchogion ;  
Tri eryr yn wyr ac yn weision ;  
Tri chlwyv nad ydynt, mal cynt Cynon ;  
Tri chlau eu parau, mal Peryddon ;  
Tri chlo ar eu bro rhag bradogion.—  
Trwy eirioledd, Pedr, pen porthorion, a Mair,  
O'i gwry air, a'i gweryddon,  
I'm tri arglwydd hyd boent gyveillion !”

This passage is from an elegy by Einion son of Gwalchmai upon Nest the daughter of Howel.

1. The time of May, the day when it is long, so free that is in gifts, are not the trees entangling, and of splendour hue the grove ? are not the birds in song ? is not the torrent hushed ? is not the wind's hoarse cry subdued ? the arms of talents should they not be passive next ? the bower is silent : but to me there is no silence ! I have listened to a wave from an afflicted land, about the ample border of the sons of Beli, where pervadingly it rushed to

<sup>6</sup> This appears to be the earliest invocation of the saints, by the Welsh bards.

overflow the strand; boldly along the deep it bore its plaint, its dashing was not unseemly, lingering for inquiry: and its tears were salt, engendered of the brine. Devoted to a gentle maid, above the heavings of the surge, with dragging limb, as wandering by the water-brink of Teivi, to fair Nest I often sung a lay, before she was no more: a hundred sang her praise, as to Elivri: now I sing with mind desponding, to her memory a song of mourning, in excess of woe!

“Amser Mai, maith dydd, neud rhydd rhoddi,  
 Neud coed nad coethiw, ceinlliw celli?  
 Neud llavar adar? neud gwar, gweilgi?  
 Neud gwaeddgreg gwaneg gwynt yn edwi?  
 Neud arvau doniau godeu gwedi?  
 Neud archel dawel: nid mau tewi!  
 Endeweisi waneg o wynovi dir,  
 I am dervyn mawr meibion Beli,  
 Oedd hydraidd wychr llyr yn llenwi;  
 Oedd hydr am ddylan gwynvan genthi;  
 Hyll nid oedd ei deddv, hwyrdeddvd holi:  
 Hallt oedd ei dagrau, dygrawn heli.  
 Ar helw bun arav, uch banieri tòn,  
 Tynhegl y cerddeisi gorddwvr Teivi,  
 Ceintum gerdd i Nest, cyn noi threngi:  
 Cànt cant ei moliant mal Elivri:  
 Canav, can veddwl avrddwl, erddi  
 Caniad ei mawrnad, mawr trueni!”

In an elegy upon Rhys Ieuanc, who died in 1222, and was buried at Strata Florida, he is thus pourtrayed by his bard Prydydd Bychan:—

1. A man was lost, a hero armed, violent his course in conflict, clad in strong iron rest; the bulwark of a host—the slaughter host of a golden chief; a gallant sovereign, foster son of mead horns.

“Collid gwr, arwr arvawg, chwyrn yn nghad,  
 Yn nghadarnwisg heyrn;  
 Mur torv—aeurdov eurdeyrn;  
 Mygr benaeth, mab maeth meddgryn.”

The following elegiac effusions are by Einion Wan, on Madog ab Grufudd Maelor, Prince of Powys, who died in the year 1236:—



1. By losing Madog fond reminiscences rack the breast; the heart is paralyzed with deep regret! His car with battered front was in the storm of conflict known, before the cold and sorry bed did him contain: a man who will be deemed, like Gwair the son of Gwestl, a precious relic in the fane of Egwestl.

“O golli Madawg edgyllaeth covion;  
Gwyw calon gân hiraeth!  
Briwgalch ei rodawg o ryw temhestl cad,  
Cyn oer wely diddestl:  
Gwr a wnair, màl Gwair vab Gwestl,  
Gwyr wawr yn llawr llan Egwestl.”

The bard Llygad Gwr of Edeyrnion, thus addresses Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales:—

1. The amenity of my chieftain causes hosts to rise, and there is not a splendid guide in the confusion of slaughter, a Cymmro of a mind so noble, of the line of Beli Hir, when proved: golden gifts of wealth he slackens not in giving—the heroic wolf of slaughter from Eryri.

“Cynvroddeddy llyw lluoedd beri  
Nid oes rwyv eirioes aer dyvysgi,  
Cymmro yw waelryw, o hil Beli Hir,  
Yn herwydd ei brovi:  
Eurvudd ni oludd olud roddi—  
Aervlaidd arwraidd o Eryri.”

The following is extracted from an elegy by Bleddyn the bard, upon the three brothers, Owen, Llywelyn, and David, the three last native Princes of Wales, who in 1233 fell defending their rights:—

1. Is not this a time of winter, the torrent when most pale, upholding sea-birds on the raging course of brine? does not the bright hoar veil Eryri at this time? is not the white wave loud around the blessed land of Enlli? Am I not sorrowing more and more through misery? is not my aspect worn with pain, thus of my lords bereft? yes, I have lost three men: three chieftains, dignified, generous patriots of the line of Rhodri!

“Neud amser gauav, gwelav gweilgi,  
Gweilging moradar hwylvar heli?

Neud arllen arien Eryri weithion ?  
 Neud uchel gwendon gwyndir Enlli ?  
 Neud wyv hoed vwyvwy drwy drueni !  
 Neud wyv hoen hyboen heb arglwyddi !  
 Triwyr a gollais : tri dylyedogion,  
 Brodorion haelion o hil Rhodri."

The extract next introduced is from an elegy by Grufudd ab yr Ynad Coch, or the son of the Red Judge, on the death of the last mentioned Llywelyn, who was slain at Buallt, in the year 1282: and with it the examples of the second epoch may be appropriately concluded.

1. That the Lion has been killed, many are the tears that trickle on the cheek; many a gory breast trampled down; many rills of blood about the feet from mutual piercing; many a widow became of him left wailing; many with a heavy mind laid grovelling in the mire; many a son without a father now; many an old and gaudy mansion marked with fire; and many a desert yonder made by ravage; many a voice of misery as erst in Camlan. Yes, upon the eyelash many a tear comes after such a fall: yes, since our stay has been cut off, the golden handed giver; since Llywelyn has been killed, anxiety for man will not affect me more!—Why see you not the sea—uprising on the land? why see you not that fate is manifested now? why see you not the sun there wandering through the sky? why see you not the stars are falling? why believe you not in God, poor simple men? why see you not the world that its course is made? I groan to thee O God, that over earth there may not come the sea! why are we left to linger on? no place of refuge is there from despair: wherein to rest there is no place—oh, that word rest!—The true legitimate King of Aber Fraw, the blessed realm of heaven be it a dwelling place for him!

"O ladd Llew—

Llawer deigr hylithr yn hwylaw â'r rudd;

Llawer ystlys rhudd â rhwydd arnaw;

Llawer gwaed am draed wedi ymdreidiaw;



Llawer gweddw a gwaedd i amdanaw;  
Llawer meddwl trwm yn tomrwyaw;  
Llawer mab heb dad wedi ei adaw;

Llawer hendrev vraith  
Gwedi llwybr godaith  
A llawer difaith

Drwy anrhaith draw;  
Llawer llew druan,  
Mal pan vu Gamlan  
Llawer deigr dros rà

Wedi'r gweiniaw:

O leas gwanas, gwanar eurlaw;  
O laith Llywelyn, cov dyn ni'm daw!—  
Poni welchwî'r mor yn merwinaw'r tir?  
Poni welchwî'r gwir yn ymgyweiriaw?  
Poni welchwî'r haul yn hwyllaw'r awyr?  
Poni welchwî'r syr wedi syrthiaw?  
Poni chredwchwi Dduw, dyniadon ynvyd?  
Poni welchwî'r byd wedi bydiaw?—  
Och hyd atat Dduw, na ddaw mor tros dir!  
Pa beth ein gedir i ohiriaw?  
Nid oes le y cyrcher rhag carchar braw:  
Nid oes le y triger—och or trigaw!—  
Gwir vreiniawl vrein Aberfraw,  
Gwenwlad nev boed addev iddaw!"

## LLYWELYN THE LAST.

By LADY MARSHALL.

### CANIAD I.

"There is a mysteriousness about birds—their movement—their manners—that makes them a medium between the real and the ideal."

THE sun is up—his opening ray  
Greets Penmaen with a rosy kiss,  
And thousand rainbows gem the spray  
That veils DOLOWEN's dark abyss.  
Slow fades the Eagle's storm-rocked dream—  
The unfathomed lenses of his eye  
Drink deeply in the gladsome beam  
That blushes o'er the kindling sky.



Then with yet unimpurpled beak  
 He lays his ruffled plumage sleek,  
 And spreads his wing at lazy length  
 Upon his talon's gnarly strength;  
 Then turning from their sunward gaze,  
 His eyes undazzled pierce the haze  
 Slow melting on the mountain's slope,  
 And opening all their boundless scope:

Reduced off some ignoble beast,  
 Or fluttering bird to make his food,  
 Was he whose sires had scorned to feast  
 On meaner prey than human blood:

For peace was o'er the country then:—  
 Yet not a peace whose shade benign  
 And holy gives repose to men  
 Beneath the fig-tree and the vine.

There is a spectre cold and mute  
 That steals the honoured name of peace,  
 Weakness and terror's sickly fruit,  
 That causes wars indeed to cease,

But broods upon the trampled soil  
 With deadlier blight than battle fray,  
 The grave-yard chokes with human spoil,  
 But cheats the eagle of his prey.

'Twas such—exhaustion-bred, that lay  
 On the vexed country like a pall—  
 Disputed or divided sway,  
 Its bane—or foreign—worst of all.

Such intervals of blank collapse,  
 Between alternate thunder-claps,  
 And briefer gleams of brighter hope,  
 Fair CYMRU, filled thy portion up!

Was it for this thine elder-born—  
 Rough sons of freedom—thought it scorn  
 To mingle with the heathen horde,  
 And call Teutonic spoilers *lord*—

Was it for this in toil and blood  
 The desecrator they withstood,  
 And kept through havoc, sword and flame,  
 The memory of thine ancient name—

To heir a step-child's bitter lot—  
 Was it for this?—Oh! think it not,  
 Nor deem thou better had'st concurred  
 In early thralldom, than preferred  
 Through centuries of chequered fate  
 Thy full inheritance to wait.

Oh! no—the precious tears that drop  
 To dew the soil that Freedom seeds,  
 In memory's phial treasured up,  
 Are Britons' proudest title-deeds;  
 And cursêd be the hand would rob  
 Our crown of one such priceless gem—  
 The manly bosom's every throb  
 Is set in Freedom's diadem!

The sun is up—he mounts above  
 The feathery fringes of the grove  
 That bosoms fair Garth-Celyn:—  
 With bow in hand, and hawk on glove,  
 To seek the sport that princes love,  
 Rides forth at dawn LLYWELYN.

On the tall mount to seek the game—  
 Where echoes yet his honoured name—  
 Where thousand founts are welling  
 Whose widening waters proudly claim  
 To harbour most the bird of fame,  
 All birds of chase excelling:—

The heron, graceful, tall and strong—  
 With eye so bright and legs so long—  
 Of such majestic stature:—  
 The lonely bird, who deep among  
 His haunts avoids the vulgar throng,—  
 The type of kingly nature.

E'en when his enemies intrude  
 Within his stately solitude,  
 How noble is his bearing;  
 On spreading wing he slow ascends—  
 His haughty neck he backward bends,  
 And on his airy way he wends,  
 Nor dread, nor haste appearing.

But soon his side-long glances spy  
 His small but dreadful enemy—  
 From leash and jesses parting,  
 Encouraged by her master's cry,  
 With whetted beak and flashing eye,  
 The falcon forth is darting.

Then what an animating sight—  
 True sportsman's marvel and delight—  
 The pursuit, pounce, defence and fight—  
 The air with screams resounding:—  
 The falcon makes her dire attack,  
 Deep in the noble quarry's back,  
 Her beak and talons grounding;

But now his neck's thin, supple length  
The her'n flings back with snake-like strength,

His enemy surrounding:  
With his strong bill—a two-edged blade—  
A sharp diversion now is made,  
Each foe the other wounding:

With varying chances, changing oft—  
Now fluttering low—now high aloft

In air proceeds the duel,  
Till one or other deadly foe,  
Or peradventure both lie low—  
A gallant fate—but cruel!

'Tis this chivalric type which flings  
A halo round this sport of kings;  
A mimic of the balanced strife  
That champions wage for fame and life;  
For true though strange,—to peril prone,  
Man courts her for herself alone:—  
To stand upon the giddy verge—  
Along the brink the steed to urge  
Where scarce a kid might safely move—  
Such wanton risks the daring love;  
And still they fascinate the more  
A soul by sorrow shaded o'er:  
The mind oppressed by care and grief  
In wild adventure seeks relief;  
And what reflections can corrode  
The patriot's heart—his spirit goad—  
What grief a prince's soul oppress,  
Like witnessing his country's stress?

'Twas this amid the blaze of courts—  
The pomp of councils—stir of sports,  
That often and again would throw  
Its shade across Llywelyn's brow;  
Like clouds that rolling high in air,  
Fleet o'er a mountain's bosom fair,  
And soften all, but nought impair.  
'Twas this had sobered down the fire  
That princes vent in hasty ire;  
His spirit's burden pressed too sore  
In lighter froth to bubble o'er.  
Some fresh encroachment on the soil,  
Edged on by feint of border broil—  
Revenged, but still contracting more  
At each rebound his sovereign power:—  
Some pact extorted by the strain  
Of whelming odds—a lengthening chain:



His principedom's fairest appanage—  
 Rhuvoniog—Stratclwyd—Rhos in gage :  
 And sharper—bitterer than all—  
 Than serpent's tooth—than adder's gall—  
 His nearest kinsman—closest tie—  
 With love and favour loaded high,  
 Yet ever wavering to and fro,  
 And starting like a broken bow—  
 At foreign courts in open league—  
 At home involved in dark intrigue—  
 His brother DAVID—dregs and froth—  
 Alien or traitor—one or both !

Scarcely the hope that budding new  
 A gleam on his horizon threw,  
 And down to treaties harshly framed  
 His spirit for a season tamed—  
 Yea, scarce the promise long denied  
 To call the fair DE MONTFORT bride—  
 The daughter of his great ally

Old SIMON,<sup>1</sup> LEICESTER's doughty Earl,  
 Whose hand the thunderbolt could hurl,  
 And folly though enthroned defy ;  
 Whose memory England owes a tribute high.

All this could scanty bend his heart  
 To play the princely vassal's part :  
 Son of the valiant and the free—  
 A hundred British kings—that HE  
 At Norman foot should bend the knee !  
 Such the devoir and such the meed  
 That bade him soon to Worcester speed :  
 And yet this service even now,

Unbaited by its sweet reward,  
 He might as erewhile disavow

When summoned to Montgomery Ford,  
 Homage to pay to England's haughty lord.

Now o'er his native hills he rade,  
 Upon that sunny morn,  
 Heading a sprightly cavalcade,  
 With horse, and hound, and horn ;

And many a youth of noble name,  
 And followers brave and true,  
 Who had in battle's sterner game  
 Stood by him through and through.

HUW PEDOL<sup>2</sup> too, his humble friend,  
 His foster-father's son,  
 Who for that he could horse-shoes bend  
 That iron name had won.

And YNAD<sup>3</sup> of the tuneful lip,  
 With harp on saddle-bow,  
 Not even on a hunting trip  
 Could he his Bard forego.  
 And if there came a pause or check,  
 As in the chase will hap,  
 He hung it deftly round his neck,  
 All by a broidered strap;  
 Then o'er the strings his fingers flew,  
 And forth symphonious echoes drew  
 From far and near, in tones  
 So wild it seemed as music grew  
 Among the stocks and stones.  
 Now up the narrow vale they wind,  
 By wint'ry torrents reft,  
 And as they journeyed soon behind  
 All human trace was left;  
 Except those monitors of time,  
 Whose voices now as then  
 Address in silent speech sublime  
 Successive sons of men:  
 The lonely cairn its lessons breathes,  
 From 'neath its moss-grown heap—  
 Forgotten glory—faded wreaths  
 Below in silence sleep.  
 So spake in like, but sterner tone  
 And somewhat varied key,  
 The track<sup>4</sup> whose verdure broke alone  
 The blackness of the lea.  
 It told them of a haughty race  
 Who with their iron rod  
 Would fain have rooted out the trace  
 Of Britain's name and God.  
 Llywelyn marked the spot, and bade  
 Awhile to halt the cavalcade,  
 To breathe them from the steep, and more,  
 To hear the bardic *awen* pour.

YNAD *sings*.

"Who are they galloping—galloping?  
 Their heads are of iron—their feet are of clay:  
 The mountains beneath them are trembl-ing  
 Suns on their shoulders have they.  
 Why didst thou, CONWY, not swallow them—  
 Wolves of the wilderness, follow them—  
 Cursed are they!



"On they are trampling—trampling—  
 Blood in their pathway and death at their heel—  
 Over the narrow sea,  
 What shall the morrow be?—  
 All fire and steel!  
 Weapons are clashing—  
 Forests are crashing—  
 Groves of the Holy the heathen defile—  
 Vortices swallow them!  
 Sea-monsters follow them!  
 Guard Gods of BRITAIN your Beautiful Isle!<sup>5</sup>  
 "Ages are rolling—are rolling—  
 The pitiless nation  
 That spread devastation—  
 Its death-knell is tolling—is tolling:  
 "Mute is their polished speech—  
 In their halls owlets screech—  
 Long is the dreary night—gladsome the morn—  
 Britons for ever young,  
 In their undying tongue  
 ROME the decrepid, shall laugh thee to scorn!"  
 The voice and harp are hushed, but still  
 The pressure of the notes  
 In warbling waves from hill to hill,  
 With lengthened cadence floats.  
 The wild effusion of the strain  
 Did lofty thought inspire  
 To every follower of the train—  
 Llywelyn's eye shot fire:—  
 "We thank thee Ynad—'tis a verse  
 Of deep, prophetic sound:  
 We would that such a Saxon curse  
 Could on the strings be found."  
 The Poet's aspect kindled high—  
 Aloft his harp he swung,  
 A prelude swept—then with a sigh,  
 Upon the saddle hung.  
 Llywelyn saw the sudden pang—  
 A shiver chilled his heart:—  
 But on his horse he lightly sprang,  
 And sounded the *Restart*.  
 But now a youth of noble mien  
 Fell at the Prince's feet,  
 And of a vision he had seen  
 To sing he did entreat.



"Oh grant" he said, "to AURDAF's hand  
 To wake the sacred crwth;  
 To me when sleep was o'er the land  
 Came down the words of truth:

"I heard an acclamation loud  
 Rise from a crowded town—  
 I saw a head above that crowd—  
 It wore a kingly crown:

"King LLUDD<sup>6</sup> the deep foundations laid  
 That based that city's towers:  
 That crown was ENGLAND'S, and the head  
 That wore it, Prince, was—YOURS!"—

Suspension breathless held the throng—  
 When lo! a wonder new—  
 Llywelyn's falcon burst her thong,  
 And on the harp she flew;

Still hooded close the air she swept—  
 With neither check<sup>7</sup> nor rake<sup>8</sup>  
 She perched, and screaming chorus kept,  
 And loud her bells did shake.

Then acclamations rent the air—  
 The perching of a bird  
 Pronounced the omen good and fair—  
 Confirmed the prophet's word.

"How, Glossy," quoth Llywelyn, "fie—  
 With all thy breeding pure  
 And careful training—dost thou fly,  
 Thou buzzard, where there's nought to try  
 Of quarry<sup>9</sup> or of lure!<sup>10</sup>"

He smiling chid, then to her perch  
 The hawk he whistling brought,  
 And looked at Ynad as to search  
 The tenor of his thought.

But Ynad seemed to gaze on space—  
 He echoed not the swell  
 Of joyous shout, but down his face  
 A silent tear-drop fell.

The poor old man—that town he knew—  
 Had heard its tumult's roar—  
 Its streetways had been hurried through  
 To share a dungeon floor—

To cheer a royal captive's gloom  
 In chains by treason dire  
 Betrayed to waste his manhood's bloom—  
 Llywelyn's hapless sire!<sup>11</sup>

Belike the old man's thoughts might be  
 On scenes of pain long gone—  
 A dying struggle he might see—  
 Might hear a dying groan.

A scene that fate so strangely weaves  
 Of hope and of despair,  
 To memory's spectrum clings and leaves  
 A lasting background there.

Its form and hue pervade all space—  
 Are painted on the sky—  
 On darkness stamp their ghastly trace,  
 Till *being* all seems *eye*.

So, after we have fixed our view  
 On some too dazzling light,  
 A speck of its o'erpowering hue  
 Obtrudes upon the sight.

But now the "Forward" order goes—  
 "On—on," Llywelyn said :  
 The mountain sod elastic rose  
 Beneath their lightsome tread.

For every step was fraught with hope ;  
 As in life's morning day  
 New wishes rise—new prospects ope  
 While spreads the onward way.

But as the stern life-lesson tells,  
 These hopes are chequered soon,  
 And oft the evening hour dispels  
 The promise of the noon.

And noon is past, and Arryg's<sup>12</sup> shade,  
 Like some dim giant ghost,  
 Has glided round, and twilight made  
 Where late the sun-lit ripples played,  
 On Duly'n's<sup>13</sup> pebbly coast.

But vainly through each wonted haunt  
 They seek the fisher lone and gaunt—  
 'Neath Eigiau's<sup>14</sup> slaty ledges,  
 And where the ribbon streamers flaunt—  
 Melynllyn's<sup>15</sup> yellow sedges :

In rushy pool and mossy rill  
 Is disappointment waiting still.

And now declining day belies  
 The gladsome promise of its rise,  
 And hurtles wildly through the skies—  
 So late with amber mantlings warm,  
 The hissing demon of the storm.

The clouds that floated pale and wan,  
 As scattered by some passing swan,  
 Now darkly piling, pack on pack,  
 Drive downwards with the blinding wrack—  
 The tinkling rills to torrents grown,  
 With mingled crags come foaming down,  
 That leap in awful *ricochée*  
 From their primeval bedments hurled,  
 In which they all unconscious lay,  
 While o'er them smiled the infant world.

From rock to rock with dread rebound,  
 The thunderbolt is crashing—  
 Along the palpitating ground  
 The lurid lightning flashing—

The only light—a ghastly glare  
 More fitted to betray  
 Than guide the footsteps, pierced the air  
 Upon that midnight day!

And so it was that when the sky  
 Smiled coyly from its azure eye,  
 (As some fair scold—her humour o'er,  
 Its traces then would fain ignore)  
 And every feature—hill and plain,  
 Came one by one to sight again,  
 The hawking band were scattered wide,  
 And none was by Llywelyn's side.

His courser, whom to soothe—in vain—  
 He led by hand, had burst the rein,  
 And left him to his desert walk,  
 Companioned only by his hawk.

Through mounted flight and toilsome march  
 That faithful bird still kept her perch,  
 Scarce noted by her master till

The wildering storm began to still;  
 And then he felt his finger pressed  
 By gentle Glossy's silken breast,  
 And he in turn the bird caressed,  
 In fondlings such as pass, with talk,  
 Between a falconer and his hawk.

For he had trained her from the nest—  
 Her eyes had seeled<sup>16</sup>—her legs had jessed<sup>17</sup>—  
 Had fitted on her rufter-hood<sup>18</sup>—

Her fierceness tamed—her kindness wooed—  
 Right well they twain each other understood.

And in that desert wild and wide,  
 Alone he scarcely seemed to bide,  
 With little Glossy by his side:



Yet wide and wildly had he strayed :  
 The rising curtain now displayed  
 A wilderness around him spread,  
 Which all familiar though his eye  
 With chase and forest far and nigh—  
 With warlike post and wood-craft range,  
 Presented features new and strange.

But by the now resplendent sun,  
 His homeward course was soon begun,  
 When, as he turned an angle rock,  
 The happy chance that seemed to mock  
 His morning searches now befel—  
 A stately her'n was in the dell :

With wandering weary—tempest drenched,  
 A sportsman's fire is never quenched,  
 And while the unwary Longshanks stood  
 Intent to seize his finny food,  
 Left stranded by the shrinking flood,  
 The Prince unstruck<sup>19</sup> his Glossy's hood,  
 And when the heron spread his blue  
 Broad wings, away the hood he drew,  
 And forth the eager falcon flew.  
 Sharp set by lengthened fast, out right  
 She took at once her soaring flight,  
 A moment o'er the quarry towered,  
 Then, canceliering<sup>20</sup> as she lowered,  
 With pounce unerring—beak well coped,<sup>21</sup>  
 Down on his spacious shoulders stooped.<sup>22</sup>

The her'n full-fed—his courage high,  
 Shot lightning from his onyx eye :  
 With upstretched bill he met below  
 The downwise movement of the foe,  
 The hawk descending to assail,  
 And in her final stoop impale.

A sportsman's ear it will not mock  
 To say this little battle shock—  
 This crisis close of life and death,  
 Might baté the near spectator's breath,  
 And stimulate the pulse, as when  
 We view the deadly strife of men ;  
 For death is grand, and life is dear,  
 In e'en the lower creatures' sphere.

As somewhat more than sportsman keen  
 And true the Prince surveyed the scene—

With somewhat more he watched the end  
Than sport—yet scrupled to defend  
His pupil—comrade—almost friend.

But Glossy fell no whit behind

Her fame in sylvan story :—

She did the noble quarry bind<sup>23</sup>—

Yea in his very frame-work twined

Her beak and talons gory.

He woke the echoes far and near

With outcries harsh and rending ;

Down from the heights the startled deer

His watchful head was bending :

Llywelyn stood—past doubt—past fear,

The grand result attending ;

But oh, what pen—what tongue can tell—

What harp its pathos blending,

The dire mischance that now befell—

Mischances all transcending !

The heron's cries were faint and few—

Each struggle now more feeble grew—

His slender neck was drooping :

The battle crisis onward drew,

When piercing the empyreal blue,

On victim and on victor too,

An eagle down was swooping !

He mantled o'er them like a pall,

His awful claws distending—

In vain the whistle and the call,

That falcons to the hand recall,

Llywelyn far and wide with all

His breath and voice was sending.

It seemed as if the falcon felt

The added value of the pelt,<sup>24</sup>

When in the desert lone and vast,

Her lord was worn with toil and fast :

Still to the sinking her'n she clings,

With gripe convulsive—quivering wings—

The eagle makes his fatal pounce,

And trusses her'n and hawk at once !

By this Llywelyn's bow was bent,

But ere his death-winged shaft was sent,

An arrow from another bow

Had laid the lordly eagle low,

And bounding to secure his prize,

Across the brook a stripling hies.

A passing flash of something nigh  
 To anger lit Llywelyn's eye,  
 That other aid should supersede  
 His own in faithful Glossy's need :  
 And when he reached the battle spot,  
 And found that aid availing not—  
 The succour coming all too late  
 To more than 'venge the falcon's fate,—  
 That little favourite lying low,  
 Between her victim and her foe,  
 He felt as wronged because the aid  
 He lately grudged had been delayed.  
 A moment burned upon his cheek  
 The angry glow—he turned to speak—  
 Perchance to chide, but when his eye  
 Fell on the lad, he stopped, and why  
 He knew not—felt his anger die—  
 His humour pacified—in truth  
 He felt attracted by the youth.  
 And so he might : there was a grace  
 Spread o'er the stripling's form and face,  
 Not such as courts and schools impart,  
 But nature's stamp that baffles art.  
 He lingered not with boy conceit  
 Upon his eagle-slaying feat,  
 But stooping down, the hawk to raise,  
 He mourned its fate in childish phrase ;  
 Smoothed down its beams,<sup>25</sup> bedabbled o'er,  
 And though its nares,<sup>26</sup> clogged up with gore,  
 His gentle breathings tried to pour :—

(To be continued.)

#### NOTES TO CANIAD I.

<sup>1</sup> *Old Simon, Leicester's doughty Earl.*—Simon de Montfort, termed by the loving people of England *Simon the Righteous*, was Earl of Leicester in the reign of Henry III., married to Eleanor, a sister of that monarch. This high-spirited noble compelled the weak and treacherous king to confirm Magna Charta, which he attempted to set aside : it is true that this involved a civil war ; but such results could scarcely be attained on any other terms. The Earl was slain, with his eldest son, at the battle of Evesham. His wife and daughter appear to have shared his warlike spirit, having held out in their castle of Kenilworth for some time after his defeat, and then obtained good terms, when they retired into France.

<sup>2</sup> *Huw Pedol.*—I have taken a liberty with this historic personage, who is handed down by tradition as being the foster-brother of Edward II.



<sup>3</sup> Llywelyn's bard was GRUFFYDD AB YR YNAD GOCH, a euphonious and sonorous name; but, in despair of introducing it in all its grand integrity into any line of modern verse, I have selected one of its *divisions*, so to speak.

<sup>4</sup> The Roman road leading from Conovium to Segontium.

<sup>5</sup> Mona—Anglesey.

<sup>6</sup> His name survives in *Ludgate*.

<sup>7</sup> *Check*—in falconry, to fly at wrong game.

<sup>8</sup> *Rake*—to fly beyond the mark.

<sup>9</sup> *Quarry*—the game at which a hawk flies.

<sup>10</sup> *Lure*—a false quarry, made of feathers, wherewith to train hawks.

<sup>11</sup> *Llywelyn's hapless sire*.—Gruffydd, eldest son of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, and father of Llywelyn the Last, was an accomplished and valiant prince. But placing himself, on the faith of a treaty, in the power of Henry III., he was carried to the tower of London, where, combining with other prisoners to escape, the cord of linen by which he was descending broke, and he was dashed to pieces in the Tower ditch.

<sup>12</sup> ARRYG—the highest ridge of CARNEDD LLYWELYN.

<sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> DULYN—EIGIAU—MELYNLLYN—three mountain tarns of Carnedd Llywelyn.

<sup>16</sup> *To seel*—to sew the eye-lids of a young falcon together, a necessary preliminary to its training—a very delicate operation, to be performed with very fine thread.

<sup>17</sup> *To jess*—to bind a hawk's legs with little thongs.

<sup>18</sup> *Rufter-hood*—the first hood a hawk wears, loose and open behind.

<sup>19</sup> *Unstrike*—to loosen the strings while the game is rising, preliminary to taking the hood quite off.

<sup>20</sup> *Cancelier*—to turn itself once or twice in the air, to recover itself and stoop with more effect.

<sup>21</sup> *Coping*—sharpening the beak or talons of the hawk; also an operation of great skill, performed with a sharp instrument without penetrating to the quick.

<sup>22</sup> *Stoop*—speaks for itself—to come down upon the quarry.

<sup>23</sup> *Bind*—to seize the quarry before trussing it.

<sup>24</sup> *Pelt*—the term used in falconry for the game, after the hawk has killed it.

<sup>25</sup> *Beams*—the long wing feathers of the hawk.

<sup>26</sup> *Nares*—nostrils.

## PHILOLOGY.—THE DICTIONARY APPENDIX.

WHOEVER examines our ancient records and poetical compositions will find in them a great many words that are not at all noticed in our printed Dictionaries, and some, the meaning of which has not been correctly given. This fact, it is obvious, must be a great hindrance to the due study of Cymric literature. It shall be our endeavour from time to time to supply the deficiency, and in this attempt, we are proud to say, we have been kindly promised valuable assistance from several eminent scholars, who have made this branch of learning their especial study. We shall not observe any alphabetical order, except indeed a very general one, but will give the words as they occur to us, leaving to future lexicographers the task of properly arranging them.

ADLWR—ADLWRW—*Subst.* what belongs; *Adj.* belonging to; *Verb* to belong to. Y naill yn adlwrw i'r llall; the one belonging to the other. I b'un y mae hwn yn adlwrw? to which does this belong? (*Blaenau Gwent.*) Mae rhyw adlwrwaeth rhyngddynt; they in some degree (or in some way) belong to each other.

AFALLEG—An orchard.

ACHON—A pedigree, from ach. Achon in *Old Gallic* means a river. *Cymraeg*, aches. Achon and ach, a pedigree, seem to be from ach, a river, a stream. Cludach, Mawddach, &c.

ARCHON—a chief. *Gr.* Ἀρχων, *q. d.*, aruchon, from ar-uch.

ADLEITHAI—EDLEITHAI—A slayer, from llaith, death. *Arm.* adletha, a soldier. *Corn.* addleha. *Lat.* athleta.

ANNAIG—One of the names of God, from annu, or ang, *i. e.*, the container, or what contains all things.

AGNE—Colour, from gne. *Sax.* Agne, painted (see agnail in Bailey); agnëaw, to paint, to colour; agnëant, painting; agnëaid, painted.

ANAWCH—Listlessness.

“Anawch oer a nych irad.”—*Sils ab Sion.*

ADDOS—Dropping.

“Oer oeddwn i'm caer addos,  
Och o'm ffer yn nyfnder nos.”—*Inco Llwyd*.

ALIS—The name of the daughter of Hengist, who was called by the Cymry Alis, and Alis Ronwen, and the English from her, Plant Alis. In Glamorgan they call the descendants of English families, Plant Alis y biswail.

ANNAW—Datceiniad. Ll<sup>n</sup> Sion. “Swydd anaw yw datgan dan gais a gofyn yr hen gerddi ar hen freiniau a defodau a chyfan yn ol y bo gofyn o'r hen athrawiaeth a dysgeidiaeth herwydd Barddas Beirdd Ynys Prydain.”

ATHRON—A circle; athronddysg, the circle of science.

ASGALCH—Mortar, or plaster. “Ag ni ellid yn hawdd dorri 'r castell gan gadarned yr asgalch yn ail y cerryg.”—*Antoni Powel*.

ALWY—Gware Alwy; the Alveus of the Romans probably, played with dice in the manner of backgammon. (Alea, a die.)

ARLLAD—A sacrifice, oblation, gift, endowment. Tir arllad, glebe, or land dedicated to God. “Ag efe (Meuryg) a roes lawer o diroedd yn arllad i Dduw a Theilaw yn dragywydd.”

ASTRAWD—Course of nature.

ASGEN (as-geni)—Fate, destiny.

ASPLAID—Relation.

ASCLAIN (as-clain)—Gender, genera.

ASPAILL—Fine powder, such as that on plums and grapes.

ASPWYLL—Awen.

ASTRAILL (as-trail)—Condition.

As—Nature; junction.—*Llyfr Teilo; Yniales*.



## SKETCH OF THE EARLY ORIGIN AND PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF CELTIC HISTORY.

I CAN only "plead guilty" to a very moderate share of reading; but, as the Celtic population of the earth has always been an object of special interest to me, I have, perhaps, been more eager in seeking information on this subject than some persons with a larger fund of general knowledge.

The result of my inquiries in this direction, and of such general observations as I have been able to make on existing facts, will be found in the following notes, which were put together, in the first instance, with the single object of making the conclusions at which I had arrived more clear to my own mind. It has been well said,— "It is better to utter one's thoughts to a statue than that they should pass away in a smother;" and every one's experience must have shown them that the only sure means of rendering our ideas distinct is that of giving them an independent existence of their own.

This, my first object, being in some measure attained, I became desirous that the conclusions at which I had arrived should be more generally accepted. It is impossible to believe any truth without longing to impart it; and my anxiety to propound to others questions of deep interest to myself was, in this instance, the greater, from the fact that Celtic history and Celtic literature are far from obtaining the attention which is their due amongst cultivated Anglo-Saxons.

I earnestly hope, therefore, that the points which in the following pages are merely suggested will be worked out at greater length by a more able and practised hand—one capable of throwing on the subject the light gained from profounder research and more varied historical information than my own.

It often strikes me that confusion and disagreement arise from our failing to go back far enough in our

inquiries. If in moral questions we have recourse to the fundamental principle, and in historical to the primitive origin, our chances of agreement will be greatly increased. Thus, in religion, the root—love—is the harmonizing principle; in government, order; in taste, harmony: and it is only in the light of these central principles that subordinate points can obtain their true value, and fall into their proper place. The more, therefore, we direct our historical inquiries to primitive origin,—never losing sight, at the same time, of existing facts,—the more likelihood is there that our inferences will be sound, and our conclusions just.

Contemplated from this point of view, Celtic history, it appears to me, offers to our notice interests of a very peculiar and superior order. These are found:—

*1st*,—In its sympathy with the Bible and the early ages.  
*2ndly*,—In the continuation, however limited, of the integrity of this peculiar race.

*3rdly*,—In the superiority of character induced by its origin, genius, traditions, habits and customs.

These points, if it were necessary, might all be proved from competent authorities; for, though my early convictions on the subject were strong enough to satisfy my own mind, I have taken care to propound no opinions, and lay down no theories, that could not be substantiated by the authority of writers of repute. In this sense, and up to this point, these notes may be looked upon as a compilation, or abstract, rather than an original essay.

Let us now briefly glance at some of the leading outlines of Celtic history. It appears to me that these may be ranged under six heads.

*1st*,—That the Japetidæ,—that is, the Gomeritæ, and sons of Javan,—began their emigration from the East before the confusion of tongues.

*2ndly*,—The Gomeritæ, Kimmeritæ, or Celtæ, now represented by the Welsh, Highlanders, Manks, Cornish, Armoricans, Basques, Waldenses, &c., were the very primitive peoplers of the British Islands.



*3rdly*,—All the above-named tribes are Celtic, proved from their language, history, traditions, customs, and usages; identical, patriarchal and peculiar.

*4thly*,—Their language was the primitive, or Noachidic, of which the Hebrew was a dialect; chosen, as was Abraham, to be peculiarly sacred.

*5thly*,—There remained amongst them vestiges of primitive belief, customs, and usages, less corrupted than elsewhere (excepting among the chosen race, to whom the special charge of revelation was given).

*6thly*,—They were not only superior in moral purity to what is supposed, but were oracles in science, which they did not learn in the way of progress, but which they had derived from their forefathers, from whom it had been handed down from generation to generation from the earliest times.

An examination on these six points of both general and internal evidence is as interesting as it appears to me satisfactory.

On the first head, if we look to the 9th chapter of Genesis, we shall see that God commanded that the children of Noah should replenish the earth; accompanying this order with a promised blessing on its fulfilment.<sup>1</sup>

The 10th chapter gives an account of the division of the earth amongst Noah's sons, and the obedience of some of his descendants. The description of the portions possessed by the various families is thus related:—"By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands;"<sup>2</sup> and it was against the command, to replenish the earth generally, that Nimrod, the Cushites, and the disaffected, rebelled, in building the tower whose "top" was "to reach unto heaven," when they said, "Let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."<sup>3</sup>

Moses is speaking not of a compulsory separation of families, but of a regular division of the earth amongst the Noachidæ, when he says,—“These are the families

<sup>1</sup> Genesis, ix. 1.

<sup>2</sup> x. 5.

<sup>3</sup> xi. 4.



of the sons of Noah, after their generations, in their nations: and by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood.”<sup>4</sup>

The name of Peleg<sup>5</sup> (to cut or divide) gives occasion to specify the time when the land was divided, *not* when the people were scattered abroad. It must have been given him at his birth, as most ancient names were given, in commemoration. This was *about* one hundred years after the flood.

	Thus Arphaxad born	2	years after the flood.
Arphaxad	35 when Salah was born	35	
Salah . . .	30 when Eber was born	30	
Eber . . . .	34 when Peleg was born	34	

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Total . . . 101

“It has been a popular opinion that the confederacy at Babel embraced the whole of mankind, excepting perhaps one family, and consequently that the whole earth was equally affected by the confusion of tongues; but this opinion appears to have arisen from considering the history of Babel as a solitary fact (Genesis, xi.), instead of connecting it with the account of Nimrod and his kingdom in the preceding chapter.<sup>6</sup> It appears that Moses has not only alluded to writings which existed before his own time, but has actually given us transcripts of some of the compositions of the primitive ages.”<sup>7</sup>

The several portions of the primitive history are detached, and often recapitulated; much attention therefore is necessary in order to obtain the historical light they are capable of throwing upon each other.

The confederacy was not joined by Noah, or any of his sons, nor were these patriarchs singular in keeping aloof from it. Nimrod (the son of rebellion) had become proverbial, “Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord.”<sup>8</sup> This mode of description would not have been used by his own associates, but by certain societies who had rejected his authority, and were consequently become the objects of his rage. Many such there were.

<sup>4</sup> Genesis, x. 32.

<sup>5</sup> Genesis, x. 25, and xi. 10–17; Davies’ Celtic Researches, p. 32; Hawker’s Commentary, p. 615.

<sup>6</sup> Genesis, x. 10.

<sup>7</sup> Davies’ Celtic Researches, p. 55.

<sup>8</sup> Genesis, x. 9.

As his confederacy did not embrace the whole of mankind, there can be no reason to suppose that those who were not concerned in it immediately lost either their religion or their language, or any part of the valuable traditions of their fathers.<sup>9</sup>

The traditions of almost every country presents us with accounts of certain giants, exiles, and wanderers—usurpers who intruded themselves amongst the more regular and orderly inhabitants, to whom they became a source of annoyance, and an object of detestation. “These are the people who are described as exiles and wanderers.”—*Eusebius*, P. E. L., i.<sup>1</sup>

Upon the whole, it appears most correct to conclude from the Mosaic history, *i. e.*, truth and universal tradition, that some of the descendants of each of the great patriarchs joined the impious confederacy, and that other branches rejected it, pursuing their various courses according to the commands of God. According to this view, Nimrod’s subjects consisted not so much of any particular families, as of individuals of a certain temper and disposition.

“The Japetidæ were on the move from the East anterior to the confusion of tongues; and those concerned in the treasonable erection of the Tower of Babel were rebellious tribes banded together under Nimrod.” “If Japhet as well as Shem lived 500 years after the flood, it seems probable that, for that space of time, he had the sole government of his own 14 tribes, or nations, westward of the Euphrates, as Ham had of those eastward thereof, and Shem of those towards the south, until Nimrod usurped upon the patriarchal form of government instituted by Providence, and founded the kingdom of Babel. Nor does it seem probable that the descendants of Japhet, who were destined by Providence to the most western parts, were all in the time of Peleg (the fifth generation from Noah) sojourning from the East towards Shinar, or present at the confusion of tongues and nations. The original purity of the western dialects seems to *prove* that they were not.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Davies’ Celtic Researches, p. 56.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Philosophy of Words, by Rowland Jones (Inner Temple).

The following extract from *Cyfrinach Beirdd Ynys Prydain* will not be uninteresting, as exhibiting the views held by the bards relative to the derivation of the Cymric language:—

“Three languages, formed by God, were obtained and have existed



In the second place, we may learn from the following evidences, general or external, and internal or particular, that the Celtæ first peopled the British Islands; and that they are now represented truly by the Welsh, Highlanders, Cornish, Armoricans, &c., &c.

We have no tradition or intimation of the extermination of any race in Britain: let us then look for the people in our own day who most closely resemble the primitive and patriarchal type. An unprejudiced and intelligent person, placed amongst the primitive and patriarchal Highlanders and Welsh of our own day, would feel "that he lived amongst a people who had been there from the beginning." Consider the evidences in favour of this conclusion, such as they are.

Moses having enumerated the sons of Javan and Gomer, parallel in descent to Salah, who was born 37 years after the flood, adds as follows:—"By these were

from the beginning. *One* was obtained by Adam in Paradise, but he lost it when, through the deceit of the devil, he ate the apple, and was driven from Paradise to till the earth with his *pâl*, that is, a sharp pointed pole. . . . . The second language is the one which Moses obtained, and which he used whilst turning back the Red Sea, until its bed became dry land. That language was used by the prophets after him, in prophesying of Christ, for three thousand years; and it is now found in Holy Scripture, and is understood by sages of learning and piety. The third language is the *Cymraeg*, which was obtained by Enos, the son of Seth, the son of Adam; and he was the first man after the expulsion of Adam from Paradise that praised God and goodness in vocal song. The *Cymraeg* was preserved over the waters of the deluge by Japheth the son of Noah the Aged, and his posterity brought it to the utmost parts of the world, when the language of the men who built the castle of Babylon into a tower of monstrous size, against the will of the Holy Ghost, was corrupted. It was hence that failure, corruption, and degeneracy befell all the languages of the world, except the *Cymraeg*. And in memory of this fact and occurrence the castle and tower of Babylon is seen, a pile of monstrous size and form, and it cannot by any means be dissolved. Of the three primitive languages, the first is now spoken in heaven by God, His saints and angels. The second is preserved in Holy Scripture, as already said, in the works of the sacred prophets. The third is the *Cymraeg*, which is spoken at this day in its perfect kind and quality by us, Cymry, in the Isle of Britain."—pp. 29, 30.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.



the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands; every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations." If this be not a positive declaration that a regular and complete division, agreeably to certain general rules, actually took place in the time, and under the direction, of the patriarchs, we know not by what words such a fact could be recorded.

By those parts which he calls "the isles of the Gentiles," it is understood that Moses meant Europe and the adjacent islands."<sup>3</sup> These were divided by the sons and grandsons of Japhet, or, that is to say, by Javan and Gomer, and their sons. "In their lands, every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations." This division must have been regularly conducted, and must have taken place in the time of the patriarchs; for the act was *theirs*, and the nations retained their names to the time of Moses; nay, many of them long afterwards, for we find them recognized by history and geography.

Javan is well known as the parent of the Greeks. His family was not called Celtæ, or Cimmeri: we must look, then, for the Celtæ amongst the descendants of Gomer. A people named from Gomer would be Gomerim, or Gomeri; and it could be shown in a multitude of instances that C or K in the Celtic occupies the place of the Hebrew ג. Cymri, or Kimmeri, may be nothing more than Gomerim. The Hebrew word signifies to come, or bring to an end. It may also point out the abode of the posterity of this patriarch at the end of the earth.

Celtæ, in the language of the Celts, means men of the extremity, or extreme corners or retreats, and also northern regions. Josephus, an able critic in Hebrew geography, declares that those whom the Greeks called Galatæ, or Celtæ, were descendants of Gomer.

Of his three sons, Ashkenaz was understood to keep possession of the Ascanian or Euxine Sea, as well as of

<sup>3</sup> Davies' Celtic Researches, pp. 123, 124.

the nook which lies between that sea and the Propontis. This nook was never intended for the sole inheritance of the eldest branch of the Noachidæ. It was a mere halting-place upon the road.<sup>4</sup>

In this corner of Asia we find the Heneti, or Veneti,—which pronounced by a Celt would be Henet, Kenet, or Gwenet,—well known tribes wherever the Celtæ are found. The country of these Heneti, or Veneti, seems to have been the Henydd, the origin, source, or native land of the Celtæ.

The family of Ashkenaz did not find in this neighbourhood that ample patrimony which they could be content to retain in peace, and leave to their children for ever. Their portion lay far to the west, and the way was open as yet for them to go in search of it. After they had reached their destined acquisitions they still retained their generic name, for Herodotus places the Cynetæ in the western extremities of Europe.

The name is acknowledged by the ancient Britons. Taliesin, a bard of the sixth century, in a poem which he addresses to Urien, Prince of Rheged, calls his countrymen Cyn-wys, or Echen Cynwys, the nation of the *Cyn men*. *Cyn*, in British implying the first or foremost part, regularly forms Cynet for its plural, both in Welsh and Armorican.<sup>5</sup>

By these names Homer describes them as known in the age of the Trojan war. At the beginning of the 13th Iliad, Jupiter turns his eyes from the combatants before Troy. He views in succession Thrace, the land of the Hippemolgi, or milk eaters, and lastly the Abii, or those of the Cimmeri who dwelt beyond them.<sup>6</sup>

The chief part of European Scythia had been possessed by the Cimmeri; but these Cimmeri, as alluded to above, were a devious branch of Ashkenaz, (collateral descendants, or a branch that had taken an independent position of its own,) and became subsequently mixed up with the Titans, or exiles from Babel.

<sup>4</sup> Davies' Celtic Researches, p. 127.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 129.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* p. 139.



Respecting the origin of the Gaels, it will not be improper to observe that, under the character of Saturn, the heathens preserved the history of Noah. Saturn divided the world amongst his three sons. The eldest of these was Dis, or Pluto, and for his share he had Europe, the western or lower regions. Thus he became the parent of the first Europeans, and consequently of the Gauls.

Thus far as regards external guidance, in the Mosaic history, the traditions of heathen mythology, and such historical allusions as are extant. Let us now turn to that which is internal; as amongst the old Welsh manuscripts we find many historical notices, upon the model of druidical triads, purporting to be the remains of druidical ages.<sup>7</sup> Many collections of these triads are preserved at this day in old copies upon vellum.

Speaking of the various races in North Britain, Skene says of the Welsh triads,—“certainly the oldest and most unexceptionable authority upon the subject.”

Milton, as quoted by the author of *The Chronicles of the Ancient British Church*, remarks, “that oftentimes relations, heretofore accounted fabulous, have been after found to contain in them footsteps and relics of something true, even if some men gave the triads this character.”

They bear the following title:—“These are triads of the Island of Britain, and of the events which befel the race of the Cymry from the age of ages, that is to say, triads of memorial and record, and the information of remarkable men or things in the Island of Britain.”

Again,—“These triads were taken from the Book of Caradoc of Nantgarvan, and from the Book of Ievan Brechva, by me, Thomas Jones of Tregaron, and these are all I could get of the three hundred.” Dated 1601.

Caradoc of Nantgarvan lived about the middle of the twelfth century.

In another part of his considerable collection, Jones

<sup>7</sup> Davies' Celtic Researches, p. 153.



says that he copied some from a manuscript 600 years old in his time.

*Triad 1.*—"There were three names given to the Isle of Britain from the beginning. Before it was inhabited it was called 'The Sea-Girt Green Spot.' After it was inhabited it was called the 'Honey Island,' from the quantity of honey found in it. After the people were formed into a commonwealth by Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, it was denominated the Isle of Prydain. And no one has any right to it but the tribe of the Cymry, for they first settled in it; and before that time no persons lived therein, but it was full of bears, wolves, crocodiles, and bisons."

*Triad 2.*—"The three pillars of the race of the Island of Britain. The first was Hu Gadarn, who first brought the race of the Cymry into the Island of Britain; and they came from the land of Hav, called Defrobani,<sup>8</sup> where Constantinople now stands; and they passed over Mor Tawch (the German Ocean) to the Island of Britain, and to Llydaw, where they remained: the second, Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, who first established regal government in the Island of Britain (before this there was no equity but what was done by gentleness, nor any law but that of force): the third, Dyvnwal Moelmud, who first discriminated the laws and ordinances, customs and privileges of the land and of the nation (and for these reasons they were called the three pillars of the nation of the Cymry)."

*Triad 5.*—"The three benevolent tribes of the Island of Britain. The first were the stock of the Cymry, who came with Hu Gadarn into the Island of Britain, for he would not have lands by fighting and contention, but of equity and in peace: the second were the race of the Lloegrwys, who came from the land of Gwasgwyn, and were sprung from the primitive race of the Cymry: the third were the Brythyn; they came from Llydaw, and

<sup>8</sup> Dr. James, on the Patriarchal Religion of Britain, (p. 14,) traces the route by which the Cymry came into Britain.—*Chronicles of the British Churches*, p. 7.

were also sprung from the primordial line of the Cymry (and they are called the three peaceful tribes, because they came with mutual consent and permission in peace and tranquillity; the three tribes descended from the primitive race of the Cymry, and the three were of one language, and of one speech)."

*Triad 6.*—"Three tribes came under protection into the Island of Britain, and by the consent and permission of the nation of the Cymry, without weapon, without assault. The first was the tribe of Caledonians in the north: the second was the Gwyddelian race, which are now in Alban (Scotland): the third were the men of Galedin, who came in the naked ships (canoes) into the Isle of Wight when their country was drowned, and had land assigned them by the race of the Cymry."

*Triad 7.*—"Three usurping tribes came into the Island of Britain and never departed out of it. The first were the Coranied, who came from the land of the Pwyl: the second were the Gwyddelian Fichti, who came into Alban over the sea of Llychlyn<sup>9</sup> (Denmark): the third were the Saxons. The Coranied are about the river Humber, and on the shore of Mor Tawch, and the Gwyddelian Fichti are in Alban, on the shore of the sea of Llychlyn. The Coranied united with the Saxons and deprived the Lloegrwys of their government by wrong and oppression; and afterwards they deprived the Cymry of their crown and sovereignty. All the Lloegrwys became Saxons except those in Cornwall, the commot of Carnovan, Deira, and Bernicia. The primitive race of the Cymry have kept their land and their language; but they have lost their sovereignty of the Island of Britain, through the treachery of the protected tribes, and the violence of the three usurping tribes."

*Triad 55.*—"The three happy controllers of the Island of Britain. Prydain the son of Aedd Mawr suppressing the dragon tyranny (or the turbulence and confusion that had arisen among heads of families): Caradoc the son of

<sup>9</sup> German Ocean.



Bran checking the oppression of the Cæsarians: and Rhitta Gawr controlling the tyranny and pillage of the tumultuary kings."

Aneurin, Taliesin's cotemporary,<sup>1</sup> in the conclusion of his *Gododin*, distributes the Celtæ of the British Islands into "Cynt a Gwyddyl a Phrydyn." The Cynt or Cynet, the Irish, and the North Britons, making the Cynt the first of the Celtic families. Amongst our old British kings we find Cyneta, or Cunedda.

The Brython, according to the triads and the Venerable Bede, came from Llydaw, or Armorica. They were probably of Pryd's retinue, for he brought his fleet and his Lloegrwys "O dir Gwas Gwynt,"—from the land of the Veneti. Gwas Gwynt was the country to which Britain sent its fleet for the assistance of the Gauls against the Romans. All this identifies the North Britons, or Caledonians, with Prydyn or Prydain. He must, from his character and name, be the same as Brude, Brut, or Bret-eanch; the ancestor of the Caledonians, as given to us in the Pictish Chronicle, the Picts assuming to themselves the traditions of the Caledonians, amongst whom they endeavoured to incorporate themselves.

One cannot but feel satisfied that the Picts are describing Caledonian history, assumed by themselves in this Pictish Chronicle, when they say filius Cinge (Cinwy), filius Brude (Pryd), for where otherwise were the Caledonians? The Fichti were an usurping tribe (see Triad 4). The Caledonians were spread all along the north and north-west, which provinces the Pictish Chronicle describes. The Picts doubtless were Gaels or Celts, but not the aboriginal Celts of Britain, and by all accounts came from the continent at a comparatively late period.

<sup>1</sup> Davies' Celtic Researches, p. 129.

(To be continued.)

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

## CARADOC OF LANCARVAN.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—Some three months ago a letter appeared in the columns of a contemporary, bearing the name of “Thomas Stephens,” which, for several reasons ought not to pass unnoticed. It is grandiloquently worded—displays an array of figures—and is diversified with Latin quotations in such a degree as must impress the general reader, and even the moderate scholar, if he unfortunately happens to be ignorant of Welsh History, with an awful sense of the learning and knowledge of the writer. This formidable and plausible guise is fraught with mischief, and furnishes one reason why the letter should be unravelled. I will, therefore, with your permission, venture to lay hands on it, and see whether it is in reality that thing of substance which it professes to be, or whether it is not a mere puff-ball, which, as you grasp it, emits dust and smoke, and collapses.

What is the object which the writer had in view, when he penned the letter in question? Professedly, as we learn from his opening remarks, “to institute a rigid examination” of “one of the Welsh Chronicle, which has, since the publication of the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, received *much praise and attention*,” and “to submit it to the test of an honest and searching, yet kindly criticism.” A very praiseworthy object truly, and one I should have rejoiced to see carried out. But alas! as I waded through its contents, I discovered an *animus* which promised no “kindly criticism;” and when I arrived at its close I learned unmistakably that “the results” of the inquiry were identical with the object, which the writer had in view—that however “searching” the criticism might have been, it was anything but “honest,” and “kindly,” and “becomingly fair.”

These results were:—

I.—That the Book of Aberpergwm is not the Chronicle of Caradoc, but ought always to be cited by the former name.

II.—That it is a respectable authority for the history of Glamorgan, but not for the general history of Wales.

III.—That it abounds in mistakes, conjectures, and unauthorized additions; that it exhibits several anachronisms, and names persons who lived in the years 1203, 1293, 1317, and 1328; and that it was written in or about A.D. 1555.

IV.—That it has many parallelisms with *Brut Ieuan Brechva*; and that several of its special statements are evidently founded upon that document.

V.—That both the Book of Aberpergwm, and the so-called Book of Caradoc, are written in an orthography comparatively recent, and are both documents of the sixteenth century.

His first "result" is arrived at by two arguments, which, if they were properly substantiated, especially the latter, would, I grant, be sufficient to warrant such a conclusion. In the first place he asserts that facts are mentioned, which Caradoc, if he were the writer of the Chronicle, would have known to be false. One of these is the marriage of Iestyn ab Gwrgant with Denis, daughter of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, which is stated in the Brut to have taken place A.D. 994, though Bleddyn himself, according to him, was not born before 1024. "This is a curious blunder to be made by a writer who ended his days in 1156." There is, no doubt, a difficulty relative to the ancestors of Denis, nor has it been discovered now for the first time by the writer of this letter. But it is allowed by all that Iestyn was married as early as the date assigned to that event in the Chronicle. It is not to be expected that Caradoc could have ascertained, of his own personal knowledge, the exact circumstances of any event that had occurred 160 years previously, or even 130 years. He must of necessity have copied the memorials of what had happened before he was born, and that he did not attempt to correct them according to his own notions or inferences only proves his strict fidelity as a compiler. The "curious blunder" thus adduced for the purpose of proving that the Chronicle was not written by Caradoc, is of no value whatever, and falls powerless to the ground.

"But there are plenty more. The whole history of South Wales, from 1022 to 1090, is, in this MS., a mass of confusion, arising from the blending of the distinct histories of the descendants of Iestyn ab Gwrgant, and of Iestyn ab Owain ab Hywel Dda." As there is here but a general assertion, my general denial must serve as an equivalent. "In or about 1110, Fitzhamon is said to have died of madness at Tewkesbury, whereas he was killed in Normandy, in 1107, at the siege of Falaise." One statement is as good as the other, and as likely to be true. The same may said of the storming of Cardiff Castle by Ifor Bach. It is thus very evident that the writer of the letter has not proved that facts are mentioned in the Chronicle, which Caradog would have known to be inaccurate.

His other argument is, that events are recorded in the Chronicle which did not really occur until after Caradoc's death. This writer seems monomaniacal on the subject of the occurrence of names. No two persons can possibly bear the same name. Therefore, as there was an Archbishop of Canterbury in 1202-3 named Hubert Sais, or simply Hubert, Sais being merely descriptive of his nation, what is said in the Chronicle under the year 871 of the appointment of Hubert Sais (or the Saxon) to the see of Menevia must be erroneous. If this principle is to be admitted, what an historical structure must tumble to the ground! But what is the fact? In a list of Bishops of St. David's, given in the "History" which Mr. Stephens reviewed without a word of qualification—a list purporting to be taken from Giraldus, whom the writer of the letter implicitly trusts on other subjects, between the years 944 and 999, the name of Hubert abso-



lutely occurs! Again, no Bishop of Menevia of the name of Martin could have accompanied Hywel Dda to Rome! Why? On the principle of the incommunicability of names. "For there was a Bishop of Menevia of this name, and he occupied the see from 1293 to 1328." Surely arguments of this description deserve no serious answers, and I am astonished that any person, who sets himself as a critic, should have recourse to them.

No; I was wrong in saying that the writer denies the communicability of names. He admits it in the case of Llywelyn Bren. "There were two persons of this name." But no matter, though the Chronicle says that a party of Normans were intercepted in 1094 by "Griffith and Cadivor, sons of Llywelyn Bren, Lord of Senghenydd," the statement must be untrue, because "*the* Llewelyn Bren was the person who headed an insurrection in 1315 or 1316;" and the writer is "warranted by the late Rev. H. H. Knight, who read a paper on this subject at the Cardiff Meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, in saying, that this was the real and historical Llywelyn Bren." He here, again, falls quietly to his favourite theory. "This was *the real and historical* Llywelyn Bren;" the other was after all but a myth, and as such could have no sons to intercept the Normans.

But I must proceed to the very climax of absurd argumentation. In the Chronicle under 1114 it is said:—

"From him (*i. e.*, Owain ab Cadwgan) originated 'Gwylliaid Mawddwy,' which *are* ever [still] found plundering the country far and near."

Because they "assassinated Baron Owen on the 11th of October, 1555, and were exterminated soon after that event," "it requires but a moment's consideration to be thoroughly convinced that the Book of Aberpergwm was written in or about the year 1555." As if the assassination of Baron Owen was the only *anrhaith* which these banditti ever committed. Such is the profound reasoning of the "honest" and "kindly" critic!

As my letter has already grown to a considerable size, I must be brief with the other "results."

II.—"That it is a respectable authority for the history of Glamorgan, but not for the general history of Wales."

If so, then the facts relative to Glamorgan must have been upon the whole accurately told, which is a circumstance highly favourable to the supposition that the work was the compilation of "the Monk of Lancarvan." Unfortunately, however, the writer's criticism does not warrant this "kindly" conclusion, whilst it is completely upset by the next "result."

III.—"That it abounds in mistakes, conjectures, and unauthorized additions; that it exhibits several anachronisms, and names persons who lived in the years 1203, 1293, 1317, and 1328; and that it was written in or about A.D. 1555."

"It abounds;" there is no exception made in favour of one portion



of Wales more than another. The dogmatic mode in which the writer specifies "unauthorized" additions is notorious. In the *Annales Cambriae*, under 689, mention is made of "blood-coloured rain," which turned red the milk and butter. In the Book of Aberpergwm it is, "until the milk, butter, *and cheese*, went of the red colour of blood." "And cheese" are unauthorized. Again:—

"720. The same year Rodri Molwynawc was made king over the Britons, and there was a great war between him and the Saxons, *when the Britons triumphed honourably in two battles*. The same year was the battle of Garthmaelawg, and another *in Gwynedd*, and the battle of Pencoed in Glamorgan, when the Britons were victorious in the whole three."

Can any critic point out in this passage what is right, and what is wrong? Yes. "The words in italics are manifestly erroneous," because, no doubt, they represent a state of things contrary to the wishes of this vilifier of our race. The assertion that "the Britons triumphed honourably in two battles" was galling to his anti-patriotic feelings, therefore he willed, and of course they became erroneous. I am warranted in saying this, for he adduces not the slightest proof in favour of his verdict. It is the same with the following:—

"In the same year was the battle of Mygedawc, *where the Britons defeated* the Gwyddyl Ffichti after a severe contest."

The "kindly" critic is not pleased with the honourable testimony borne to the bravery of his ancestors, *therefore* the statement is wrong.

All his "unauthorized" additions are detected by the same easy process; I shall not therefore trouble your readers with more examples. They are pitiable in the extreme, as indicative of the perverted reason of the writer. And this man to think of upsetting the opinions of men of learning and discrimination!

IV. "That it has many parallelisms with *Brut Ieuan Brechva*; and that several of its special statements are evidently founded upon that document."

As Brut Ieuan Brechva professes to have been "drawn from the Books of Caradoc of Lancarvan and other old records," it is quite natural that there should be parallelisms of the kind. But to the charge that several of the special statements of the Book of Aberpergwm are founded upon the Brechva Chronicle, I demur. Did it ever enter into this writer's mind that a work can be abridged? And that it is quite possible that Ieuan Brechva should have abridged many of Caradoc's paragraphs? Is it not as likely that there should be *omissions* on the part of one, as *additions* on the part of the other? Any "kindly" critic would have judged so. Indeed, it would be much more natural to make omissions than to make additions, especially where there existed no authority whence to derive the latter.

V.—"That both the Book of Aberpergwm, and the so-called Book of Caradoc, are written in an orthography comparatively recent, and are both documents of the sixteenth century."

What does he mean by *both*? Are they not one and the same?

And what though the orthography be recent, does that prove anything more than the fact that the particular *copy* used for the *Myvyrian Archaology* dated no further than the sixteenth century? I never heard even the warmest advocate of the genuineness of the Chronicle maintain that it appears in the *Myvyrian Archaology* orthographically as it was penned by Caradoc. This question of orthography, then, has nothing to do with the matter. The poems of Llywarch Hen, as edited by W. Owen, are in a different orthography from that in which they appear in *Llyfr Paul Panton*; still no critic, however "honest" and "searching," will say that they are less the compositions of the royal bard. Why, if this principle is to be admitted as an indispensable canon of criticism in regard to the genuineness of any work, then most, if not all, of our classics, as well as our early British documents, must go. Homer becomes a myth—Virgil never wrote the *Æneids*—Horace never existed.

The writer pities the Rev. John Williams ab Ithel for being so simple-minded as to "uniformly cite this as the veritable work of the monk of Lancarvan, without experiencing any doubt as to its authenticity." Poor man—what a state to be in—"without any doubt!" No prospect of his ever becoming a member of the German School! Alas, poor man!

He censures Carnhuanawc for adopting the views of the editors of the *Myvyrian Archaology* in reference to the different Chronicles which go under the name of Caradoc; namely, that the same writer might have written different copies at various times, with varying fullness of narration, and have used a different phraseology. But he says nothing about another author, a namesake of his, who holds the same views. In the *Literature of the Kymry*, p. 324, the author observes:—"Caradoc of Lllancarvan is the Chronicler most in repute. He belonged to this age, as we learn from the conclusion of Geoffrey's History, where he is styled 'my contemporary.' His Chronicle commences where the other leaves off, at the abdication of Cadwaladr; and both writers seem to have been on intimate terms." (Poor man—he evidently experiences no doubt of its authenticity.) He goes on making Mr. Malkin's words his own:—"There were several copies preserved in the abbeys of Conway and Ystradfflur, which generally agreed in matter, but differed in their phraseology and the period of their terminations. Their apparent variance may be reconciled by supposing that such copies were so many different editions written by him, and distributed in the course of his life. In David Powell's time, which was that of Queen Elizabeth, there were at least one hundred copies dispersed over Wales; and when we consider that all these agreed in everything, but in form and literal phrase, and that Humphrey Lloyd inserted what was defective and corrected what was discordant from the authorities of Matthew Paris, and Nicholas Trivet, we may reasonably believe that the present translation, improved as it is from records and authors consulted by David Powell, forms a



sufficiently authentic compendium of Welsh antiquities." Singular that two writers of the same name, and living in the same town, should differ so much on this subject!

ERYRI.

## PERAMBULATIONS.

### No. I.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

THE ROMAN ROAD FROM TOMMEN Y MUR (HERIRI MONS) TO  
MEIFOD (MEDIOLANUM).

SIR,—Some years ago, my attention was drawn to an old road, called by the common people "the Roman road," in the upper part of the Mowddwy Vale. After consulting my learned friend Ab Ithel upon the subject, he urged me to pursue my inquiries, and assisted me materially in tracing it, from Rhiw March to Carreg y Big,—I took the matter up in earnest.

Traditionary lore pointed out with graphic correctness the exact spot where the street once appeared in perfection;—the windings along the frowning side of Aran Fowddwy not exempted. Two years ago I traced it from Bwlch y Glascoed to Llanfihangel, a distance of fifteen miles, but owing to my removal from the neighbourhood, further explorations were suspended until last autumn. One morning in October last I managed to find an opportunity of trying the experiment of linking the Mowddwy road with the Merioneth "Watling Street." I commenced my journey at Penstryd, near Trawsfynydd, and traced the main track with ease. Having been successful at starting, I began to question the mountaineers, who seemed quite at home in their narratives of the superhuman actions of the "Queen Helen," as they, poor things, were wont to call her.

The sun was powerfully hot, and even the Mervinian Hills could not supply me with any refreshing gales to assist the frail body to climb the rugged cliffs. After lounging about Cwm Tir Mynach, and gleaning from the shepherds enough of their innocent *superstition*, I began in spite of the scorching sun to search for the branched off *path* in earnest. The main street has been recently walked over by many of our antiquaries, and so I shall leave it, for the present, in their possession, although some more definite account is wanted, especially of the direction it takes from above Cymmer Abbey, until you see it again on the gliding side of Cadair Idris. Not far from Penstryd I found the branched off path, and, with little trouble and care, traced it to Abergeirw. From thence I was fortunate enough to have a companion. One of the farmers volunteered to assist me in the undertaking, and I must say that his assistance conduced greatly to the ultimate success of my search. In the middle of Cwm Blaen y Glynn there is



a meadow called Gwaen Elen (Elen's Meadow), and from Abergeirw faint remains here and there are to be met of the sarn, and the path can be traced with care. After passing Gwaen Elen, it turns eastward, and crosses the mountains along the side of Roballt Ganol. The inhabitants know the path well, and call it "*Llwybr y Rhufeiniad*" constantly. Formerly, I was told, a great many horses on the 12th of August used to be led backwards and forwards along this path, but those were not Roman troopers. No; the glory of the Roman eagle has been supplanted long ago by the red dragon on high, and even the fortifications which once towered have crumbled to atoms. Over the mountain I proceeded, eagerly watching the footprints of those lion-hearted legions who traversed these wild regions to keep the pugnacious Cambrians in subordination, to what end no economist has been yet able even to guess! Being tired and hungry I was obliged to curtail my journey, and to proceed as fast as I could to Drws y Nant, to procure refreshments for the "inner man." After a short repose I found myself able again to continue my proposed walk. Little beyond Drws y Nant I found a *ford* called Rhyd yr Alun, or Elen, *i. e.*, Elen's ford, and from this proceeded a winding foot-path in the direction of Bwlch y Glascoed, above Cowarch, thence it takes a northward course to Buches Tydecho, and Rhyd y Gerwin. Here and there along Llaethnant the flagged path is visible, and on the top of Rhiwmarch a regular cut through the rock shows clearly the marks of the Roman chisels. I may perhaps be allowed here to throw a hint. Above Cowarch, there is now an old mine work, called by the people a *Roman mine*. The path in question passes by that place. The *ore* probably was lead. Will not this account for the road over such an awful declivity? From Mowddwy to Meifod will make another short letter, when I can find leisure to pen it. Local accounts and traditions would be in my opinion highly conducive to the right development of Cambrian lore, and unless an active body of our fellow-countrymen fill up the gap—and that speedily—we shall be deprived of many an interesting tradition that would materially assist the historian of this renowned land. Merionethshire seems to me an unexplored region. We have fuller accounts of every other county in Wales than of this! Yet, I am given to understand that it would repay well any antiquary for his trouble if he could find time to explore this fairy land. From old Cadair's frowning brow, to the mean barrows on the flats of Ardudwy and Gwastad Meirionydd, the country abounds with archaic mementoes, and every nook that hides itself in the bosom of the fragmentary cliffs echoes some wild romance of the heroic past, or a touching legend of our forefathers. These ought to be collected, and published without delay.—I remain, &c.,

O. W. J.

## LLANGOLLEN EISTEDDFOD.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if you, or any of your readers, will inform me what constitutes real Welsh linsey.—I remain, &c.,

A WEAVER.

[We believe that linsey, to be really Welsh, must consist of silk, linen, and woollen only.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.]

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

## LITERARY PERSECUTION.

It is a melancholy fact that there are persons in Wales at this very time, who profess much anxiety about the education of the people, and the preservation of its antiquities, and who nevertheless do all in their power to crush such works as the CAMBRIAN JOURNAL, the object of which is equally the elevation of the intellectual and moral condition of the Cymry. Why they do so is a mystery which sensible people are unable to solve; they give no reason—most probably because they have none to give. Threats—physical threats—are the weapons which they delight to use in their inglorious warfare. Will they deny our assertion? Then why do they worry and persecute our Publisher, and threaten to deprive him of a portion of his daily bread, as long as he connects himself with the CAMBRIAN JOURNAL? We ourselves have seen a letter written by one of these men, in which he called upon a supporter of the JOURNAL to give it up, and declared that war to the knife would be waged against it. Poor fanatics! What a waste of energy! Suppose, for an instant, that they succeeded in compelling our Publisher to abandon us, do they dream that our annihilation will follow? More thoroughly established than ever—better supported—and less editorially fettered than before, shall we proceed in the course which we have marked out for ourselves, leaving them to enjoy the reflection that they have injured an honest man! Nothing more.

WYNNSTAY MSS.—Another loss! The fine collection of Welsh manuscripts which was at Wynnstay has been totally destroyed by fire! Will not this national calamity stimulate all who love Wales and its literature to come forward and aid the Welsh MSS. Society in

its efforts to rescue from a similar fate the records that still remain unpublished in various parts of the country? It is of no avail to deplore—we must work.

**SION MOWDDWY.**—John Mywddwy, son of Rhys Mywddwy, son of Gruff Mywddwy, son of Meredydd Mywddwy, son of Wilcox Mywddwy.—*MS.*

Oed Crist 690, y rhoddes Run Mab Maelgwn Gwynedd Ynys Fon i Frenin y Saeson dan herw trichanmuw Gwartheg duon bob blwyddyn, ag yna galw ynys Mon yn Angle sie yn y Saesoneg, achos brad Gwyddelod a Llychlyniaid, o Lin Daronwy a drigwys ynddi; ac efe a roddes hefyd fraint coron y Deyrnas i Frenin Llundain, lle cyn no hynny Caerllion ar wysg yn Leithig Teyrnedd.—*MS.*

A.D. 690, Rhun the son of Maelgwn Gwynedd gave the isle of Mona to the king of the Saxons, subject to a tribute of three hundred head of black cattle yearly. Hence the isle of Mona was in English called Anglesey. This was done because of the treachery of the Irish and Scandinavians who dwelt in it. He also bestowed the prerogative of the crown of the kingdom upon the king of London, whereas previously Caerleon upon Usk constituted the seat of government.

**LLANGOLLEN EISTEDDFOD.**—There is now not the least doubt but that this truly national festival will prove a complete success. The public have already liberally responded to the appeal made by the Secretaries in its behalf, and as there are yet six months during which the patriots of Wales may be canvassed, the fund will, we feel certain, be greatly augmented by the time the Eisteddfod is to come off. If any of our readers who have not already subscribed, wish thus to countenance the literature and music of Cambria, they are requested to forward their names to the Rev. J. Williams ab Ithel, Llany-mowddwy Rectory, Merionethshire, or to the Rev. J. Hughes, (Carn Ingli,) Meltham Parsonage, Huddersfield, Honorary Secretaries.

**AN EISTEDDFOD IN BRETAGNE.**—The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* says:—"The Welsh are first cousins of the Bretons. The latter, from Cape Finisterre throughout the length and breadth of old Armorica, are stirring for a grand gathering, a sort of Eisteiffodd, (do I spell right?) to be held at Quimper, where old Bretonne poesy, and legends, and what not, are to be the order of several days. At this congress the final arrangements are to be made for the erection, in front of the Cathedral, of an equestrian statue to the good 'King Gradlon,' who flourished long before Arthur or his Round Table."



## REVIEWS.

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CATALOGUE OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF STONE, EARTHEN, AND VEGETABLE MATERIALS IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A., Secretary of Foreign Correspondence to the Academy. Dublin: printed by M. H. Gill.

Mr. Wilde has executed his task admirably, and has compiled a volume, which will not only prove useful to such persons as intend to pay a personal visit to the Museum, but also be of great service to those antiquaries who are compelled to gather all their knowledge of the arts and customs of the past from books alone. We have here not a mere classification of technical terms, but the articles enumerated are graphically described as to their material, form, and use; and many of them are moreover illustrated with wood engravings—the illustrations being drawn according to scale, and directly on the wood.

The study of Irish antiquities is not without its practical use in determining the line of demarcation between British and Roman remains. It too often happens that a relic of good design and workmanship is at once attributed to the Romans, whilst such only as are rude and simple are thought worthy to be called British. But what will be said of the urn mentioned at p. 179, “which, so far as the published accounts afford us information, is, *the most beautiful specimen of the mortuary urn, both in design and execution, that has yet been discovered in the British Isles?*” And yet this unique article has been discovered in a spot where, we are sure, none of the legions of Rome had ever penetrated!

The present volume contains a description of the articles composed of Stone, Earthen, and Vegetable Materials. Another part is soon to follow, which will illustrate the articles made of Animal and Metallic substances. We subjoin a specimen of the work:—

“SLING-STONES.—That sling-stones were generally employed by early nations long after they had become acquainted with the use of metal, and had attained to great perfection both in arts and literature, we have the evidence afforded by the history of the combat between David and Goliath; and that such weapons were used by the early Irish, we learn from some incidental references to them in our ancient histories. Thus, Kethlenn, the wife of the Dagda, killed Balor of the One Eye, with a stone thrown from a sling, at the battle of Moy Tuiredh, fought before the Christian era; and Keating, quoting from the Bardic Records, relates the story of an Ulster prince named Furbuidhe, who was so expert that he could, at a great distance, strike an apple off a stake with a stone cast from a sling; and eventually slew Meave, Queen of Connaught, by a stone slung at her across the Shannon, when she was bathing near Innis-Clothran. The Dinnseachus records the fact of the poetress Dubh having been slain by a stone cast from a sling, when

she fell into the Linn, or dark pool of the Liffey, and hence the place was said to have been called from her, Dubhlinn.—(See also Gilbert's *History of Dublin*.) The ancient Irish warrior carried a stone in his girdle—the *Lia Miledh*—to cast at his adversary; but how this was done, whether it was a sling-stone or a celt, we as yet know not. Finally, we read that when the celebrated chief, Cuchulaun, went in his chariot from Tara to the Boyne to fish, he brought with him a number of stones to fling at birds.”—pp. 17, 18.

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF TENBY. Tenby: R. Mason. London: Piper, Stephenson, and Spence. 1858.

This book, as we learn from the preface, “is intended to serve as a companion in country or sea-side rambles, as a medium for chasing *ennui* on those wet evenings that will sometimes surprize the visitor even in the generally fair and unclouded summers of the Town, and—which is perhaps its chief intent—to lie on the visitors’ book-shelves in after years, as a memento of a visit to a watering-place in South Wales, which yields to none in variety of scenery, grandeur of prospect, and innate beauty.” We think it well calculated to answer such a purpose, and we should like to see the plan adopted in other parts of the Principality. Every locality abounds more or less with Tales and Traditions, the publication of which would not fail to throw much light upon the manners and customs of the past, and thus prove a valuable aid to the antiquary in general. There is one “Tradition of Tenby” in the manual before us, which has struck us as being peculiarly interesting and instructive. It is entitled “The Deaf and Dumb Man’s Curse,” and is as follows:—

“In former times Tenby was so celebrated for its fishery, both as to the quality and number of the finny inhabitants of its waters, that it was known far and near by the name of ‘Fish Tenby.’ Before going to sea in those days, the fishermen always went to St. Julian’s Chapel, (built for that purpose on the pier,) and offered up prayers for success; on their return, with well-laden craft, they did not forget to repair to the same chapel, and offer their thanksgivings; nor was their gratitude confined to barren words,—a tenth of their fish was always devoted to God’s service, a portion of which was presented to His minister, and the remainder distributed among their poorer townsmen. So His blessing was upon them, and the trade of the town wonderfully increased. This prosperity continued until the fishermen ceased to remember Who it was that kept them in safety while on the deep waters, and blessed their daily toil; and the inhabitants of the town brought a curse upon themselves, by their barbarous usage of a deaf and dumb man, who had come into the town begging. Now, a few years before, some pirates who had anchored in Caldy Roads had sent a spy to examine the town, who, being taken by the inhabitants, and examined before the mayor, pretended to be deaf and dumb; however, the fact of his being a spy having been proved against him, he was hanged by the local authorities on Garrow Tree Hill, where the remains of the gallows have been seen by persons still living. On the occasion to which our tale refers, the mayor of the town, (one Stedman Davies,) perhaps suspecting this deaf and dumb beggar to be also a spy, offered a reward to anyone who would flog him,—an offer which was readily accepted by a person



known by the cognomen of 'Leekie Porridge.' This man seized the beggar, and carried him to the Norton end of the town, where the poor mute fell on his knees, and by piteous gestures implored mercy; but this was sternly denied him, and the cruel sentence was carried into execution. The poor man was so inhumanly flogged that it was with great difficulty he managed to crawl up to a place known as 'Slippery Back,' to a spot a little above where the Cemetery Chapel now stands; there falling on his knees, and stretching out his hands towards Tenby, he turned his streaming eyes to heaven, and (it is supposed) implored of Him 'Who heareth in secret,' and 'Whose eyes are over the poor,' just reparation for his wrongs on the town and its inhabitants.

"The curse at once took effect. The fish immediately forsook their favourite resort on the bank known as Wille's Mark, from which bank formerly such quantities had been taken that the town and quay had been first built with the produce. From this time the prosperity of Tenby ceased, the trade of the town declined, and the place itself dwindled away, until the last man died who sanctioned this cruel outrage on the deaf and dumb beggar; but, ere this period arrived, the once flourishing town of Tenby had become little more than a mere village. After this the place once more recovered, and forthwith made, and has since continued to make, rapid progress towards regaining its ancient importance.

"It is said that the principal actor in this barbarous tragedy did not escape a particular and well merited retribution; he himself was struck dumb, and continued so during the rest of his life, and a mark was set upon his children by their being deprived of the usual ornament of manhood—a beard! and singular as it may appear, for 'truth is stranger than fiction,' his descendants, although now in the fourth generation, are devoid of either beard or whiskers.

"The unfortunate victim of this cruelty died from the inhuman treatment he had received; while his curse was so speedily and strikingly fulfilled, that its effects have been a wonder and a marvel from that time until the present day."

The book concludes with a communication, which is well worthy of the attention of geologists, "On the Change of Level in the Country near Tenby." We can highly recommend it.

GLADYS OF HARLECH; OR, THE SACRIFICE. A Romance of Welsh History. By L. M. S. 3 vols. London: C. J. Skeet. 1858.

We are sorry that our copy of this much praised work has only just arrived—too late to enable us to review it in the present Number of the *Cambrian Journal*. We anticipate much pleasure from a perusal of it; and we have no doubt that we shall feel it our duty to recommend it warmly in our next to the notice of our countrymen, and all who admire the romantic land and history of Wales.

LLEUCU LLWYD, YNGHYDA CHANEUON ERAILL. Gan GLASYNYS. Second Edition. Dolgelley: O. Rees. 1858.

Those of our readers who are fond of Welsh poetry, will find some beautiful pieces in this unpretending manual.



# THE CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

ALBAN



HEVIN.

(SUMMER SOLSTICE.)

## SKETCH OF THE EARLY ORIGIN AND PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF CELTIC HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 68.)*

PRYDAIN the son of Aedd the Great was a prince of the chief branch of the Celtæ in the west, and I must here add the account of Brude from the Pictish Chronicle, with various derivations, to corroborate the position that, both from character and name, he can be no other than Prydain,<sup>1</sup> the establisher of order, law, and jurisdiction in the island (in that term comprizing the whole).

The account of Brude and his sons is as follows, from the Pictish Chronicle, he being therein described,—“Cruithne filius Cinge.”<sup>2</sup> Cruithne, or corn eaters, was the generic title of the Northern Celt; so we shall observe that Brude, the judge of the Celtæ, had seven sons, or

<sup>1</sup> As the Celtic ancestor, or giver of law.

<sup>2</sup> Skene on the Highlands, i. p. 247.

reges; under them seven reguli, and subsequently *in toto* twenty-eight or thirty.

Giraldus mentions a tradition that the seven provinces arose from a division of the territory of the Picts (Caledonians) among seven brothers. These seven brothers are, however, manifestly the same with the seven sons of Cruithne, the progenitor of the Picts (Caledonians), mentioned in the following passage of the Pictish Chronicle:—"Cruidne filius Cinge pater Pictorum habitantium in hoc c. annis regnavit. VII filios habuit. Hæc sunt nomina eorum; Fiv, Fidach, Floclaid, Fortreim, Got, Ce, Circui."

The same seven brothers are mentioned in an old poem attributed to St. Columba, and quoted in that ancient and singular history of the Picts (Caledonians) contained in the Book of Ballymote:—

"The seven great sons of Cruithne  
Divided Alban into seven parts,  
Cait, Ce, Cirighceathac,  
Fibh, Fidach, Fotla, Fortreand."

The names of these seven brothers, however, appear from the Irish annalists to have been actually the Gaelic names of the districts in question.

The Picts (Caledonians), however, it must be remembered, consisted of a confederacy of tribes, in number certainly greater than seven.<sup>3</sup> These tribes, then, must have been grouped together, as it were, into provinces; and it will be necessary to ascertain their number and situation before we can understand the purpose of the latter division. After giving the first list of seven provinces, Giraldus proceeds to say:—"Inde est ut hi septem fratres prædicti pro septem regibus habitantur: septem regulos sub se habentes. Isti septem fratres regnum Albanie in septem regna diviserunt, et unisquisque in tempore suo in suo regno regnavit." There were thus, according to tradition, among the Picts seven reges, and inferior to them seven reguli; that is to say, that as the

<sup>3</sup> Skene on the Highlands, pp. 249, 250.



Picts (Caledonians) were a confederacy of tribes, the heads of the nation consisted of fourteen chiefs, of whom seven were superior in rank to the rest. As we had previously found the existence of the seven provinces traditionally preserved in the shape of the seven sons of the supposed founder of the Pictish kingdom, so we should likewise expect to recognize the fourteen tribes of the nation traditionally preserved in the same documents, and in a similar manner; and such is actually the case.

The Pictish Chronicle has the following passage:—  
 “15 Brude bout, a quo xxx Brude regnaverunt Hiberniam et Albaniam per centum ī ann. eum spacium xlviii annis regnavit. Ide est Brude Pant, Brude Urpant, Brude Leo, Brude Urleo, Brude Gant, Brude Urgant, Brude Guith, Brude Uргуith, Brude Fecir, Brude Urfecir, Brude Cat, Brude Urcat, Brude Cuit, Brude Urcuit, Brude Fec, Brude Urfec, Brude Rulim, Brude Gast, Brude Urgast, Brude Cinid, Brude Urcinid, Brude Jup, Uriup, Brude Grid, Brude Urgrid, Brude Mund, Brude Urmund.”

In the Book of Ballymote, perhaps the better authority, we find exactly the same list, with the exception that, instead of Fecir, we have Feth; instead of Ru, we have Ero; instead of Jup, we have Uip; instead of Grid, we have Grith; and instead of Mund, we have Muin.

TABLE AS ABOVE DESCRIBED.

<i>Localities.</i>	<i>Brude's Sons.</i>	<i>Ptolemy.</i>
Strathearn .....	Pant or Phant .....	Novantai
Sutherland.....	Leo or Leo .....	Lougoi
Moray .....	Gant or Kant.....	Kanteai
Caithness .....	Guith or Kai.....	Kairinoi
Argyleshire.....	Feth or Ped .....	Epidoi
Athol.....	Cal or Kal .....	Kaledonia
Buchan .....	Cuil or Tuic .....	Tuikidoloi
Elgin, Nairn .....	Fek or Fec .....	Vakomogoi
Part of Sutherland .....	Erec or Erec .....	Mertai
Ross <sup>4</sup> .....	Gart <sup>5</sup> or Kar .....	Karnones
Ayr, Stirling .....	Cinid or Cinid .....	Damnionioi
Part of Caithness.....	Uip or Uipp .....	Kournavioi
Part of Ross.....	Grith or Ku .....	Koenones
Gowrie, Angus, Kincardine.....	Muin or Vuin.....	Veuricones

<sup>4</sup> The neighbourhood of the head of the Moray Frith is the country of the present Urquharts, and of the old Urgasts, as seen by the



In composing these names it must be recollected that the Gaelic names are monosyllabic, while the Greek are not. But when in fourteen Greek names the first syllables of ten are found to be identical with the Gaelic, as well as the second syllables of two, and when there are but two which bear a doubtful or no similarity, the identity may be considered complete.

Although Brude is here stated to have thirty sons, yet, when their names are given, it appears to be a mistake for twenty-eight, which is doubtless the true number, as the Book of Ballymote has the same. This number is again reduced to fourteen, as we find that every alternate name is merely the preceding one repeated, with the syllable "Ur" prefixed.<sup>6</sup>

The names of the different tribes of Caledonians, or

locality of Castle Urquhart (the oldest ruin in the county). The Urgarts, or Gartnaid, who we see were the Karnones, are likewise said to have lived in the north-west of Ross-shire, and singularly enough we find in many modern maps a piece of Cromarty (the country of the Urgarts) to be placed in the north-west of Ross-shire. Considering that Castle Urquhart is reckoned one of the most ancient ruins in the county, and one of the few bearing the names of the present clans, it struck me that this was a sign of the antiquity of the clan, which was confirmed when I came to read the table of Brude's sons, and saw the "Ur" in those ages prefixed for the grandsons. I then considered the geographical situations in order to find out whether any Greek tribe, with the Greek name corresponding to the Gaelic son of Brude, inhabited the regions in which the estates and territory of the said clan mostly lay. These are now in Inverness and Cromarty, though in old times they were in Ross-shire; but as in some modern maps portions of Cromarty are placed in Ross-shire, it would seem that the lands were formerly as now, (of the Urgarts, or Gartnaid, Karnones,) partly on one side of Ross-shire, and partly on the other. "Ur" has various significations in Gaelic; the leading ideas are,—new, fresh, young, youthful, vigorous, beautiful, fair, flourishing. Gar(t) readily becomes Kar, Karnones. "Urta," pronounced "Ur," signifies infant child, and this, as a prefix, may be used where we use son, and the Jews Ben, or Bar, and the Highlanders Mac; as in *Macdonald*, Donald's son; *Benjamin*, Jamin's son; *Barnabas*, Nabas' son. Ur prefixed may be young or son; *Urgart*, Gart's son.

<sup>5</sup> Tighernac mentions the Gartnaidh pronounced Kamir—(Kamarty, Cromarty?)

<sup>6</sup> Skene on the Highlands, p. 251.

Picts, as they existed A.D. 121, are preserved by Ptolemy; and it is a very remarkable circumstance that in the names of these fourteen tribes, as given by Ptolemy, we actually find, with but one exception, the names of the fourteen sons of Brude, as given by the Pictish Chronicle. This will appear from the foregoing table; and as the names in the one list are Gaelic, and in the other Greek, it will be necessary to add to the former the forms they would assume by pronunciation, and the use of the aspirate in the oblique cases, which has the effect in Gaelic, as is well known, of sometimes changing the form of the letter, and sometimes rendering it silent.

In old Gaelic, D and T are used for each other indiscriminately. By the aspirate used in the oblique cases, B and M become V, P becomes F, and T is silent.

In ancient MSS. it is likewise difficult to distinguish T from C.

The constant use of the name Brude—which readily becomes Brut or Brit(ons)—suggests that the root of Brit(ain) and of Brit is in Brude.

The name Brude denotes,—it may be, office, rank, or dignity, as well as individuality; just as Pharaoh is not a proper name, but a title of dignity, like our words, king, chief, judge.

“A judge in Gaelic is called Brithcamb; his judgment, Brith.”<sup>7</sup> It is strikingly curious that “judgment of future events” is called “brud” in Welsh; and “judgment,” in its common acceptation, is “brawd” in the Old Welsh; even at present, “a place of judgment” is “brawd-le.” To judge men and things with the power of life and death is sovereignty of the highest order; and if Brude was Brethcamb, or, as Cæsar calls the chief man among them, “Ver-gu-bret,” (or man to judge,) he might well give name to the island, and his official name pass into a name proper.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Gaelic and Welsh scholars.

<sup>8</sup> In confirmation of what has been advanced above, (viz., that Prydain and Brude were identical,) the following well authorized extract, from a MS. of much research, is exceedingly interesting:—

It would appear that the above is all borne out by the twenty-eighth told repetition of the word Brude, which would, as we see, imply jurisdiction specially over each tribe or portion.

Prydain was the second chief, or head, who came to people the British Isles in early ages, and was, according to the Welsh triads, the first lawgiver. His name is, perhaps, derived from Pryd (time, season, due order) and ain (principle). Is not this also Brude? and Prwyd's tribe was said to have passed into Caledonia. These patriarchs were not only men of renown, but of honour and justice; and Brude appears to have been amongst mortals what conscience is among the moral faculties,—King—Rex—Brude.

The true definition of the active power implied in this office is the first person of the verb to govern. I govern, that is, I punish crime; I set in order, whether it is immediately myself, or those around me, or whether the power is exercised in a more extended sphere; and he is no true king who does not both prevent and punish crime. Therefore, the true king shall and can do no wrong, or allow it. Such, we should observe, would be (and is) the fulfilment of the prophecy,—“We (shall be) kings unto God;”<sup>9</sup> and towards such a state we tend, the more the Word and the Spirit have dominion.

To this end the Book of Wisdom says:—“For the very true beginning of her is the desire of discipline, and the care of discipline is love, and love is the keeping of

“It is said that about the year 1100, Walter Mapes, a learned churchman, and distinguished poet of the times, travelling through that part of France which was then called Armorica, and between which province and the western parts of England there had always subsisted an intimate intercourse, met, by accident, with an ancient chronicle, written in the Armorican language, entitled *Brut y Brith-camb*, or the history of the Kings of Britain, which alluded to and justified the legend of the Trojan colony in Britain.” Here “*Brith-camb*” evidently signifies king, lawgiver (as Prydain and Brude). The Celtæ of Wales, of the Highlands, and Armorica, all looking to one common ancestor in Pryd-ain, Brude, and Britcamb.

<sup>9</sup> Rev. i. 6.



His laws; and the giving heed unto His laws is the assurance of incorruption, and incorruption maketh us near to God. Therefore the desire of wisdom bringeth to a kingdom:"<sup>1</sup> the kingdom of Christ who has alone procured it for us. Loyalty is religious because kingly, if the true end of a king is to prevent crime—to regulate.

The Brudi, then, were judges, or patriarchal Melchizedeks among the Celts, in name, office, and reality.<sup>2</sup> They were elected to office on the special ground of conscientiousness, righteousness, and integrity. These were men of authority, derived not from might but from right, and less from wisdom than from conscience. In the original meaning of words, we have the origin of the laws, customs, and manners of nations; and, looking at the Brude among the Celti, and their parallel Melchizedeks among the patriarchs, we see that they primitively respected equity, honoured men for their integrity, and instituted office for the ends of justice. Brude is a name of continuance among the Celts. They looked for justice and conscientiousness in their chief. His name reminded them of his office.

It is too probable that violence prevailed in the days of Melchizedek; witness the occasion which brought him forth to bless Abraham. Hence for the same reason that made it necessary to appoint a Brude among the Celtæ, we find at first a solitary exception to the general rule in this man; and when others must be called by their proper names, in order to be known apart, being all alike violent and unjust, this man is best distinguished by the appellation of his office, Melchizedek—the righteous king in all the world, and hence a good type of Christ, the only Righteous One, and the Righteous Judge of all the earth.

“Brehon Law—The Breighon and a judge sitteth him down on a bank with those at variance around him, and so they proceed.”

<sup>1</sup> Book of Wisdom, xvi. 17–20.

<sup>2</sup> From a Gaelic minister and scholar of the present day.

It is said<sup>3</sup> that Menw ab y Teirgwaedd, or Mun of the three Veds,<sup>4</sup> one of the masters of the mysterious or secret science among the Cymry, (see Triad 90,) is the same character and personage with Menu, author of the Vedas, in the mythology of the Hindoos.

Mr. Wilford, a great authority on Indian literature, informs us that much intercourse once prevailed between the territories of India and certain countries of the west; and that the old Indians were acquainted with our British islands, which their books describe as the sacred islands of the west; calling one of them *Bretashtan*, or the rest and place of religious duty, corresponding with Prydain, (principle of order,) Brudu, Brut, (justice, judge,) Brehon law.

Also, that one of these islands was, from the earliest periods, regarded as the abode of the Pitris or progenitors of the human race (or their immediate successors); and that in the sacred islands of the west we find the Cymry, who emphatically called themselves the first or oldest race.

And this was the country of the same people to whom the ancient poets of Greece and Rome conducted their heroes, when they were to consult the manes of the dead.

L'Ultima Thule, or the first island of the Orkneys, was considered by the ancients as the end of the world.

The peopling of part of the islands is sometimes attributed to a colony of Trojans, somewhere about 1100 B.C.; but even in the narrations brought in support of this theory, it is said "that the island was then not destitute of inhabitants, who strenuously opposed the invaders."

May not these Trojans be the usurping tribe who came from the land of the Pwyl?<sup>5</sup>

Lastly on this head. If the Celtæ are not represented by the Welsh and Highlanders, where are they? If the Welsh and Highlanders are not Celtæ, who are they? These are now a distinct, primitive, and patriarchal race,

<sup>3</sup> Davies' Celtic Researches, p. 197.

<sup>4</sup> Menw of the three shouts.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

<sup>5</sup> From Asia.

with a distinct language, customs, and manners retained through all known ages, and through all changes.

We have abundant proofs on the third head, viz., that the Welsh, Highlanders, Cornish, Brittanese, &c., are the Celtæ, and are all more or less of the same primitive race. First, they have alone, in the midst of other languages, retained the old Celtic tongue; for, though of different dialects, they can all understand one another. Again, they have wholly, or in part, retained their independence. Further, there is the great similarity of their customs, habits, manners, and traditions—a similarity resulting not from recent intercourse, but from the characteristic Celtic feeling of loving what is ancient, what was believed, practised, and felt by their forefathers.

It is remarkable that in the Book of Job, he and his friends ascribe their whole stock of knowledge, whether of religion and morality, of the works of nature, or of civil arts, *not* to the exercise of their own genius, or to the successful studies of any particular society which had recently emerged from barbarism, but purely to the traditions of the patriarchs of the first age after the Flood.<sup>6</sup>

The accounts that have been preserved of the primitive ages in the traditions of every ancient race relate, almost exclusively, to their own ancestors. A history of such traditions which formed the principal feature, could not, from its very nature, have been learned from strangers; and nations possessing the same traditions must, as a matter of certainty, be descended from the same original stock. Hence community of traditions and identity of origin always go together; the various branches of the race having derived their information in direct, though different, lines from their common ancestors. Now, amongst all the various branches of the great Celtic family, there is a singular unanimity of tradition, and of feeling too. Whilst some nations have been chiefly desirous of acquiring renown by new inventions and

<sup>6</sup> Davies Celtic Researches, pp. 62, 107.



improvements, the Celtæ have been invariably distinguished by their reverence for the institutions of their forefathers, and by their disposition to abide by what had borne the test of time. It is true that with some tribes this dislike of novelty became a fatal evil, leading to undue content with the present, and to a consequent declension towards the savage state; but these tribes must be looked upon as exceptions to the general rule, for this character does not belong to the essential Celtic type.

“Not only,” says Worsaae, “were the Welsh, Scotch, and Irish of the same origin, but on the other side of the Channel, throughout Gaul, Spain, the middle and south of Europe, dwelt tribes of the Celtic race.”<sup>7</sup>

They now acknowledge a fraternity which of old was notorious. They are, as above alluded to, more or less independent of their immediate neighbours. They understand each other's language. They exhibit druidical monuments, and have maintained for ages the succession of bards so peculiar to the Celtic nations. In Armorica it is said,<sup>8</sup> that late in the eighteenth century there were druidical customs, traditions, and superstitions which repelled the eradicating efforts of the Catholic clergy, ably noticed in *Le Voyage dans la Finisterre*; and it is well known what vestiges of these still exist in the Highlands, and especially in Wales.

The Basques (which means unconquered) only recognize the Kings of Spain as Lords of Biscay.<sup>9</sup>

The Highlanders do not acknowledge ever having been conquered.

The Principality of Wales is notorious in being distinct.

The Celtic family at large may be regarded as comprising a race of two different characters, though sprung from the same root.

The one sort were those who took peaceable possession of a country; the others were inured to arms.

<sup>7</sup> Worsaae on the Danes and Britons, p. 3.

<sup>8</sup> Davies' Celtic Researches.

<sup>9</sup> Walton's Revolutions in Spain, ii. p. 515.

The Welsh, Armoricans, and Cornish were of the first class; the Highlanders and Irish of the second. But it is not necessary to suppose that where the latter established themselves the others were extirpated, or removed. They seem in several parts to have amicably incorporated. As the various tribes became detached, they dropped the relative, and assumed the absolute or local name.<sup>1</sup>

On the fourth point, that "the Celtic language is the primitive language," it may be remarked that a general analogy has been observed and demonstrated between the principles of all ancient languages, the points of resemblance being doubtless the remains of the one language of the whole earth, which was best preserved by the obedient families.

The opinion most generally received is that which we have adopted from the Jews, namely, that the Hebrew language, in the state in which it is preserved in the Old Testament, was not only the language of Noah, but that of Adam. If this opinion is just, all further inquiry must be nugatory and vain.

That sacredness of character which this language really possesses must be derived purely from the circumstance of its having been the vehicle of divine communication. Before it became the language of prophecy, and of the law, we can conceive of no inherent stamp of sacredness with which it could have been distinguished.<sup>2</sup>

The law was given in the Hebrew tongue. This proves that in the time of Moses the Hebrew was the general language of the Israelites, to whom the law was particularly addressed; but it proves nothing more. We

<sup>1</sup> A writer in the *Cambrian Journal*, ii. p. 305, mentions it to be a matter of astonishment that a language should continue to be spoken by the Welsh, which has survived the revolutions of 4000 years. Is it not also astonishing that, whilst so much time is given to the acquisition of foreign languages often of little or no use, none should be given to an ancient and venerable language existing in our own country—an omission which renders us incapable of communicating with thousands of our own countrymen?

<sup>2</sup> Davies' *Celtic Researches*, pp. 89, 102.

are not to gather from thence that this people had preserved the use of the original language of mankind absolutely in its primitive and uncorrupted state.

If the sacred character of the Hebrew language is placed upon the same footing as that of the Greek of the New Testament, it may remain to be considered how far it was the language of Noah, and what claim it has to be made the universal standard by which the principles of all other languages must be tried.

The names of those heads of families amongst the Noachidæ who divided the kingdoms of the earth, or rather the gentile names of those tribes which were established during the second century after the Deluge, are either terms of the Hebrew language, or of certain kindred dialects. Yet they were also the names by which the several nations distinguished themselves, for they are generally recognized by the old geographers.

The several nations, then, originally carried with them dialects not greatly differing from the Hebrew.

Hence it undeniably follows that the fundamental principles and general character of the patriarchal language of Noah must be preserved in the Hebrew language, and in those dialects connected with it.<sup>3</sup>

The Hebrew was the language of an active and enterprising people. During the nine centuries which intervened between the Deluge and the publication of the Pentateuch, this, as well as the sister dialects, must have undergone some accidental and some necessary changes, and a certain measure of artificial cultivation; yet the simplicity and comprehensiveness of its principles, the regularity of its structure, and, above all, the venerable and unrivalled antiquity of the volume in which it is

<sup>3</sup> There must be thousands of instances of the resemblance between Hebrew and Gaelic. Two interesting specimens came under my immediate observation in the names of places. "Gehannie" is the name of a farm on Loch Vannachar, which, in Gaelic, signifies hysterical weeping. "Gehannon" is the Syriac word for hell,—(Hawker's *Concordance*); and "Hinnom" was to the Jews the valley or pit of woe. "Bochastle," in Gaelic, signifies mourning, lamentation; so does "Bochim" in Hebrew.—(Judges ii. 4, 5.)



preserved, seem to give it a decided superiority; and though it cannot safely be pronounced to have been the primitive language, yet it must be received as a dialect of this language, and claims our superior reverence from its being chosen as a sacred tongue.

The Hebrew letters must originally have been symbols intended to express certain sounds chosen on principles which are founded in nature; and, though the original local sounds attached to the symbols may have been varied by dialects, or disregarded by philologists, yet the symbols were once understood to impress a tone upon the measuring, as well as the sound, of the words. Some eminent men have considered the Gaelic as a proper key to the knowledge of the language of the Jews; and, if this is so, it may be considered as the primitive root,—that is to say, the Hebrew is one of the dialects of the Celtic tongue.<sup>4</sup>

Lachlan Maclean, the author of *Adam and Eve*, explains, “that from the admirable rule invented by the Druids for the preservation of the initial letters of all vocables in their simple and compound form, and also the custom of the bards and sennachies to repeat poems and touching historic sketches at all the festive and social gatherings of the Celtic clans, the Gaelic had been preserved unaltered, and in all its original purity, for thousands of years.”

Of the superior morality of the Celts of old we may gather evidence from many sources. Davies, from whom I have already quoted so largely, says,—“They preserved an amiable medium between savage rudeness and frivolous refinement. They regarded their institutions as

<sup>4</sup> Walking one day on the shores of Loch Vannachar, I met an old woman gathering wood. I asked her if she knew me, as I was staying at the principal house in the neighbourhood, giving it its modern name. She good-naturedly took me up, and said,—“That’s nae the name; *Tom-ni-re*, that’s the Gaelic, and they shudna let her doun. Gaelic is the first language, and it is the language of the Scriptures.” So jealous was she of the antiquity and value of her native language, and so anxious to preserve the tradition.

relics of the past ages, and uniformly endeavoured to cherish and preserve them."

The mystical doctrines were delivered to the priests, who kept the key of knowledge; and, though many serious ill consequences arose from this circumstance, yet there were counter advantages, and their general forms and social institutions were those which they had received from the patriarchal ages.

The Druids and nobles were educated with incredible vigilance and care for the most sacred offices. It was the immediate and selected province of those who were admitted into the order to record and perpetuate the customs, traditions, and general history of the nation, from the time of their first progenitors, to administer justice, to superintend the due execution of the laws, to encourage virtue, to punish vice, to inculcate moral and religious principles, to direct the ceremonies of piety, and enforce its duties.

Their studies embraced all those elevated subjects which had engaged the attention of the world in its primitive age;—the nature of the deity—of the human soul—of the future state—of the heavenly bodies—of the terrestrial globe and its various productions. Their conceptions were great and sublime, their speculations comprehensive in their sphere, pervading most of the arts and sciences which had interested the earliest periods.

The British Druids, while they worshipped in groves, and under the oak, did really adore the God of Abraham, and trust in His mercy; they believed in one Supreme Being—in His being the governor of the universe—in man's moral responsibility, and in his state in this world being one of probation and discipline; they had a most correct view of moral good and evil; they believed in a state of recompense after death, and in a final coming judgment; they observed particular days and seasons for religious purposes; marriage was held sacred amongst them.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Chronicles of the Early British Church, p. 7.

“ Druidism may be chronologically divided into three successive epochs. 1st,—Its origin and purity; 2nd,—Its corruption by the introduction of the Arkite worship; and, 3rd,—Its further decline by the admixture of the Sabian idolatry.”<sup>6</sup>

Britain was the seat of pure druidism. Its purity had degenerated in Gaul, and the ancient British Druids have left on record a testimony “that the Gauls corrupted what had been taught them of British druidism, blending with it heterogeneous principles, by which means they lost its distinguishing character.”

The Druids were regarded with profound veneration for their knowledge, so that it became a proverb concerning anything which was accounted mysterious,—“No one knows but God, and the holy Druids.”

Perhaps there was no order of men amongst the ancients who preserved the history and opinions of mankind in its early state with more simplicity and with more integrity, save the Jews.<sup>7</sup>

As a consequence of their principles they observed, as well as enjoined, the most rigid justice in their decisions, and in their own dealings with mankind.

Borlase demonstrates their general analogy to the Magi of Persia, and their especial resemblance to them in the point of superior knowledge. Pliny calls the Druids the Magi of the Gauls and Britons; and the Highlanders of the present day (in the Isle of Arran at least) call the wise men of the East, Druidh.<sup>8</sup>

At some very remote period of their history they revised and reformed their national institutes, at which time they divided the order of Druids into three classes,—Derwydd, or superior priest and inspector; Go-wydd, or Ovate, the man of science; and Bardd, or the bard.

Some of their secret doctrines and mysteries were the intercourse they held with souls after death, the judgment they passed upon the actions of men, and the inference

<sup>6</sup> Chronicles of the Early British Church, p. 8.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>8</sup> Brown on the Highlands.



they drew from their lives respecting the change they would undergo, and the mode of their ultimate renovation.<sup>9</sup>

Many were their good maxims, such as,—

“ To worship the gods,  
To do no evil, and  
To exercise fortitude.”

Three things when despised are wont to draw down vengeance :—

“ The counsel of a seer,  
The judgment of a discreet person,  
And the cry of the poor.”

It is said by their bards that what they enjoyed in earlier times was what they gained by gentleness and civility.

Of Hu Gadarn, their great progenitor and teacher, it is said, that he taught the arts of peace and principles of justice; he adapted poetry to memorials and records. The names of primary bards intimate that the ostensible design of druidism was to enlighten the understanding, promote learning in society, and encourage virtue.

The three ultimate intentions of bardism :—

“ To reform the morals and customs,  
To secure peace,  
To celebrate all that is good and excellent.”

Druidism, in its pure state, was an edifice raised upon the basis of the patriarchal religion, for the purpose of superseding the necessity of having recourse to arms, and with a view to restraining the excesses of individuals without the aid of penal statutes.<sup>1</sup>

It governed men through their minds and imaginations, by suggesting good principles, or motives, and pointing to a future state of rewards and punishments. Though friends of peace, the Druids evinced on trying occasions that the peaceful sentiments did not arise from a defect of courage; yet they would not exert their

<sup>9</sup> Davies' Celtic Researches.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

courage till an enemy had gained such an advantage as would frustrate and baffle their utmost efforts.

The chief features of their ethics were piety, inoffensive and peaceable conduct, and fortitude.

The Druids divided existence into three circles, or spheres; *1st*,—Cylch y Ceugant, or the circle of space, which none but God alone can pervade; *2ndly*,—Cylch yr Abred, or the circle of courses, which comprehended the material creation, and the condition of humanity; *3rdly*,—Cylch y Gwynfyd, the circle of happiness, which man would ultimately attain.

If the passions and propensities of man were brought to a just balance, he passed through the gate of mortality into the circle of happiness, obtained that portion from the world which his mind had coveted, and in the end mercy from God; but, if wicked, death would return man to the circle of courses, allotting him a punishment suited to his offence, and he would do penance in the form of some beast, or reptile.

This doctrine of the metempsychosis, Pythagoras is supposed to have received from the Druids, with whom he communicated.

Repeated endeavours have been made by ingenious men to arrive at satisfactory conclusions with regard to the attainments of the Celts. History and mythology, closely observed, will lead in some measure to a just view on this point, and the internal evidences to be gathered from the race itself will confirm it; all tending, as they do, to prove that their knowledge and science was of a far higher class than we are apt generally to attribute to them, and that it was indeed referred to at times as oracular. Their equites, or nobility, are described even by the Romans as not otherwise than cultivated and scientific; and, as it was remarked before, Pliny called the Druids, the Magi of the Gauls and Britons.

If the Celtæ were wanting in artificers capable of executing with elegance, they could not be wanting in

masters of design of the great and simple, as witnessed in their temple of Stonehenge.<sup>2</sup>

Gwyddon Ganhebon was said in the Welsh triads to be the first man in the world who composed poetry; and Tydain Tad Awen the first who developed the art and structure of poetry, and studied the due arrangement of thoughts.

So great was their knowledge of the stars, and of their nature and situation, that they could foretell their revolutions through future time.

They knew the art of working in stone and lime, the invention of which they attributed to Morddal Gwr Gweilgi, the architect of Ceraint.

Cader Idris, or chair of Idris, is said to have been the observatory of Idris, their great astronomer.

Gwydion, the son of Don the Sage, the son of Genius, was distinguished by having the galaxy, or milky-way, called after him; the Welsh giving it the appellation of *Caer Gwydion*.

Pythagoras, whose philosophy bears a wonderful resemblance to that of the Druids, is expressly stated to have heard the doctrines of the Gauls and Brachmins; the former, it should seem, in the person of Abaris, who delivered his arrow to him, in other words made a covenant with him, and at the same time instructed him in his doctrine.

Aristotle has owned that philosophy did not emigrate from Greece to Gaul, but *vice versa*; and it is much more probable that one individual foreigner borrowed from this national institute, than that an order of men, who were always jealous of novelties, should have adopted the mystical speculations of a solitary individual.

Hecatæus, and some others who treat of ancient histories and traditions, give the following interesting notices:—"Opposite to the coast of Gallia Celtica there is an island in the ocean not smaller than Sicily, lying to the north, which is inhabited by the Hyperboreans, so

<sup>2</sup> Davies' Celtic Researches.



called because they dwell beyond the north wind. This island is of happy temperature, rich in soil, and fruitful in everything, yielding its produce twice in the year."

(The druidical year began in July.)

"In this island there is a magnificent grove, or precinct, of Apollo, (the sun,) and a remarkable temple of a round form, adorned with many consecrated gifts. There is also a city consecrated to the same god, most of the inhabitants of which are harpers, who continually play upon their harps in the temple, singing hymns extolling his actions.

"It is also said that in this island the moon appears to be very near the earth; that certain eminences of a terrestrial form are plainly seen in it; that Apollo visits the island once in a course of nineteen years, in which period the stars complete their revolution; and that, for this reason, the Greeks distinguish the cycle of nineteen years by the name of the great year."

This appearance of the moon seems to indicate the use of something like telescopes; and whatever may have been intended by it, the Welsh triads mention Drych ab Cibddar, or Cibdawr, the speculum of the son of the pervading glance, or of the searcher of mystery, as one of the secrets of the Island of Britain.

Until about the time of the birth of our Lord, there was no people north of the Alps which, in regard to power, agriculture, commerce, skill in the arts, and civilization in general, could equal, much less surpass, the Celtæ.

One of the first names of the British islands was Clas Merddin, or the garden of the Merddin. Merddin is a word usually applied to bards, but is originally a mythological term. The twin sister is Gwenddydd, or the morning star. He must have been some luminary of the same character. Merddin, is dweller of the sea—the comely one of the sea. It implies, in either sense, the evening star, or Hesperus, the western luminary.

Hercules had the task of procuring the three yellow apples from the garden of Hesperides. These apples

were metaphorical, and pointed at science, discipline, and mystery. The hero was to be attended by Atlas the Hyperborean, out of the neighbouring garden of the Hesperides.

With respect to letters, Cæsar's probable reasons for a marked prohibition of their use forcibly argues that our Druids were masters of their import; and this prohibition being an institute, or fundamental part of his law, shows that such knowledge on their part was not of recent acquisition.

Strabo says of the Turditani, "the Celts of Spain,"—"These are the wisest among the Iberians. They have letters, and written histories of ancient transactions, and poems and laws in verse, which are, they assert, 6000 years old."<sup>3</sup>

"And a battle was contested  
Under the root of his tongues,  
And another conflict there is  
In the recesses of his heads."

These words of Taliesin, the old bard, in his "Battle of the Trees," or druidical hieroglyphics, is no insignificant indication of the nature of their thoughts of old.

Davies, as the result of all his close and faithful observations and knowledge of the Celtic language, arrives at the conclusion that the Celtæ of Britain were not only acquainted with letters, but had also derived the art of writing from remotest times, in a channel more clear and direct than was conceived of by their more polished neighbours.

We have many of their traditions, but none of their discoveries. All their institutions bore strong features of primitive ages, preserved, doubtless, from that period when the families of the earth were divided.

It seems clear that the Hyperboreans were Druids who periodically sent sacrifices to Thrace.

It is very probable, too, that Britain was the garden of the Hesperides, taken figuratively, from whence the

<sup>3</sup> Davies' Celtic Researches, p. 241.

apples were to be brought—of science, discipline, and mystery; and that the Greeks received these from the sacred islands of the west.<sup>4</sup>

It is clear that the Druids preserved their traditions by means of hieroglyphics, a knowledge of which they imparted to their disciples through the eye and ear, thus keeping it secret from the multitude.

That their hieroglyphics were composed of sprigs of trees twined together, each sprig denoting a character, or letter.

That these symbolic representations were not an invention of the Druids, but had been derived from the earliest ages, as we read in Holy Scripture, and in heathen history, forming a system of instruction which, considered in a higher application, became very much abused when the symbol took the place of the thing signified.

At the close of these observations I cannot but add the thoughts which naturally occur on the effect which should be left by the foregoing contemplation.

*1st*,—There is the conviction of the necessity of a continual succession of revelations and direct calls from heaven, in order to maintain primeval comparative purity even amongst those who retained the traditions, and obeyed the wholesome commands, of their fathers in a superior degree. “For man cannot live by bread alone, (by the traditions of the past, or by unassisted nature,) but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God;” that is, by God’s revealed will, which these people possessed not, as the chosen guardians of the oracles of God did.

*2ndly*,—That the Celts, nevertheless, possessed great moral advantages, arising from their obedience to the rules of their forefathers, and from their own respect for ancient tradition; and thus while all mankind, whether Celt or Greek, alike call for redeeming mercy, and the divine teaching of the Holy Spirit, yet does the Celt, from standing on the good old paths, escape many of the

<sup>4</sup> Davies’ Chapter on Druidism, p. 139.



sources of conflict which would otherwise add to the difficulties of a just and intelligent walk in life.

Let not the Celt be high-minded, but fear lest he lose his talent in pride and self-conceit; and, whilst he deeply appreciates the blessings bequeathed by his forefathers, and religiously maintains them in the midst of modern innovations, let him endeavour in charity, and meekness, and in Christian beauty, to preserve to Britain the character it obtained of old, as "the abode of religious duty."

G. T.

#### ERRATA.

Page 83, line 17, *for* "Gast" and "Urgast," *read* "Gart" and "Urgart."

" 84, " 1, *for* "composing," *read* "comparing."

" 84, " 12 of note, *for* "any," *read* "the."

" 87, " 1, *for* "His" and "His," *read* "her" and "her."

From "Giraldus mentions," page 82, line 3, to "Muin," page 83, line 24, is an extract from *Shene on the Highlands*.

#### SPECIMENS OF THE MEDIEVAL POEMS OF WALES.

By W. O. PUGHE.

*Epoch III., from A.D. 1300 to A.D. 1600.*

THIS epoch commences soon after the transfer of the sovereignty of Wales to the crown of England had taken place; and when laws would be consequently enforced for checking any hostile disposition in the bards against the new order of things; and therefore a considerable change of character may now be discovered gradually taking place in their poetical productions.

Many of our poets, particularly in the early part of this period, assumed fictitious appellations—such as *Cas-nodyn*, *Cnepyn*, *Hillyn*, *Sevnyn*, *Llygad gwr*, and the like, so that the real names of some are not known at the present time; and this, it may be reasonably supposed, was done with the view of avoiding the danger of becoming marked

characters to a vigilant government. But, that there happened such an event as "the massacre of the bards," not even the slightest allusion can be found in support of it in all the numerous productions of the subsequent periods; and there were likely opportunities for commemorating such a deed, particularly to the bards who fanned the insurrectionary flames kindled by Sir G. Llwyd, in 1360, and Owen Glyndyvrddwy, in 1400; but, like all before and after, these were silent.

It having been already stated that the tales of the *Mabinogion* were composed prior to the termination of the epoch last exemplified, there need not much to be advanced in illustration of this period, further than for showing that its prominent characteristic is that system of consonancy, as it is termed, in the structure of verse, which gradually grew out of the preceding one of alliteration; and especially as the mere forms of versification, even if they could be elucidated in the translated specimens would produce no great amusement to the reader; and the subject of the poetry likewise, as approximating in character to what is now common, might not create such interest as would tolerate many quotations.

In the year 1450 a congress of bards was holden at Caermarthen, which gave its sanction to the metrical system gradually maturing till then, under the appellation of the twenty-four metres of vocal song. But the bards of the ancient chair of Siluria protested at the said congress against that new code of the twenty-four metres, as being a vitiation of the primitive system of the twenty-four principles of metre, comprehending all possible varieties of verse; whereas, as urged in the protest, what was then established was an innovation originating in ignorance, and nothing more than four-and-twenty mere forms of verse to fetter the Welsh muse through all succeeding ages.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The German work entitled *Nibelungen* has the remarkable coincidence of a similar system established just at the same time, to fetter the bards of Germany, and which they threw off about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The first example is extracted from an ode to Howel of Llandingad, by Trahaiarn, who flourished from A.D. 1300 to 1360:—

1. By reason, that undeceiving safeguard from the great unerring Father, the beneficent, gracious Lord, director of light, I send, declare a tribute of esteem, a fair report to greet my kindred, guided by the muse, the song, lest falsehood should accuse. May not my loss accrue by wily messenger, by lack of wit, in good harmonious words! for me it were to lose continued visits at the pots that yield the fruitful banquets of the joyous country of sweet serving horns.

“O bwyll, mur didwyll mawr Dad didramgwydd,  
 Arglwydd culwydd rhwydd, rhwyv goleuad,  
 Anvonav, traethav treth o gariad,  
 Eur-chwedl i'm cenedl, canon brydiad  
 Awen, yn llawen, rhag lliwiad celwydd.  
 Nis bwyv goll gynnydd gàn gall genad,  
 Eisiau synwyrâu mydr eiriau mad!  
 Oedd imi golli gwesti gwastad  
 Peiriau frwyth wleddau fraeth wlad per heilgyrn.”

Of the following extracts the first is from an ode addressed to the wife of Sir Grufudd Llwyd, and the other from a devotional ode. Casnodyn is the name given as the author, who is supposed to have been the same as Trahaiarn.

1. I will praise the highly gifted one, in hue like smoothly gliding gossamer, and like the spraying foam above the white pure wave. I have recorded thus the splendid fame of fair and bright Gwenlliant: to a thousand more her praise has been a theme.

“Molav i iawn ei dawn, gne gwawn gwawdcheg,  
 Eiliw ewynvriw gwynwiw gwaneg:  
 Eiliais hynod glod gloewdeg Wenlliant:  
 Eiliawdd ei moliant mil ychwaneg.”

2. Ordainer of the perfect course of moon and sun, thou hast ordained and formed, with firm design, the means of eloquence to lips that sing the theme confessed by heaven, the Lord of every region. Perish who shall



lose it by a wretched turn, who fails to laud thy praise, that thousands are united in ! Thou hast ordained the stars, the seas of agitated floods ; thou hast ordained the ample earth, and all thereon.—Trinity most prompt and pure, sweet influence to splendid virtue ! by Thy grace benign, Thou sovereign, stability of beatitude, O grant me, gracious Lord, a course of unrestrained talent in the mansion of heaven ; righteous providence, enough the glory !

“Trevnawdr llwyr huawdr lloer a huan,  
Trevnaist a furvaist, o furv amcan,  
Trevnau ammrylau genau à gan  
Traul gyvaddev nev, Nav pob advan.  
Trenget a'i collo llwrw tro truan,  
Traethawd o'th volawd, viloedd gyman !  
Trevnaist syr, a myr morawl dylan ;  
Trevnaist ddaïar vawr, a'i chlawr achlan.—

Trindawd parawd pur,  
Naws maws moes eglur !

Trwy rad mad, modur,

Mur mireinwech,

Tro vi, Rhi rhadlawn,

Travnidr dinidr dawn

Trev nev Nav cyviawn,

Digawn degwch !”

The next example is from an ode by G. Ddu o Arvon to Sir Gr. Llwyd, when a prisoner in the castle of Rhuddlan, in 1360, on account of his revolt.

1. Is it not a sign that apathy doth not within my heart avail me ! how strange it is not broken altogether ! There is within me a strong impression of the stroke of care, for that a stop is put to one of prowess such as Urien in the shock. A record perfect such as that of Cywryd, erst the bard of Dunawd, mine is of my genial leader—praise that must not be impure. Be mine the encomiastic song of Avan, humble of mind, and fruitful in memorials of Cadwallawn, of majestic presence.

“Neud arwydd na'm llwydd lledvryd i'm calon

Neud eres nad tôn hon ar ei hyd

Mau ynov mawrgov am ergyd goval

Am attal arial Urien yn ngryd

Mal covain cywrain cywryd vardd Dunawd  
 Mau i'm draig priawd, gwawd ni bo gwyd  
 Mau gwawdgan Avan uvyddvryd frwythlawn  
 O gov Cadwallawn, breninddawn bryd."

This extract is from an address by Gruffydd ab Meredydd to Gronwy ab Tudyr, an ancestor of Henry VII.

1. Superior is my chief—the luminary of the course of fame, with hand for gifts, the trouble of Lloegria: gentle to the gentle, amiable, and loving sprightly songs; rough to the rough, in conflict, ample his benevolence; a hero to a hero; as a warrior like Elivri.

"Goreu yw vy llyw—  
 Gwawr clodred, llawged, Lloegr volochi:  
 Gwar wrth war, hygar, hoewgerdd hofi;  
 Gwrdd wrth wrdd, ymhwrrdd, aml ddaioni;  
 Gwr wrth wr; milwr mal Elivri."

And the extract that follows is from an ode to the wife of the same Goronwy by Rhisserdyn.

1. Fair Myvanwy, of the hue of trackless snow that veils the upland slope: she prospered the meed of praise, with unrestraining hand: endowed with wealth, and frankly mild the mate of her in aspect like the sun, Goronwy, in his life a hero; splendid is her fame, and highly gifted for the sleepless shedding of a tear, excelling of her sex and purely chaste, the luminary of women.

"Myvanwy lywy ———  
 Lliw divrisg lluwchwisg eiry llechwedd maenawl:  
 Llwyddai ammod mawl, llaw ddiomedd:  
 Goludawg gymhar, haelwar heulwedd,  
 Goronwy Vychan, gwron vuchedd;  
 Gwymp clod, dawn, hynod dyanhunedd deigr,  
 Gwiwryw, groew eigr, gwawr y gwragedd."

The next specimen is an entire poem, selected for its brevity, and as being in one of our most popular metres. The author was Davydd ab Gwilym, who flourished between A.D. 1340 and 1400; and of whose compositions 274 are still preserved, being generally upon amatory subjects.

1. Thou fair Gull, on the unchilling flood, in colour like the gentle pale moon, immaculate thy beauty is, a

sun-like disc that in the brine is laved : light on the ocean wave art thou, the proudly-active fish-fed bird. Thou that art not apt to ridicule, and fair of fame, will thou convey my clear epistle to one whose love is like an arrow ? in my breast are pangs as by a rankling arrow ! Near thou mightest go, close to yon anchor, close at hand, with me, thou lily of the sea. Glide thou once with glossy frame, that art a nun aloft on sea-flood dwelling. True the fair one's fame, who far obtains the praise, approach where curves her castle wall ; observe, my bashful gull, if thou can'st see her, of complexion pure, on the fair fort. Declare my summoning words—me let her choose—hie to the damsel : seek to please her ; dare to greet her ; with the wilful maid be clever ; mind, say thus, that I a captive youth cannot exist, unless I have her.—I am loving her, O men ! the object of high passion : never Merddin of right flattering lip, nor yet Taliesin, loved one in beauty more excelling. Bashful gull, if thou but see the cheek of her the fairest one in the believing world, know that unless I get the kindest greeting, the fair maid will be my death !

“ Yr Wylan deg ar lanw dioer,  
 Unlliw a'r arav wenlloer,  
 Dilwch yw dy degwch di,  
 Darn val haul, dyrnvol heli :  
 Ysgawn ar dòn eigion wyd,  
 Esgydvalch edn bysgodvwyd.  
 A ddygi yn ddiogan,  
 Llathr o glod vy llythyr glan  
 At verch sy a'r serch yn saeth ?  
 I'm dwyvron mae gloesion glewsaeth !  
 Yngo'r aeth, wrth yr angor,  
 Lawlaw a mi lili mor.  
 Llithr unwaith, llathr ei hanwyd,  
 Lleian yn mrig llanw mor wyd.  
 Cyweirglod bun, cae'r glod bell ;  
 Cyrch ystym caer ei chastell ;  
 Edrych a welych, wylan,  
 Eigr o liw ar y gaer lan.  
 Dywed vy ngeiriau dyvun—  
 Dewised vi—dos at vun :



Boddia hon; baidd ei hanerch;  
 Bydd vedrus wrth voddus verch;  
 A bydd, dywed na byddav,  
 Vwynwas caeth, byw onis cav.—  
 Ei charu'r wyv, gwbl-nwyv nawdd,  
 Och wyr! erioed ni charawdd  
 Na Merddin, wenieithvin iach,  
 Na Thaliesyn ei thlysach.  
 Och wylan o chei weled  
 Grudd y ddyn lana o gred,  
 Oni chav vwynav anerch,  
 Vy nienydd vydd y verch!"

The following passages are extracted from poems addressed by Iolo Goch to Owen Glyndyvrddwy. In the first poem the bard invites his hero to a renewal of his contest with Henry IV.; and, in the second, success is predicted to him by the comet that appeared in March, 1402.

1. Thou tall man, Harry loves thee not: calamity has gone on! Art thou alive? and, if thou art, quick with a spear of fire now come and show thy shield—achieve nine battles in retribution: and in any way achieve no more. Thou team of blest Cadwaladr, come and take the land of thy grandfather: take the portion of thy kindred: take us out of our severe bonds to be free!

"Y gwr hir, ni'th gar Harri:  
 Advyd aeth! a wyd vwy di?  
 Ac os wyd, â gwaew o dan  
 Dyred, dangos dy darian.—  
 Gwna naw cad yn daladwy:  
 Yn un modd ac na wna mwy.  
 Deigr Cadwaladr vendigaid,  
 Dyred a dwg dir dy daid:  
 Dyga ran dy garennnydd:  
 Dwg ni o'n rhwym dygn yn rhydd!"

2. There is much discourse about the nature of the stars. But, in the present year, a star portends good news for us: a king, profuse of wine and mead, and brave, we shall have from the land of Gwynedd, and whom God brings forth: he will console us so that Gwynedd shall obtain a happy end.

——— “ Mae llawer  
O son am anian y ser.—  
Ond y seren eleni  
Gwiw sydd a newydd i ni :—  
Brenin, hael am win a medd,  
Dewr, a gawn o dir Gwynedd,  
Duw a ddug : ve'n diddigia,  
Gwynedd i gael diwedd da.”

This sarcastic elegy was composed, about A.D. 1450, by Ieuan Gethin upon an old thatcher, who was the father of a celebrated contemporary poet, of the name of Gwilym ab Ieuan Hên.

1. Woe to Gwilym ! it is of no use to weep for wanting of a father to lay on a thatch : his weasand nerves are broken ; he will not cut wood to make another bind. The ancient work of Owen was not thatched ; no covering more will be in use except of stones. The humble-bee no more will find her nest of old : the bards will not be silent : never will there more be any thatching ! Let the mice then go a rambling ; let the sparrows leave the land : for Ieuan of discordant squeak, with thatching stick and all, from off the roof is gone to heaven. We but weep to mourn him : to the house of God a thatching he is gone. Full many a hazel grove will cease complaining for this his slipping down along the sloping of the roof : even to the land of Lleyn, full many a grove of reeds will now be glad of this.

“ Gwae Wilym ! nid gwiw wyllo  
Eisiau tad i osod to :  
Tòres giàu ei vreuant ;  
Ni thyr goed i wneuthur cant.  
Ni thoïd henwaith Ewain ;  
Ni thoïr mwy eithr â main.  
Ni cheif cacynen hennyth :  
Ni thau'r beirdd : ni thoïr byth !  
Aent y llygod i rodio ;  
Aent o'r tir adar y to :  
Aeth Ieuan ddilan ddolev,  
A'i dobren o'r nèn i'r nev  
Nid wylwn ond o'i alaeth :  
I dy ei Dduw i doi'dd aeth.

Llawer collwyn heb gwyno  
 Llithred hwn hyd llathr y to :  
 Llawer, hyd yn nhir Lleyn,  
 Llwyn hesg yn llawen o hyn."

The next and concluding quotation is from an amatory ode by W. Lleyn, written about A.D. 1550; and it is selected as an example how, in this period, the Welsh bards made sense give way to sound.

1. Thou hast founded, firmly hast thou bound together every anxious care; thou hast observed, and thou hast kept the way of all deluding ones, observing, pointing with delight the brow, the sensitive, the perfect place of waggeries: thou art the theme of every minstrel that combines rightly finished song, thou golden branch whose stem is from the blood of nobles.

"Seiliaist, cryv eiliaist bob cur ovalon :  
 Seiliaist, a deliaist fordd yr hudolion,  
 Selu, annelu yr ael yn wiwlon,  
 Synwyradd, llwyradd lle y cell weirion ;  
 Seiniad pob ceiniad canon cerdd eiliad,  
 Seiliad aur ddeiliad o waed urddolion."

## IRON MAKING IN GLAMORGAN.

ANCIENTLY the method of smelting iron was in bloomeries; the ore, charcoal, and limestone were in due proportion heaped together in the form of a tumulus, similar to what are now called charcoal pits, or the heaps of cord-wood as put together for being converted into charcoal, and, like these, well covered over with earth, or sods; but for iron there was, it is said, a kind of funnel of iron set up in the middle, on the top of the heap thus formed, to give vent to the smoke. Below, on or near the ground, there were two, three, four or more pairs of large bellows, fixed or hung to posts, in a manner similar to that in which blacksmiths hang their bellows. When the blower had raised the upper part of the bellows by



pressing down the arm, or handle, he stept upon it that it might thus be pressed down and blow with greater force, and more effectually blow. Such a bellows was termed “*megin dan draed*,” *i. e.*, *a bellows under feet*. At the base of the heap were formed two, three, or four holes, into which the noses of the bellows were inserted, and closely luted about them with well-tempered potter’s clay (of the country), and thus were the fires blown, the smoke finding its vent at the central funnel. The fires were thus intensely kept up until the ore was smelted, and as often as the fire appeared through the covering, more earth, or clay, and sods were added to cover it as closely as possible. When the ore was smelted the heap (*marteg*) was opened, and the metal conducted into moulds in sand, to form it into pig iron. It was then cast into moulds also for boiling pots, posnets or skillets, &c. For the purpose of rendering the iron malleable, it was melted over several times, tradition says nine times; it was afterwards heated for the hammer and anvil, and so worked until it became fit for general use; and tradition says that was better iron than any that has ever since been made in a different . . . . . Converting it into steel they passed it through the fire in a proper process many times, some say nine times. The fires for such purposes were made, in addition to charcoal, of horns, hoofs of horses and cattle, bones, and other animal substances in due proportions. After it had passed through the whole process it was (witness tradition) most excellent steel. Those old iron makers, or, if you please, iron masters, had, it seems, a strong predilection for the *number nine*, or at least tradition has it for them. But the following ancient triad indicates clearly that steel was passed through *nine fires*:—

“Tri chaled byd, y maen cellt, dur naw gwynias, a chalon mab y crinwas.”

In English thus,—

The three hardest things in the world: a flint-stone, the steel of nine fires, and the heart of the miser.

The making of iron is mentioned in the Laws of Howel Dda about the year 925 ; and it appears that the prince's smith, who was one of the great officers of state, made his own iron : he had stated perquisites for *casting* boiling pots for the royal palace, for ploughshares and other implements of husbandry for the royal farm, weapons of war, various tools and household articles, of knives, axes, &c. In Caerphilly Castle there are two stone-built furnaces for iron, one for melting iron ore, and the other, it is said, for converting iron into steel.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Sir William Matthews of Radyr, in Glamorgan, had two iron furnaces at work in the Vale of Taff, called the higher and lower furnaces. Till very lately they remained almost entire, and were built on the same plan and principle as our present iron furnaces, only not so large. Considerable ruins of them still remain, enough to indicate clearly what their modes of construction were.

Sir Toby Matthews, son of the above Sir William Matthews, is, by tradition, charged with having treasonably furnished the great Spanish armada with great guns, or cannon. It is certainly true that he had given great offence to government ; for in a volume of state papers printed about the year 1700, we find a letter addressed to Sir Toby Matthews by our great Lord Bacon, charging him with treasonable practices, (not specified indeed,) and severely reprimanding him. Sir Toby was soon after obliged to abscond, to where it was for some years unknown. It was, however, to Ireland, as at length discovered, where he had married the rich heiress, we are told, of Thomas Town, near Waterford, where his descendants still reside. The present heir and possessor is the Right Hon. Lord Landaff. The family still retain a large portion of their ancient patrimony at Landaff.

The working of the furnaces was continued until the time of James II. by one of the family, who (in that weak king's reign) being, it is said, a Papist, assumed a right to put every one of his neighbours to death who was not of his own church, and two or three were hung

by him at a place called Cefn Crogar, near Llandaff. This fellow was obliged to fly for his life, and it is supposed to Ireland. The furnaces were laid asleep, and in that sleep died. Out of their ashes, however, sprung up soon after the furnaces of Penttyrch, Caerphilly, &c.

Tradition says that Sir William Matthews converted his iron into steel, and established one of his illegitimate sons at Cardiff in the cutlery business, another in London, it is said on London Bridge.

The late Rev. Edward Evans, of Aberdâr, told me that Sion Powel Gwyn, or Sion ap Hywel Gwyn, who was a celebrated bard, and brother of Deio ap Hywel Gwyn, grandfather of our celebrated Thomas Llywelyn ap Deio ap Hywel Gwyn, erected a blast furnace on the principle retained in our modern furnaces, at Llwydgoed, in the parish of Aberdâr, in the time of Henry VIII., where he made large quantities of iron, and became very rich. He and his successors built several other furnaces in, or on the verge of, the Vale of Aberdâr, the ruins of which he said were still to be seen. I have not yet been informed when the working at those furnaces was discontinued.

IOLO MORGANWG.

## SNOWDON.

By JAMES KENWARD, Esq.

“Ar oer garreg Eryri  
Mae ged vawr lle magwyd oi.”—*Rhys Goch Eryri.*

### I.

A TREE-CROWNED, grassy, undulating hill,  
Sloped pleasantly toward the sunny weather;  
Whence musical glides down the pebbly rill;  
Where the brown bee exults among the heather,  
And rural lovers rest or stray together,  
And quiet cattle feed, and birds rejoice  
While the soft west wind ruffles scarce a feather;  
Whence the fair fields and white walls of your choice  
Are seen, and heard around is cheerful Labour's voice.



## II.

Such haply dost thou know, and hath thy heart  
 Grown tame and passive many sweets among,  
 And rarely may'st thou feel emotions start,  
 Secluded far from worldly woe and wrong;  
 Thy pulse beats calm, thy measured sleep is long,  
 Thy feet glide willing in the path of right;  
 Thou lovest placid mirth and gentle song,  
 And leafy lawn, and terraced garden bright,  
 And Beauty's mild blue eye, and warmth and ease and light.

## III.

But hath the spirit's harp one only chord—  
 One only refrain of a flute-like tone;  
 Doth Nature's mighty cabinet afford  
 One tint of rose or emerald alone?  
 Hence! let thy energies o'er life be thrown—  
 Oft high desire impel thy voice and hand,  
 And trace the scenes where kindred signs are shown—  
 The wild, the stern, the beautiful, the grand,  
 Where rise in ancient strength, the mountains of our land.

## IV.

Let others rove from foreign spot to spot,  
 As Fashion bids, or novelty grows old,  
 And throng to gaze—perchance discerning not—  
 On storied shows and scenes of giant mould;  
 Can *such* read Nature's mightiest book unrolled,  
 Or e'en to thee can Alp or Andes rise  
 Revealed in all its bulk? Oh! be consoled,  
 And first, the hill-page lit by British skies,  
 Interpret with deep heart, and scan with earnest eyes.

## V.

Ben Nevis know, on whose surpassing crest  
 White Winter sits defiant of the sun;  
 Helvellyn, dear to every poet's breast  
 For streams of song that from its fountains run;  
 Green Cheviot, and romantic Mangerton;  
 Plinlimmon bare, and forest-girt Cairngorm;  
 And Snowdon all unmatched, whose crags upon,  
 The immortal Past endures, and whose great form  
 Rose at the birth of Time, from Chaos and from Storm.

## VI.

Assume the glance of that unvanquished bird  
 Who made Eryri once his home of pride;

Behold the hills when autumn rain has stirred  
 The air, and Morning's fingers parted wide  
 The horizon bounds—from where Dubricius died  
 In holy Bardsey, on to Penmaenmawr  
 Far eastward planted bold against the tide—  
 See sweep fantastic, or sublimely tower,  
 Caernarvon's mountain boast, and record-roll, and power!

## VII.

And midmost, Snowdon rears his triple head,  
 And holds his court: around him and below,  
 The subject hills yet scarce outrivalled, spread  
 Their giant limbs and lift their rugged brow;—  
 Llywelyn, Glyder, Hebog, Eilio—  
 Names memory-stamped with Man's and Nature's might;  
 The elements come up to them, and lo!  
 The mingling and the lapse of day and night,  
 Of worship, council, wrath, disdain, repose and fight!

## VIII.

But now approach him; the dark summit crags  
 Stand sharp in ether blue, and the young Day  
 Darts eager glances where yet Shadow lags  
 Deep in the hollow sides, and ray on ray  
 Explores the stony mysteries till they  
 Gleam broadly desolate and all unveiled;  
 And in the nested tarns the heavens play,  
 And peaks that late the midnight storm assailed,  
 Now first in tranquil rest the glowing sun have hailed.

## IX.

Ascend where Llechog leans against the sky,  
 And mark the bulk impending overhead;  
 A world of cwm and crag invests the eye,  
 A wilderness of ruin far outspread:  
 Yet deem not Nature here decayed or dead,  
 No grave is this, but solemn temple whence  
 Her light beneath the shows of things is shed,  
 Her voice can issue living and intense,  
 And wake to worthier thought the too material sense.

## X.

And here where still the hardy sheep maintain  
 Scant life, once bounded the broad-antlered deer,  
 The Cambrian goat an unapproached domain  
 Possessed, the golden eagle plumed him here,  
 And the dark Druid pine-trees waved austere;—

And pregnant with the changeless still the scene ;  
 A wealth of metal lurks in chasms drear,  
 And Flora's alpine offspring sit serene,  
 And spread to nursing storms their many-tinted green.

## XI.

Profound the silence grows, and more profound  
 While slow you traverse the encumbered steep ;  
 Hushed in the clear calm air, the hills around  
 Seem, fancy-scanned, to listen or to sleep ;  
 Not so of old when Dolwyddelan's Keep  
 Saw waving spears and circling beacon flames—  
 To battle saw the shouting Cymry leap,  
 Led by the prince whom Clio proudly claims—  
 Llywelyn—first amid his land's heroic names !

## XII.

When Gwynedd's chiefs in festive triumph stood,  
 Or, worn and weak, their patriot blood outpoured,  
 And rock, and llyn, and waterfall, and wood,  
 And bardic song, and human heart have stored  
 Memorials of high sage and mighty lord.  
 What else ? a dubious cairn, a toppling tower,  
 Perchance a golden torque or broken sword  
 Remains, interpreting old strife and power,  
 Less than the battle-field's corse-nurtured fruit and flower.

## XIII.

Such trophies leave to microscopic minds,  
 Such links of rust exhumed by time or toil,  
 For that unseen but perfect chain which binds  
 The Past around the people and the soil ;  
*This* not the lapse of years can dim or spoil,  
 It flashes freely to the summer sky,  
 Tradition bathes it as with freshening oil,  
 Nor shall it cease to be a nation's tie,  
 Till Cambria's hills decay and Cambria's language die.

## XIV.

Behold a relic truly ! piled above,  
 The granite mountain stedfast evermore,  
 Rare trophy for the virtuoso's love  
 To teach him surer truth, sublimer lore :  
 This cabinet of rock, in antique store,  
 Saw darksome fern, and fish, and shell, and bone,  
 Slow lapse to living forms through ages hoar,  
 And slow decay through added ages grown  
 Itself unwasted still, unlinked to time alone !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These expressions are not intended to convey *precise* geological facts.



## XV.

Now press the tortuous track, see Wyddfa's ridge  
 Upheaved immense on adamantine walls,  
 Pass thither by the rock's aerial bridge,<sup>2</sup>  
 With guarded steps when clinging mist enthrals  
 Snowdonia—then he perishes who falls;  
 But sunbright now, magnificently lying  
 Beneath your feet behold those mighty halls,  
 Far piercing down to depths which undescriing  
 The eye pursues, and whence the shepherd's song comes dying.

## XVI.

Far sweeping round with myriad shapes indented,  
 Ledge, buttress, pinnacle and chasm deep;  
 Within, the eagle winged his flight contented,  
 The clouds roll midway curtaining the steep,  
 And on the ever verdant floor they weep  
 Their purest tears, and wizard colours glow,  
 And funeral shadows throng, and lightnings leap  
 Transverse, and rise the sounds of war and woe  
 When the careering Winds their stormy trumpets blow.

## XVII.

From central Wyddfa's cairn-crowned summit, part  
 The mountain pyramid's deep curving lines—  
 Of *cwns* that matchless triad—Snowdon's heart,  
 And peaks whereon the golden morning shines—  
 Crib Goch, Crib Ddysgyl, bare with stony spines,  
 Grey Lliwedd's side majestically sheer,  
 These gleam all changeful; but when day declines,  
 Their giant images fling broad and clear,  
 And shed o'er half the east their beauty grand and drear.

## XVIII.

But who from these great crags though long beholding,  
 Can tell aright the infinite display,  
 One nearest zone all Venedotia folding,  
 Which Loveliness and Terror both array;  
 Then myriad circles widening away  
 O'er rural levels, forest, river, plain,  
 And teeming city, o'er the bending bay,  
 And o'er the sparkling waters, till again  
 Within each kingdom's bound, they touch a mountain chain.

## XIX.

All objects merge compressed within your ken,  
 All distance now enchanted semblance knows,

<sup>2</sup> Clawdd Coch.

The winds have accents which the haunts of men  
 Hear not, and Heaven a holier repose ;  
 The sea uplifted near you, swells and glows ;  
 The hills bow prominent on every side ;  
 And Mona full her storied islands shows—  
 One gleaming fair where Menai's currents glide,  
 One paled by twenty leagues in mid Saint George's tide.

## XX.

And mark around the mountain's rifted base,  
 The shining lakes in varied shapes expand ;  
 Now vale-embosomed lies their liquid grace,  
 Now brimming high as in a giant's hand—  
 Sweet Gwynant here begems the vale's green band,  
 Llanberis there her fairy waters holds,  
 And open Cwellyn's crystal face breeze-fanned,  
 And loveliest Nantllef e'en 'mid beauty's moulds,  
 And winding Llydaw laid in dark Cwm Dyli's folds.

## XXI.

Come hither from the world ! Ambrosial Spring  
 Quickens the breast of Nature, and thy veins  
 Throb warm and generous—though no linnet sing,  
 Or garden-bloom or joyance of the plains  
 Invite—yet here the vernal Spirit reigns  
 Matchless in azure sky, reposing sea,  
 And clouds—the wild wind's image—who remains  
 On this proud peak with him, and cannot see  
 A spring o'er Cymru fall, broad, beautiful and free ?

## XXII.

The spring of truest liberty and light,  
 Of victory over prejudice and wrong,  
 Of high dominion—what though Arthur's might  
 And Rhodri's sway no more to her belong,  
 Nor in her halls resounds the Prince-Bard's song ;  
 Yet God protects, and who shall quite destroy !  
 Taught, chastened by the Past, more wise, more strong,  
 The Future she shall fill—not tool or toy,  
 But Britain's Muse, and Hope, and Counsellor, and Joy !

## XXIII.

Come hither from the world ! Sweet Autumn brings  
 Clear temperate day, and night for starry dreaming,  
 And now one last and crowning beauty flings  
 O'er earth, and sea, and sky ; as love late beaming  
 In proud and arid hearts, the grey rocks gleaming

With purple lights incline their lofty breast;  
 Low to the vale with warmth and colour teeming,  
 Darts the full stream; fair-woven boughs invest  
 And soothe with weeping charms the cataract's unrest.

## XXIV.

Come hither when the ardent summer sun  
 Springs in full strength above the Berwyn-steep;  
 His circling course from hill to hill is run,  
 In many a lonely lake his splendours sleep,  
 In many a streamlet flash, and broad and deep,  
 Far crags and chasms touch with chequered play—  
 Arenig, Aran, Idris' giant keep,  
 Eifl's<sup>3</sup> mute camp of stone, till slow away,  
 In beauty blending all, they die in Arvon's bay.

## XXV.

As when the Roman oft at vigil-time,  
 Gazed from Segontium after doubtful fight—  
 Gazed on the crimson-bannered West, the clime  
 Beyond his ken—beyond his eagle's flight;  
 Where now his own imperial city's might?  
 Where now the hosts that wrought at Cambria's chain?  
 The Norman eagles crown yon turrets' height,  
 What strength has sunk—what glory shone in vain!  
 Still bend the beaming heavens, the mountains still remain.

## XXVI.

And ever shines the quenchless light from God—  
 Religion, spirit-beauty of the land;  
 This wreathed with myrtle many a tyrant's rod;  
 This joined the Saxon's with the Cymro's hand;  
 This fired the muse—trimmed Learning's lamp—how grand  
 The conquest by the chained Caradoc won,  
 Binding the Roman in a golden band;  
 For what fair Eurgain's blessed heart begun,  
 Kindled the victor-cross of queenly Helen's son!<sup>4</sup>

## XXVII.

Star-woo'd, cloud-wrapped, the gentle moon comes gliding,  
 Yet evermore the sun's pale path pursuing,  
 Like Woman's love for some bright Fame, abiding  
 Hopeless, untold, intense, her life's undoing;  
 Yet Dian soon her virgin pride renewing,

<sup>3</sup> Tre'r Caeri.

<sup>4</sup> Eurgain, the daughter of Caractacus, introduced St. Ilid and Christianity into Britain on her return from captivity in Rome. Elen, or Helena, a British princess, was the mother of Constantine. The narrative of the cross, and the "In hoc signo vinces," is well known.



Looks o'er this rock-realm like a fairy queen,  
 Her magic shafts fantastically strewing,  
 And mixing ebon shade with pearly sheen,  
 Till kindling Fancy hails the wild and wondrous scene.

## XXVIII.

But when the fair young Moon—sweet Promise—bends  
 Upon heaven's verge all twilight-veiled and low,  
 And timorous of those diamond halls, descends  
 Throneless till majesty shall grace endow;  
 Then come the stars in faint and fervid glow  
 O'er-arching—midnight deepens round the Pole,  
 No breath of care or passion from below,  
 No earth-bred damps their influence control,  
 But clear their lustre beams—their harmonies deep roll.

## XXIX.

Who hath not felt Light's spherèd spirits fill  
 Earth's dark gross frame, and plant a passion there—  
 In wood and sea a mystic life instil,  
 Give meaning to these crags so dumb and bare,  
 Bind good with all—see Cytherea fair  
 Quiver o'er Silyn, and Jove's burning car  
 Roll o'er Llywelyn through the azure air,  
 And know how strength—joy—beauty doubly are  
 Linked to those glorious forms, the mountain and the star!

## XXX.

But would'st thou feel the mountain-glory fold thee;  
 When purblind Luxury to cities goes,  
 When not a foot will trace, or eye behold thee,  
 Come hither fearless in the time of snows;  
 When to a hundred peaks in white repose,  
 The faint cold flushes of the dawn return,  
 When Nature like a classic marble shows  
 Her inmost form, until the bosom burn  
 With passion that the world's poor painted toys can spurn.

## XXXI.

And I have couched above the broad abyss,  
 On the rock's jagged marge when cloud o'er cloud  
 Dark-massing quenched the brightness that did kiss  
 Lone Llydaw far adown: then crashing loud  
 Came the wild hurricane—the sky was bowed  
 Upon the hills, and floods of loosened hail  
 Smote the unyielding crags, while wrath-endowed,  
 The winds swept seaward rending spar and sail,  
 Or round my head intoned their long unearthly wail.

## XXXII.

So lapsed the night ; a sea of mist upsurging,  
 Cut by the sluggish lines of chilling rain,  
 Holds the sad dawn oppressed and unemerging,  
 And drifting columns pass in spectral train,  
 Till, as the sickly shapes that cling to Pain  
 Are chased by rosy Health, the vapours glide  
 Before the strengthening beam, and now the plain  
 Rejoices, and the beauteous bow hangs wide,  
 Arching from Aran's head to deep Cynghorion's side.

## XXXIII.

Then come vain youth who indolently wearest  
 Queen Fashion's livery ; daylight mummy rolled  
 In form's strong swathings, come, for yet thou bearest  
 Within, a source of joy untried, untold ;  
 And come, thou poor mechanic slave of Gold,  
 And bring thine own pale slaves, nor let them steep  
 In lust's mud-lethe, the few hours doled  
 For breathing-time—come all and drink ye deep  
 From wells that purge the heart and break the spirit's sleep !

## XXXIV.

Yet flock not hither as to city show,  
 Nor herd carousing like a Bacchic band,  
 Nor weakly prate of sentiment ere glow  
 Inward the image of the fair and grand ;  
 But on the mountains reverently stand,  
 Most holy by the Briton once confest,  
 And holy are they still, for hand in hand,  
 The Muses yet the favoured ground invest,  
 With Heaven's angel-forms that quicken themes more blest.

## XXXV.

Alas ! for me who use a stranger tongue,  
 And touch with erring hand a humble lyre,  
 When Cambria's harp for Cambria should be strung,  
 And vibrate to her native words of fire :  
 Oh ! that the lay could like the thought aspire,  
 That so my gratitude I might record,  
 For hours of health, and peace, and pure desire,  
 And weave a song from all my heart hath stored,  
 Such song as Llywarch loved, or high Taliesin poured !

## WYNNSTAY.

WE have been favoured with the following Catalogue of Welsh Manuscripts, &c., &c., supposed to have been destroyed in the above noble mansion, during the recent destructive fire :—

## Sir WATKYN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart., M.P.

A Catalogue of the MSS. of Mr. William Morys, of Cevn y Braich, antiquary, taken from his own Catalogue. Mr. William Morys sold his valuable library to Sir William Williams, of Llanforda, Bart., for £70, and what remains of them are now at Wynnstay, the mansion of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.

1. Brut y Brenhinoedd, folio, 6 inches deep.
2. Brut y Tywysogion, folio, 6 inches.
3. Cyfraethau Howel Ddâ, lib. 1, 8 inches.
4. Arvau Cymru, folio, 6 inches.
5. Aborigines Britannicæ, written by Mr. William Morys, large folio, 7 inches.
6. Theobardicon, sef Duwiolgerdd, folio, 6 inches.
7. Y Basilico Bardicon, sef Brenhingerdd, folio, 8 inches.
8. Aristiobardicon, sef Bonedddgerdd, folio, 8 inches.
9. Miscellanea, sef Brithlyfr, rhan i., folio, 4 inches.
10. Ibid.                      ibid.                      ii., folio, 4 inches.
11. Archiobardicon, sef y Llyfr dû o Gaerfyrddin, folio, 8 inches.
12. Neobardicon, sef Diweddargerdd, folio, 8 inches.
13. Logobardicon, sef Cyfrinach Beirdd Ynys Brydain, folio, 8 inches.
14. Proverbia, Latine et Wallice, per Dr. William Davies, folio, 6 inches.
15. Antiquarium Britannicum, Repertorium Britannicum, folio, 2 dig.
16. Gildas Nennius Eulogium, Britannicæ Insulæ, folio, 4 dig.

## WILLIAM MORYS' OWN.

17. Chronica a Cadwaladro rege ad Leolinum ult., folio, 3 inches.
18. Dau lyfr Cywyddau o law John Jones o Ysceiviog (Gelli lyvdy), allan o lyfrau Simmwnt Vychan, y ddau yn un, folio, 6 inches.
19. Adversaria Historico Britannica, per William Morys, folio, 2 inches.
20. Lectionarium sive Spicilegium variorum Lectionum, Scriptum, per William Morys, folio, 4 inches.
21. Llyfr Gwyn o Hergest, folio, 4 inches.
22. Cywyddau o destynau y Salmau, folio, 1 inch.
23. Thesaurus Cornucopiæ, o law Mr. William Morys, folio, 1 inch.
24. Cywyddau o waith Ed. Wrien, folio, 3 inches.



25. Britochronicon ar hên femrwn, quarto, 4 inches.
26. Hen Lyfr Duwiol, un Lladin, ar hên femrwn.
27. Cyfraith y Cymru ar femrwn, folio, 3 inches.
28. Cymmyddau Cymru, folio, 4 inches.
29. Buchedd y Saint, yn Saesneg, ar femrwn, 4 inches.
30. Primitivæ fidei, venerabilis liber, scriptum in pulchrâ manu, et initium uniuscujusque partis incipit cum aureâ literâ.
31. Collectanea Latina, scripta per William Morys, folio, 5 inches.
32. Chronological Essays, by William Morys, 1660, folio.
33. Llyfr Cywyddau o waith amryw, o law Mr. William Morys.
34. Index ad Codicem Hoelianum, by Mr. William Morys, folio, 1 inch.
35. Talin o Gyfraith y Llysoedd ar femrwn, folio, 2 inches.
36. Anthropopathy, in English, by William Morys, folio, 9 inches.
37. Bardorum Britannicorum Grammatica, autographo membranaceo, fideliter transcripta, per Gul. Mauricum, Lansiliensem.
38. Observations on the Scriptures in English, by Mr. William Morys.
39. Llyfr Cywyddau o waith amryw Feirdd, folio, 3 inches.
40. Chronicon Asseri Menevensis Episcopi fideliter scriptum e Vetusto Codice Archiepiscopi. Math. Cant.
41. Florilegium, written in English, by William Morys, in 1641.
42. History of Bellinus and Brennus defended, written by Mr. William Morys to Mr. R Vaughan, of Hengwrt
43. Llyfr Prawf eneid, folio, 1 inch.
44. De Britannica et primis ejus hominibus, per William Morys.
45. Awdlau i Dwysogion Cymru, o law Dr. Powel, quarto, 2 inches.
46. De Descriptoribus rerum Britannicarum, per William Morys, folio, 3 inches.
47. The Life of St. Edmund, in verse, written by William Morys.
48. Llyfr Cywyddau o waith T. Prys, o Blas Iolyn, folio, 4 inches.
49. Chronologia Britannica, written by William Morys.
50. Llyfr meddiginiaeth o waith Meddygyn, quarto, 5 inches.
51. Llyfr Phisigwriaeth, folio, 5 inches.
52. Llyfr Achau ag Arfau, o law Simmwnt Vychan, quarto, 2 inches.
53. Cywyddau o waith Dd. ab Gwyllym, quarto, 4 inches.
54. An old MS. Psalter, in vellum, 4 inches.
55. Llyfr Clera Rhys Cain, folio, 4 inches.
56. Another old Psalter, with great golden letters on vellum, folio, 3 dig., William Morys.
57. Brut y Brenhinoedd, or the History of the Kings of Britain, being a copy of the original which Jeffrey of Monmouth transcribed into Latin.
58. Brut y Tywysogion, being a continuation of the British History, by Caradog of Llancarvan. A copy of the original which Humffrey Llwyd translated into Latin, and Dr. Powell into English.
59. Index ad Leges Hoëli Boni, being a summary of the heads

contained in the Welsh Laws. A chronicle beginning with Æneas, and an old Extent of Oswestry, folio, 8 inches.

60. *Y Llyfr Dû*. First, it contains the most ancient poems that probably exist in our language, Taliesin, &c.

Second, a large collection of ancient prophecies, Merlin, Robin Ddu, &c., some of which are curious, but the greater part are forgeries, as to the names and pretended expositions of Merlin. Prophecies written probably about the time of the conquest of England, and adapted to the hopes of Ancient Britons, from Owen Gwynedd, Owen Glyndwr, and Henry VII.

Third, *Computation Manuale*, or Manual of Computation for the regulation of the Calendar, written by Dd. Nanmor. This is very interesting, as giving the names of the Saints in the Welsh Calendar, about A.D. 1450. It is drawn up in the same manner as the computation of John De Sacro Boseo (or John of Holyrood), but the writer quotes a book written by Alcharbitius, some of whose works are supposed to be in the Bodleian library.

Fourth, *The Medical System of the Physicians*, taken principally from Hippocrates and Pliny.

Fifth, *Dares Phrygius*, a loose and incorrect translation from the Latin.

61. John Salusbury, of Erbystoc's, celebrated Book of Pedigrees, which appears to have been commenced by Thomas Salusbury, of Erbystoc, about the year 1640, and to have been carried on with many additions from his son, John Salusbury, down to the year 1671, illuminated and in high preservation, folio, 2 inches deep.

62. *Welsh Pedigrees*, compiled by John Salusbury, of Erbystoc, folio, 2 inches.

63. *Welsh Pedigrees*, including those of Cheshire and Shropshire, old writing, folio, 4 inches.

64. *Organum Britannicum*, being a Catalogue of Authors treating of the History of Britain, written in Welsh, Latin, and English, by William Morys, 1659, folio, 2 inches.

65. *Antiquarium Britannicum*, written by William Morys, in 1659.

66. *Miscellanies*, a thin folio, not perfect.

67. *An Account of the Mayors of Chester*, and a History of England, by Robert Ince, Coroner of Chester, in 1639, thin folio, not perfect towards the end.

68. A brief Declaration of the first inhabitants of this island's lineal descent from Brutus, by Olyver Mathews, in 1671; it ends with the Kings of England, English, a thin folio, perfect.

69. *An Account of Parliaments* holden in Richard III.'s time, English, folio, 1 inch deep, not perfect.

70. *Thomas Skinner's Petition about the Shipping* in 1667, English, a thin folio.

71. *Laws of Howel Dda*. This volume contains annotations by Camden. A portion of the Apocalypse in Irish, with a translation on

part of the leaves. Transcript of MSS. by Mr. Vaughan of Hengwrt's Pedigree of Mr. David Parry, folio, 3 inches.

72. The Pedigrees of Cwmwd Maelor, written in the time of Sir Richard Trevor, of Trefalyn, folio, 4 inches.

73. *Graphiologia de Traditione Genealogica Britan, Giraldus Cambrensis, &c.*, written in 1670, folio, 6 inches.

74. An old copy of *Brut y Brenhinoedd* with clasps, interleaved with notes, by Mr. William Morys, quarto, 3 inches.

75. A Latin History, and at the end a copy of a Welsh MS., given to Lord Carew by Mr. Owen, 1609, containing a History of the Marches of Wales, a few pedigrees, quarto, 3 inches.

76. Contains the Poems of Dd. ab Edmund, Gytto'r Glynn, Gyttyrn Owain, Howel ab Dd. ab Inn ab Rhys, Iolo Goch, Lewys Mon, Dr. Sion Cent, Tudyr Aled, &c., finished in 1605, by John Jones, of Gelli lyvdy.

77. *Brut y Tywysogion*, written by John Jones, of Gelli lyvdy, while in the Fleet Prison in 1636.

78. *Brut y Tywysogion*, from 680 to 1332, written by William Morys, from the Hengwrt copy.

79. *Brut y Tywysogion*, begins differently from the one transcribed by William Morys.

80. A folio cover, full of old miscellaneous letters.

81. Norton de Alchemia, folio, 1 inch.

82. Miscellanies, written in 1773. This volume contains the Ystym Colwyn Pedigree, folio.

83. *Barddoniaeth*, with a *chân brith rhwng Taliesin a Myrddin*, in the handwriting of William Morys, folio, 5 inches.

84. *Hen gerdd Llyfr*, written by William Morys in 1660.

85. *Encyclopædia Bardica*, written by William Morys, folio 5 inches.

86. *Pregethau a wnaeth Maistr Latimer, ag a bregethodd gar bron yr Arglwyddes Catrin, Duges o Suffolk, yn oed yr Argl. 1552*, transcribed into Welsh by Roger Pulston.

87. A Treatise on Wales and the Marches, account of fees paid, &c., written in 1723, folio, 1 inch.

88. A general Collection of all the Offices in England, with their fees, written in 1595, folio, 1 inch.

89. *Proffwyddiaeth a Prydyddiaeth Merlyn*, a *Barddoniaeth* by different bards, mostly Dd. Llwyd, written in Charles I.'s time, quarto, 2 inches.

90. A volume of Miscellanies, containing poems by Lewys Glyn Cothi; Annals of Owen Glyndwr; Account of the Lordship of Oswestry; Welsh Antiquities from the Triads, &c.; return sent to the Commission, sent by Henry VII. into Wales, to inquire into the pedigree of Owain Tydyr; Account of Wales and the Families; Genealogical Extracts from the Pryse MSS; Manner of keeping the Parliaments, &c., quarto, 4 inches.

91. Contains *Pedwar mesur ar hugain, Henwa'r Siroedd, Cym-*



mydau, &c., written in Henry VII.'s time; this volume has W. Morys' name inside the cover, dated 1650, quarto, 4 inches.

92. Chronicle of the Welsh Princes, of the Kings of Europe, and of the Popes of Rome, in Latin, octavo, 1 inch.

93. Heraldry, mostly Welsh Arms, illuminated, and some little notice taken of the families entitled to bear them, the Fifteen Tribes, rudely executed in 1597, quarto, 3 inches.

94. Another thin quarto of Welsh Heraldry, and Pedigrees, with the Arms well delineated and coloured.

95. Reports of the House of Commons in 1673, English.

96. A folio of English Laws.

97. *Adversaria Historica*, &c., contains "Henwa'r Llyfrau Cyfreithu yr hên Fritaniet a mesur Tervyneu a gwerth crosseu, John Jones." The extent of the Lordship of Oswestry. A Cowydd recited at Cnockyn Castle, when Syr R. Cynaston received the Order of Knighthood from Edward IV., King of England.

98. A Catalogue of Hengwrt Library, written 30 years ago. The last catalogue finished by Mr. Robert Vaughan, in 1661, after his library had received many considerable additions, especially the books of Mr. John Jones, of Gelli lydy, cannot be found as yet. It was in the hands of Dr. Ellis, of Dolgellau, when William Morys was last at Hengwrt. The substance of the above is taken from a note in William Morys' handwriting, without date, quarto, thin.

99. A Catalogue of Mr. William Morys' books, folio, 1 inch.

100. Another of Mr. Williams Wynn's, taken in 1729.

101. A small box, half a yard long, and about four inches deep, full of interesting miscellaneous papers, written by Edward Llwyd, Account of Places, and some of the Cambrian Superstitions.

102. *Scriptor Rerum Brit.* *Adversaria Graph.* Miscell., all Welsh, many places marked with the year 1605; it contains *Llyfr Clera Rhys Cain*, folio, 4 inches.

103. *Hen Farddoniaeth*, copied in 1694, folio, 4 inches deep, many blank leaves towards the end.

104. "*Llyfr Dared Cymraeg*, scrifenedig o lyfr Risiart ab Sion o Llanganhaval, yr hun a goppiasai yntai o lyfr Simmwnt Vychan, John Jones, 1605. Ag o'i ûn yntai a gaed scrifennydd William Morys, 1664." It begins with *Llyma Ddysg i adnabod cerddoriaeth cerdd dafod, herwydd Llyfr Dd. Ddu, Athraw*, folio, 4 inches.

105. *Cywyddau ymryson rhwng Edmwnd Prys, Archiagon Meirionydd*, a William Cynwal, copied by William Morys in 1669, folio, 3 inches.

106. *Barddoniaeth Bedo Brwyn, Llys Sion Wyn, Huw Arwistli, Sion Ceri, Ieuan Deulwyn*, &c., old writings, quarto, thin.

107. *Miscellanies*, quarto volume, thin.

108. *Dd. Nanmor's Poems*, Thomas Pryse, and Simmwnt Vychan.

109. *Dosparth Edeyrn Dafod Aur*, y pedwar mesur ar hugain, &c.

110. Comments upon the Scriptures, by John Salusbury, of Erbystoc, written in Welsh, in 1668, a thin quarto, not perfect.

111. Miscellanies, written by William Morys. This volume contains Welsh Prophecies, translated into English, folio, thin.

112. The Legends of the Saints, in English verse, and written upon vellum, folio, 2 inches.

113. Contains Judge Doddridge's cases, English.

114. Charta 9, 10, &c., of Edward II. yn y Twr, Latin, concerning Wales, with occasional remarks written in Welsh, quarto, 3 inches.

115. A copy of some papers communicated by Dr. Hudson, A.D. 1705. Observations made by a traveller, quarto.

116. A Memorandum Book concerning Oliver Cromwell's Rebellion in Wales, giving the Castles that capitulated, &c., written from 1638 to 1647, English. This volume also contains catalogues, Chronological, Historical, Britannicorum, &c.

117. A Catalogue of my Lord Bangor's MSS. in his study, taken June 1696. Cynval's Book of Pedigrees is among them, and also the Laws of Howel Dda, &c. Likewise six MSS. contributed by the Rev. Dr. Jones, Dean of Bangor, written by Mr. Williams, schoolmaster of Beaumaris school, about 1670, all concerning Wales.

118. A Specification of the Charter of Howel Dda, from a copy taken from the White Book of Hergest, by Peter Roberts.

119. An interesting Memorandum Book, written between the years 1664 and 1668, by a gentleman in the Navy Office, who was a cousin to Mr. Andrew Thelwall, of Llanrhydd, and Mr. Thelwall, of Plas y Ward.

120. Taliesin, and other Barddoniaeth, bound up with an old Latin MS. upon vellum, octavo, 2 inches.

121. Prayers and Poems, on vellum, English, a few of the first pages lost.

122. Llyfr Sion Watcyn, Jun., on vellum, 1 inch thick, with William Morys' name inside the cover, 1664.

123. Latin Herbals, written in 1626, and another of the same size, containing a Dictionary of Plants, both octavo.

124. Cywyddau allan o'r Llyfr Gwyn, o Hergest, weithian, sef hên femrwn, llyfr a scrivenwys (folio mawr) yn amser Edward y Pedwerydd, Frenhin Loegyr, omnia per amanuensem Exemplificivi Ego Gwil. Maur. Llansilin.

The above Catalogue, with others, was presented by Miss Angharad Llwyd to the Eisteddfod held at Welshpool, in 1824.

Truly this fire has been a national calamity; nevertheless we shall be somewhat consoled if it shall have been the means of inducing the gentry of Wales to provide for the more effectual preservation of what still remains of our literary store.

# LLYWELYN THE LAST.

By LADY MARSHALL.

CANIAD I.

(*Continued from page 54.*)

"I thought to save your hawk," he said—  
 "Poor bird—I scarce believe her dead—  
 A peregrine—right nobly bred  
 'Tis true, yet rarely have I seen  
 In even them such courage keen."

In listening to his boyish talk,  
 Llywelyn half forgot the hawk :

"Methinks," he said, "you're deeply versed  
 In hawking-craft—perchance are nursed  
 And practised to its skilful use  
 In some adjacent chieftain's mews."

"Oh, no! not so," replied the youth,  
 "No skill like that have I in sooth ;  
 I've only what these deserts give,  
 And the wild things 'mongst which I live :  
 I practise hawks, and use the bow,  
 Because I help my mother so."

"And are we nigh to your abode?"  
 Inquired the Prince, "I've lost my road,  
 In this rough tempest, and would fain,  
 E'er darkness spreads, the path regain."

"Nay, but indeed" the lad replied,  
 "To-night you must with us abide :  
 Already dips the sun below  
 The level of yon distant brow :  
 Our home is but across the moor ;—  
 Your's must be far away, for sure!"

He paused and blushed, for now his eye  
 Distinguished what his tongue too shy  
 Left unexpressed—the bearing high  
 Of him whom he addressed, whereby  
 'Twas certain that he could not dwell  
 In narrow cot or mountain cell ;  
 And well he knew for leagues around  
 That scarce a cabin could be found.



A look can thousand words outstrip,  
 And that fluttered light  
 Upon his young companion's lip  
 Llywelyn read aright:—  
 " 'Tis even so—the waning day,"  
 He said, " will scarce suffice my way;  
 And I accept the proffered rest—  
 Your mother's unexpected guest."

" It is her pleasure," said the child;  
 " Bewildered in this trackless wild  
 Oft-times the stranger seeks our door,  
 And then my mother strews the floor,  
 And heaps the hearth, and milks the flock,  
 And—best of all—with harp will lock  
 In sweetest sleep the weary wight:—  
 Oh! 'tis her pleasure—her delight!  
 And sometimes in our quiet glen  
 We've sheltered pilgrims—holy men;  
 And they have said they fared as well  
 As in St. Curig's<sup>1</sup> spital cell;  
 And we in turn their prayers have won  
 To JULIT and her sainted son.  
 But yet perhaps"—and now once more  
 He glanced Llywelyn's figure o'er,  
 " Perhaps I rather ought to show  
 You where that spital lies—below:—  
 For they have dormitories there—  
 A hall for strangers—better fare  
 Than we—but yet 'tis late to-night,  
 And—'tis my mother's great delight!"

" And your's no less, as judging by  
 The fire that lights your cheek and eye:  
 This happy desert sure hath won  
 A second Julit and her son;  
 And I—forgive me—better love  
 The saints below than those above;  
 So lead the way; I'll follow thee,  
 Young guide, and this kind mother see."

" For that," replied the boy, " indeed  
 She ever wears a mourning weed,  
 In others' presence; none hath grace  
 But I alone to see her face."

" Except thy father"—but the word  
 Appeared to touch a tender chord.

"I never saw him," said the child,  
 And heaved a sigh—and sighing smiled;  
 "But mother says that when I grow  
 A valiant warrior I shall know  
 My father's name, whose deeds, she says,  
 Are nations' pride and minstrels' praise."

"'Tis well," Llywelyn said, nor pressed  
 The matter further, for he guessed  
 Some painful mystery overhung  
 The creature's head—so fair—so young.  
 "And thou wouldst fain the hope fulfil,  
 And earn the guerdon,"

"Oh! I will:  
 When I have shot four eagles—see—  
 I've two at home, and this makes three—  
 (Come royal sir along with me,")  
 And o'er his shoulder at the word  
 He lightly swung the mighty bird;  
 "When I have laid another low,  
 My mother says that I may go  
 And seek our Prince, and be his page;—  
 Oh! I can serve him, I'll engage;  
 For he, she says, is noble—kind—  
 Beset with foes—before—behind—  
 But all his enemies I'll kill—  
 Except those he does—yes, I will:  
 I'll be his champion, for I burn  
 About my father all to learn.  
 If mothers are so kind and good,  
 What must a father be?—I would  
 That I could see him—in my dreams  
 I sometimes do; and then he seems  
 Like something—I can scarcely tell—  
 But in the chapel at the cell  
 There is a window—dazzling bright—  
 With clouds of gold, and shapes of light  
 And in the midst a warrior saint:—  
 And thus my dreamy visions paint  
 The image of my father—linked  
 With glorious things, but indistinct."

Unconscious, as he thus ran on,  
 Still more and more the prattler won  
 Llywelyn's heart: it were a prize  
 To share such glowing sympathies  
 For kings to boast, who friendship want  
 The most, yet friends most sorely scant.

He pleased himself to think how soon  
The stripling's wish would be his boon.

And now they neared the mountain cot;  
Nooked in a little cultured spot,  
That glimmered in the shadowy lea,  
Like stars upon the midnight sea.

With gleeful haste the youthful guide  
The slender wicket moved aside.  
And underneath the roof-tree's shade  
Its humble welcome simply made,  
While through the dwelling's silent bounds  
The gentle name of MOTHER sounds.

"She's gone," said MADOC, "to the fount;  
Or else to seek me on the mount;  
Or haply to the fold, to count  
The damage of the storm:  
Till her return and better care,  
I'll spread the couch of heather where  
The blaze is bright and warm."

Then by the hearth with ready aid  
The heath's elastic twigs he laid,  
With lamb-skins mantled o'er,  
And 'neath the power its chain that throws  
O'er toils and triumphs—joys and woes,  
Llywelyn sunk in deep repose  
Upon that cottage floor.

Sleep, thou mystery of being—  
Contradicting, yet agreeing—  
Gentle leveller of rank,—  
Dimly crowded blank,  
Whom yet both fools and sages thank—  
Welcome simile of *him*,  
The unwelcome tyrant grim:  
Thy saving waste,  
With lingering haste,  
Comprises ages in a span:  
Thy soft, enchanting spell  
Can ope the captive's cell:  
Thine helplessness full often  
The sternest purpose soften—  
Thou deepest riddle of the riddle—MAN!

Who can remember sucking at the breast?  
Who knows the moment when he sunk to rest?  
Who can define  
The viewless line



Where day to twilight fades,  
 And twilight melts in midnight shades?  
 So softly Nature blends  
 Her beginnings and her ends  
 That each with all in one harmonious cycle blends.

Full oft one scarcely can descry  
 Th' aerial bounds of sea and sky:  
 Nor with his dreams the slumberer knows  
 How much of real interflows:  
 A storm of thunder—stream of song,  
 Doth mingling thus our dreams among,  
 So simulous a mirage make,  
 We neither wholly sleep nor wake.

Thus with Llywelyn's toil-bought sleep  
 A strain of music mixed its deep  
 And realizing power:  
 Scenes seemed to move before his eye  
 Whose shapes and sounds had glided by,  
 E'en from his childhood's hour.  
 And with the melody he heard  
 What to himself—each mystic word—  
 The popular belief referred—  
 Wild MERLIN's prophecy.

#### MERLIN's *Prophecy*.

"CHILD of PROMISE—hidden treasure—  
 Giver of the rightful measure—  
 To the reaper as the sower—  
 To the higher as the lower—  
 To the helpful flowing o'er:  
 Holding in profoundest awe,  
 Without spot and without flaw  
 The deep and perfect law:—  
 A son of man  
 Whose deeds to scan  
 The wicked blame—the wise approve,  
 And I devoutly love:  
 Thy Chiefs, O GWYNEDD, shall he draw—  
 Yea, all the High Ones of the Lovely Land,  
 The scattered band  
 From every strand,  
 To where they first the gladsome daylight saw.  
 "Him shall the stranger hate:  
 When the Bard shall raise  
 His world-wide praise  
 They shall not join—assist—co-operate.

Concord with Saxons—that unlovely pact  
 He shall retract.  
 I will devoutly pray: I will give thanks  
 To the Chief divine  
 Of the warlike ranks—  
 Son of the ceaseless line!

“Lo! the Britons shall be blest—  
 Upon their crown  
 His holy rest  
 The GOD of HEAVEN shall shower down.  
 Him the Preserver praise  
 Whose glorious work is war  
 'Tis joy the song to raise—  
 To sound it near and far:  
 I will exalt his name  
 To the height of bardic fame—  
 Red-handed Lion of the deadly game!”

As the fall of distant fountains—  
 As the perfumed breath of May—  
 As the film upon the mountains  
 Music melts in sleep away.

Even when Llywelyn slowly  
 Raised his parting lids again  
 'Twas minutes ere his pulses wholly  
 Ceased to vibrate to that strain;  
 And oh! he realized the fact with pain.

Where was he—with those thrilling numbers  
 Long memories came—a crowding train;  
 And to have lengthened out the slumbers  
 That evoked them would he fain;  
 But oh! 'tis past—the lingering wish is vain!

Be what they might, the thoughts that guiling  
 Fancy sprinkled o'er his eyes—  
 Or sad, or gay—they left him smiling,  
 But with his smiling there were sighs!

Lives there who when, as life advances,  
 Dreams or musings o'er him bring  
 The flooding light of earlier chances,  
 Feels not the memories please and sting—  
 Be he conqueror, sage, or king?

No—though seated with the highest  
 Proudest of the sons of men—  
 Conqueror, sage, or king, thou sighest—  
 Child of earth—thou sighest then!

Strains renewed no longer hoping—  
 All the bright illusion o'er—  
 Still the Prince—his eyes re-oping,  
 Lay upon that cottage floor.

Still the boy was watching o'er him,  
 With his soft and earnest gaze :  
 Simple viands spread before him,  
 By the chimney's cheerful blaze—

Laid as by the hand of fairy—  
 Brightest honey from the rock,  
 Freshest products of the dairy  
 And the firstling of the flock.

Gazing on these strange surroundings  
 Scarce with realizing power—  
 "Whence" he cried "those sweet resoundings?  
 Strike the heavenly chords once more—  
 Wings of Angels seemed to fan me—  
 The future from the past to speak—  
 Spirits of the dead to man me—  
 Oh ! 'tis pain the spell to break !"

Now seeing him awake, the lad  
 Approached him—"You have slept—I'm glad  
 The music made your dreaming light."

"Was it then mortal hand—so exquisite—  
 With touch aerial—flight so bold ?  
 I know but one, and that is—cold—  
 A voice with such a melting thrill ?  
 I know but one, and that is—still !  
 Say my young host, was thine the touch ?

"Nay," said the boy, "I cannot such ;  
 I'm but a pupil yet ; but these  
 Sublime and skilful strains, so please  
 Your Grace, my mother waked ; she came  
 When sleep had wrapped your weary frame,  
 And gazed on you, and bade me tend  
 Upon you more than e'en a friend,  
 With tender reverence ; for she said  
 That there was resting on your head  
 The weight of matters deep and high—  
 She knows things better far than I—  
 And then she laid out this repast  
 To wait your waking ; and at last  
 She took her harp and sung the song  
 That made you sleep so well and long."



"So kind—so wise—so gifted too,"  
Exclaimed Llywelyn, glancing through  
The narrow room, "and thus to dwell—  
A pearl of price in such a shell!  
Why tarries now thy mother—say—  
I count the moments of delay!"

"And so do I, in very sooth—  
I count her absence," said the youth:  
"But she is called away to-night,  
To tend a couch with dying rite—  
'Tis distant to the spital cell,  
And truth they like her quite as well—  
The sick and dying, by their bed—  
Or better than a shaven head:  
Indeed the people came from far;  
For she knows every herb and star;  
And medicine art, and triad lore,  
And all things that have happed of yore:  
If they are ailing, she can cure;  
And if at fault, her wisdom's sure;  
I pray you then—your Grace I mean—  
Accept my humble aids again,  
For all of night that doth remain,  
And with returning light of day,  
To guide you on your homeward way."

*(To be continued.)*

NOTE.

<sup>1</sup> Cyrique—a saint of Tarsus in Cilicia, who was martyred with his mother Julit—*Cymrice*, Curig and Ilid.

## THE GENEALOGY OF KING ARTHUR.

Arthyr ap Ythyr, ap Cystenin Fendigaid, ap Cynor,  
ap Tudwal, ap Morfawr, ap Cynan, ap Eudaf, ap Caradoc,  
ap Brân, ap Llŷr Llediaith.

*Another from the Book of Bodorgan.*

Arthyr ap Eigr, ach Ammlawdd Wledig, ap Lambor,  
ap Manwel, ap Sargelos, ap Sioswe, ap Eygen, Chwaer  
Sioseb o Arimathea.

Arthyr ap Eigr, ferch Gwenn, ferch Gynedda Wledic.  
See Genealogy in the "Brith Bach," from the Book  
of Thomas Hopcin.

*From the Book of G. O. Harri.*

Gwenn, daur. of Cynedd Wledig, was married to one  
Amlawdd Wledig, ap Lambor, ap Maenol, ap Siarklos,  
ap Josua, ap Eurgain, sister to Joseph of Arimathea.

Môr ap Morien, ap Morfawr, ap Cynan, ap Eudaf, ap  
Caradoc, ap Brân Fendigaid, ap Llyr Llediaith.

## PHILOLOGY.—THE DICTIONARY APPENDIX.

ABANT—(*Blaenau*). Low, hollow, depressed. Tir abant,  
land lying low and sheltered.

AWGYR—Gimblet, auger, from awg. Whence awg-rym,  
hogi, og, di-awg, an-hawg.

ADWERYDD—A widow.—*D. ab Gwilym*.

ANHYAR—Difficult; a metaphor taken from land difficult  
of culture—an-hy-âr.

ANAR, DIAR—Uncultured, without culture.

ADLEWINO—To relume.

ANHYDWF—Stunted, ill growing.

ARCHFEN, *pl. t. au*—The groin.

ADLEWYDD—Autumn, winter.

ADLEWIN—Reflected light.

ADLEFIN—Springing verdure.

**ALED**—Even, flat. “Dyffryn aled,” the flat vale. “Pan adawer y tir yngorffwys yn ei laswellt gwneler ef mor aled ac a fo achos, cans os amgen y bydd, perigl bywyd eidion gwan yn y gauaf, ll’dd el ar ei gefn yn y rhych fal nas gallo gwnnu, ac yno y geill hwnnw farw.”—(*Cynghor Tad i’w fab.*)

**ANNIFER**—Not few, numberless.

“Ponyt guan truan trymder pechadur  
Pechodeu anniver  
Na uyl dyn dyvot y amser  
Na uelyd keulyd kallder.”—*G. ap yr Ynad Coch.*

**ADDUL** (add-ul)—Moist, damp.

**ADDUN** (add-un)—Simple, uncompounded, one, uniform.

**ADDAINT** (add-gaint)—Contents, what is contained in any thing or place.

**ALAIN** (a-glain)—bright. Sic *Heb.*

**ANSAWDD** (an-sawdd)—The fundamental state or condition of anything, the level of anything. Yn ei ansawdd, in its own level, or settled condition; that state wherein it was originally, and wherein it ultimately settles. Mae ansawdd i bob peth—pob peth yn yn ei ansawdd, everything has its level. *Syrth* is the same. Pob peth yn ei syrth, *i. e.*, everything will find its level.

**AERONI**—to put forth fruit.

“Coed y fron yn aeroni,  
Yn syber yn d’amser di.”

*Bedo Brwynllys* to “the Summer.”

**ALSAIN** (al-sain)—An anthem, carol, &c.—(*Dimet.*)

“Canu alsain mewn drain draw.”

*Wm. Egwad*, to “the Nightingale.”

**ARMEL**—Sugar, according to Dr. Williams—âr-mêl, *i. e.*, agricultural honey. This word, he says, was first used by John David Rhys, in a letter from Sicily, giving an account of sugar. In those times it was a frequent trial of philological skill amongst the bards, &c., to form compounds for exotic terms or things. Cap. Middleton used **GWYRFEL**. Would not **ARFEL** be better?



ADDURN—A rhetorical figure in “Naw Gloes Ymadrodd.”

“Naw gloes a phedair addurn ar hugain.”

ADFEL, ADFAL, ADFELYDD, HAFAL—Person, personification, character, simile, metaphor.—*Ex. Yniales.*

ACHRE—Initium, origo, beginning.—*Ib.*

ANN—A round quantity, a complete quantity, the whole contents of anything, the whole contained in any time or place. Hence the Latin *annus*, *i. e.*, the whole of the time contained from any point in the zodiac wherein the sun may be, until it return at the completion of its revolution to the same point.

ARMES—Provision, food. *Qu.* from mes, acorns?

“Lloegr arдрес armes ednaint.”—*Llywarch Hen.*

ANHWYTHIG—(*a twyth*), *Glam.* A stiff, morose, stubborn, unmanageable fellow, one that will not be persuaded, that cannot be prevailed upon.

ALMES (al-mes)—Fruit, produce, crop.

“Ac almes coed yn gylmau  
Hyd amledd y tiredd tau.”

*Lang. Lewys* to Sir W. Matthew of Adur.

“O phrofais dalm o’r almes  
Im min blas y gwin a ges.”

*Iorwerth Fynglwyd* on “Margam Vineyard.”

ALMESU—To gather the fruit, produce, or crop.

## TRADITIONAL ANECDOTES OF BEWPER (BEAUPRE) PORCH AND CHAPEL.

(*From Richard and William Roberts of Bridgend.*)

A FAMILY, whose surname was Twrch, had for many generations been proprietors and workers of Seaton Free-stone Quarries. About the time of Edward VI., two brothers, Richard and William Twrch, stone-cutters, or *Freemasons*, as in Glamorgan they term the trades of stone-mason and stone-carver, worked those quarries.

These two brothers quarrelled on some occasion, so that each made a solemn vow never to speak to the other. By this each firmly abode, though their anger towards each other entirely ceased in a short time. If either wanted the assistance of the other to move a large piece of freestone, or on any other occasion, he would beckon to him with the hand, throw a small bit of stone at him, &c. Thus they went on for some time, but Richard took it so much to heart, and grieved so much to be on such unpleasant terms with his brother, that he left the quarry, and even the country, and went away, nobody knew whither. After he had been absent about fifteen or twenty years, he returned home, having been first in London, where he worked at the king's palace under an Italian master, with whom he after a while went into Italy, where he remained for many years, and acquired a great proficiency in the science of architecture, and the arts of masonry and sculpture. At last he returned to Glamorganshire, where he found that his brother had been for some time dead. He re-entered on his former business at Seaton Quarry, and executed his work in a manner so much superior to what had ever been seen there before, that he was much noticed, and soon came into ample employment. Amongst other things he built at Bewper, first the chapel, in the year 1586, and afterwards the porch, in the year 1600. This porch is in the three Greek orders, viz., the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, which are wrought with an elegance and delicacy of sculpture not often to be seen in structures of much later date, and by the most celebrated architects. Exquisite skill and taste are so very obvious in Bewper porch, that we wonder at it, when we consider the time in which it was done. It is remarkable enough, however, that the doorway arches in the porch and chapel are pointed in the Gothic taste; all, except this, is in a very pure Italian style. I would have said *Grecian style*, if I was not doubtful whether the Greeks ever used more than one order in the same building, especially one above the other, as has been done in modern times. Some think

Inigo Jones the first, at least the first native of Britain, that introduced the Ancient Greek and Roman architecture into this island; but from the date it is evident that Bewper porch was erected twenty years at least before Inigo Jones appeared as an architect,—before he had acquired any knowledge of the ancient architecture, masonry, and sculpture.

Richard Twrch is said to have been the first who opened the freestone quarries at Bridgend, the stone of which is equally durable and strong, and much finer than the Portland stone. His descendants have ever since that time continued to work these quarries till very lately, when Richard and William Roberts died about the year 1780, and Thomas Robert, son of the said William Robert, died about the year 1787. These were, at least they so pretended, lineal descendants of Richard Twrch, who was also a descendant of Iorwerth Fynglwyd, the famous Welsh bard,<sup>1</sup> who, as appears from his poems, was a mason and sculptor, and a native and inhabitant of the parish of St. Bride's Major, where Seaton Quarry lies.

I have heard this traditionary account of the two brothers, Richard and William Twrch, from others in the country, not materially differing from the above; only some say that the quarrel between them was occasioned by their being rivals in love of a very beautiful young woman, who, hearing of their very blameable vow of never speaking to each other, vowed on her part that she would never encourage the addresses of either.

Another variation in the tradition is, that these two brothers had opened Bridgend Quarry previous to their quarrel, and that they and their father were employed, where the Bridgend stone was first used, in the building of Oxwich Castle, in Gower, for Sir Rice Mansell.

E. W.

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<sup>1</sup> Iorwerth Fynglwyd was a disciple of the Glamorgan Gorsedd in 1460, and presided there in 1500.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.



CURSORY OBSERVATIONS ON BRANDON HILL,  
CLIFTON HILL, &c., NEAR BRISTOL.

BRANDON HILL derives its name from the Saxon *Bren*, to burn, whence *Brent*, burnt, and *Dune*, a hill (whence the modern *down*), and signifies *Burnt Hill*, or *Burning Hill*. It has, as its very name implies, evidently been a volcano. The mouths of several craters are still partly open; the most remarkable of them are one on the south side, half way up the acclivity, and that on the summit, which is the largest, and still open at its mouth in form of a basin. Around the foot of the hill are large beds and masses of *lava*, the substance of which is iron, that has, beyond all doubt, been in a state of fusion. In it are seen fragments of the rock, and other substances, of which the hill consists. On the south side this *lava* appears naked above the surface of the ground, in vast masses, eight feet at least above ground, and it has not yet been ascertained to what depth. On the east side, to which the new buildings have been lately extended, places have been found which appear to be large cavities; in some places, though surrounded on all sides with rock, they find nothing but a loose, red, burnt earth, and other volcanic substances, to an unknown depth, and are, in those places or cavities so filled up with volcanic matter, obliged to make artificial foundations, with piles, &c., for the buildings. The bowels of the earth hereabouts abound in combustible matter. Kingswood Collieries are hard by, and the veins of coal run under the city of Bristol, Brandon Hill, where it is probably reduced to ashes and cinders, even eastward as far as Bath, which is, in a straight line, no more distant than about eight miles. The subterranean or volcanic fires are probably not yet quite extinguished, and are seemingly the causes of heat in the Bath and Bristol waters. And who knows but that those fires may increase again to a terrible height, and once more gather strength sufficient to burst again in volcanic eruptions out of their caverned recesses, and

produce those terrible effects which they seem to have done once at least before. A very hot spring has lately and suddenly issued out of the earth a little below the Hot-Wells, at the foot of St. Vincent's Rock. Iron ore, in its natural rocky state, has of late been found in the adjoining hill of Clifton, but all in and about Brandon Hill has evidently been fused. The vein of combustible matter extends far westward. Twenty miles or more from Bristol are hills called Brent Knoll, Brent Down, a place called Burnham, &c., all deriving their names from having been burnt; in all those places, and many more, the same volcanic appearances occur as in and about Brandon Hill; subterranean beds of cinders, scoria of iron, ashes, &c., very deep under the rocks, are frequently dug out of the hills, for repairing roads, and other purposes. The same veins and strata of stone, coal, iron, &c., are continued under the Bristol Channel into Glamorganshire, in Wales, and exhibit there many volcanic appearances, and at Taff-Well, above Llandaff, are hot springs, like those of Bath, to which poor people that cannot afford to go Bath repair. The eruption of Brandon Hill seems to have occasioned an earthquake formerly, which caused that prodigious chasm of St. Vincent's Rocks, or rent in the hill, separating Clifton Hill from Leigh Down. Through this rent, between the rocks of St. Vincent, the river Avon found a nearer way into the Severn Sea, forsaking its old course, which may still be traced through its ancient vale, which, going southward of Leigh Down, falls into the sea at Kingroad, near Port-head Point.

On Leigh Down, of which Clifton Hill was then a part, was constructed a large camp, seemingly Roman, consisting of a triple entrenchment, whose large mounds were formed of stone and mortar in a rude manner, now almost entirely covered over with grass. When this convulsion of the earth occurred, the camp was rent in two; one part appears now on Clifton Hill, the other part, which is by far the largest, is directly opposite in Leigh Wood; those point at each other exactly,—both

parts correspond exactly with each other. From this it appears that the rending of the down must have occurred subsequent to the formation of the camp; but that such an occurrence should have happened without being noticed by any Roman writer whatever, that is now extant, is astonishingly remarkable. It is difficult to fix on any period when this accident, consistently with the silence of writers, could have happened. Among other conjectures, we may suppose that the Romans, having made a descent on this part of the island from the Bristol Channel, constructed this camp; but, having been repulsed by the Britons, were not able afterwards, in less than half, or, perhaps, a whole century, to establish themselves in these parts, during which interval this tremendous occurrence took place. Yet granting that it was so, it will appear very wonderful that neither the traditions of the natives, or its singularly recent appearance, should attract the attention of any Roman writer, as it was not very long before the island, at least the south part of it, was entirely conquered. We will again suppose that it happened after the Saxon invasion. The Saxons were a rude people that had not the use of letters, and it was not till long after that they were converted to Christianity by Augustine the Monk, and by him first brought acquainted with letters. But the Britons were a learned people; and it was about this time that Gildas wrote in Latin, Taliesin and other bards in Welsh; but not one of them take notice of any such thing as the rending of St. Vincent's Rocks.

The Welsh name of Bristol is *Caerodor Nant Baddon*, in English, "the City of the Chasm of the Rock in the Vale of Baths." This is the most literal rendering that can possibly be given of the Welsh name, though seemingly very periphrastical. This name occurs, I believe, for the first time, in Nennius, who wrote in the ninth century, but he has only the bare name, and mentions nothing of the accident from which it seems to be derived. Earthquakes are mentioned by Taliesin, that happened in the time of the infamous Vortigern, whose palace was



destroyed by one of them, and which occasioned such a high flow of the sea, that many low and fenny places in Wales were destroyed, particularly a large tract of country called *Cantre'r Gwaelod*, in Cardiganshire, but nothing is said particularly of Bristol. Stupid Bristol that never noticed the wonderful curiosities of nature which abound so much in every corner about it, almost, if not entirely, beyond what is to be met with in any part of Britain, and which crowdingly obtrude themselves so much on the half-opened eye, that one is astonished to think how the demon of idiotic dullness could, with Barret, pass by them daily without the least attention.

E. W.

December 19, 1791.

#### RULES OF WELSH VERSIFICATION.

(See *Dosparth Cerdd Deuluaidd*.)

I.—Avoid the hiatus of two separate vowels coming together as much as possible, or beginning a word with a vowel when the preceding ends with a vowel, excepting such vowels as strongly differ in sound from each other, as w, i, y, u, which may be followed by o, a, e, &c.

II.—Avoid, if possible, beginning with the same consonant wherewith the preceding word ended, or the beginning of a line with the letter (especially the vowel) which ended the preceding line.

III.—Avoid harsh collisions of many consonants.

IV.—Avoid elisions when they produce collisions of consonants.

V.—In beginning and ending, let a mute in one, and a liquid in the other, be introduced as often as possible.

VI.—Terminate rhymes with liquids as often as practicable.

VII.—Let a vowel or h begin every word ending in dr, gr, dn, gn, thr, vn, w, &c.

## WELSH NAMES OF APPLES.

THE following is a list of the names by which the Welsh peasantry designate the several sorts of apples that are grown in the Principality. It will be seen that very few are translations of English terms; they appear to have been invented by the natives themselves, according to the characteristics which the various kinds of apples presented respectively to their notice:—

*Brenin y berllan*, a fine large winter and cider apple.

*Glas y dail*,  
*Glas y Bryngwyn*, } gillyflower.

*Afal mawr wndy*, a fine large apple in Gwent.

*Will crych*,  
*Crych y gwin*,  
*Mari crych*,  
*Crych coed Gwent*, } Agley crab, an excellent cider apple, first found wild in the wood of Gwent.

*Brith y gwin bach*, red streak.

*Brith y gwin mawr*, backamore.

*Coch y gwin*, Glamorgan,  
*Afal gainwr*, Gwent, } fox whelps.

*Sieni foel haf*, the Gennet moil.

*Llwyd Morganwg*, the royal russet.

*Llwyd llydan mawr*, Wheeler's russet.

*Llwyd llydan bach*, nonpareil.

*Llwyd hannergoch*, Hervey russet, or leather coat russet.

*Llwyd hir*, Pile's russet.

*Llwyd crwn bach*, forest russet, originally brought from Dean Forest.

*Llwyd Llundain*, pomeroy.—*Margam and St. Mary Church*.

*Llwyd mawr Gwent*, a large russet, almost peculiar to the north-east parts of Monmouthshire, in shape like the Wheeler's russet, but larger, and apparently inferior for eating, yet an excellent baking apple.

*Llwyd ag aur*, golden russet.

*Afal claw*, the clove apple, spice apple.

*Pen y Gath*, cat head.

*Cochirgwymog y gauaf*, } winter queening, excellent  
     Glamorgan, } for cider.—*Mamhilad*.

*Coch Cilffeigin*, Gwent, }  
*Coch gwrymog yr haf*, summer queening, *Glamorgan*.

*Afal Ewias*, query, a good cider apple?

*Yr hen bippin bach*, } golden pippin, *Margam*.  
*Yr hen Gymro bach*, }

*Yr hen bippin mawr*.

*Yr hen Gymro mawr*, } specked pippin, common in Gla-  
*Pippin Morganwg*, } morgan, an excellent apple.  
*Pippin ticcog*, }

*Pippin brith mawr*, query, at Sandpit?

*Pippin brith bach*, strawberry pippin.

*Pippin cróg*, } bell pippin, a fine large  
*Pippin pencawr*, } fruit in Glamorgan.  
*Pippin mawr Llancarfan*, }

*Afal modryb Ann*, John apple.

*Afal Awst gwyn*, } summer pomeyoy.  
*Afal Twm ap Hywel*, }

*Afal Anna*, } query, a fine, golden-hued, summer  
*Melyn yr aur*, } apple?—*Glamorgan*.

*Glas y gauaf*, } query, at Landough-super-Ely and  
*Glas mawr*, } Flimston?

*Glas Llundain*, London greenling.

*Pippin glas*, } Kentish pippin.  
*Pippin Herbert*, }

*Pippin y brenin*, } at Greenway, Rumney, a fine, gold-  
*Pippin tyllgoed*, } coloured, large pippin.

*Pippin dulas*, Dursley pippin. *Ibid.*, the same, or much like *Glas Llundain*.

*Minwyn*, geneting.

*Afal Seissyllt*, query, an excellent and very delicious early summer apple, at Landough-Juxta-Cowbridge?

*Hen las bach*, a fine, little, green apple, Welsh greenling.

—*St. Athan*, &c.

*Para byth*, oaken pin; it will keep three or four years.

*Coch cynhauaf*, a fine early apple.

*Pryd i wr*, drummer.



*Brith Llancarfan,* }  
*Brith ag aur,* } orel, a very fine apple.  
*Brith Morganwg,* }  
*Eurel,* }  
*Brith y dyffryn,* the pome de rambour, apparently ; a  
 very fine large apple.

*Blas y gwin,* }  
*Dugoch Morganwg,* } cat's brains ; an excellent apple,  
*Cyfaill goreu,* } peculiar to Glamorgan.

*Coch y gwenyn,* pome d'api.

*Afal tingwydd,* lemon apple.

*Bysedd Mair,* }  
*Gwledd i frenin,* } lady's fingers, stubborn.

*Pen y melinydd,* rawling, it has a fine dust, or bloom,  
 like a plum, a very fine tasted baking and cider  
 apple, common in Glamorgan and Gwent, but scarce  
 everywhere else.

*Cawr y berllan,* glory of the west.

*Afal y botten,* pudding apple ; a large fine fruit, peculiar  
 to Glamorgan.

*Balch y berllan,* Portugal rennet.

*Brith y gwenyn,* a large, sweet, flattish, red-streaked  
 apple, common in Glamorgan and Devon.

*Glog frân,* } a large green apple that will keep all  
*Bola hollt,* } winter, Milford apple.

*Afal mawr y Dyffryn,* a fine large apple ; at Carion's  
 Pool.

*Afal Arthur, query,* a large apple, very much like in  
 shape, taste, and colour to the golden rennet, but a  
 little sharper, and much larger,—drummer ?

*Llwyd newydd,* Famagust, or large nonpareil.

*Pen tarw,* }  
*Gwyn mawr,* } lincot, a large whitish apple, peculiar to  
 Glamorgan.

*Coch mawr,* loggerhead, a large red apple.

*Twm gibwn,* a red streaked, flattish, winter apple, common  
 in Glamorgan, delicious in the opinion of those who  
 dislike sharp, brisk-flavoured fruit.

*Afal Mair,* }  
*Brith bach Hywel,* } St. Mary apple.

*Gwyn y berth*, query, a very good cider apple? in Glamorgan often planted in hedge-rows round the orchard, along hedges of fields, &c., and raised from slips most commonly.

*Chiblyn brith*, Hereford red streak, excellent for cider.

*Chwiblyn surlas*, Devonshire wilding, a very good cider fruit.

*Afal y marchog*,  
*Afal Syr Philip*,<sup>1</sup> } golden renet.

*Pippin Caerloyw*, Holland pippin.

*Pippin dulas*, forest pippin, a very long keeping and good baking fruit; in other respects ordinary.

*Cydodyn*, called also *Kedodin* in Herefordshire, a fine cider apple.

*Coch Cwmcidi*, red must,  
*Gwyn Cwmcidi*, white must, } good for cider.

*Rhobin Rhydog*, Hervey russet.

*Llwyd agenog*, a small, fine flavoured russet.

*Gwyn y mel*, a sweet apple in Glamorgan.

*Melynhir melus*, a fine, long, sweet apple.

*Suwgr a mel*, sugar apple.

*Bys yn y mel*, long tailed sweeting.

*Y fwch goch*, red stiar.

*Y fwch wen*, white stiar.

*Pippin y gwin*, orange pippin.

*Afal Illtud*,  
*Afal Mr. Price*, } query, at Ham, a fine autumn apple?

*Afal Madog*, summer pearmain, excellent for mild cider.

*Cyfaill hirnos*, winter pearmain.

*Afal yr hen ŵr*, a fine tender eating apple.

*Melus cynhauaf*, a small, flattish, early sweeting, peculiar to Glamorgan.

*Afal Robin*, summer blanchet.

*Blas y cwrw*, bitter sweeting, delicious when long kept for eating, and will keep very long.

*Melus y gwial*, a sweet apple peculiar to Glamorgan.

The trees that bear it grow in twigs. A fine fruit, but not a good bearer.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Phillip Basset, probably.

*Afal y Iarll*, a large apple of a brisk flavour, ripe in September, of a pippin form.—*Goodwell* and *Westre*.

*Afal basset*, Bewper pearmain.

*Afal y brenin*, the yellow pomeroiy.

*Afal Elsbeth*, an early, white, flat, summer apple.—*Northmead*.

*Gwledd y fedel*, a fine, very large, juicy, summer apple.

*Afal Marged*, Magdalen apple.

*Tammaid yr Angel*, angel's bit.

*Afal brith Ffraingc*, red calville.

*Afal gwyn Ffraingc*, white calville.

*Gwyn cynhauaf*, broadling, peculiar to Glamorgan and Caermarthen.

*Coes y dryw*, woodcock, very good for cider, an excellent bearer. It has a very small and long stem, hence the Welsh and English names, the first from its smallness, the other from its length.

*Pippin bach llydan*, Kerton pippin.

*Pippin Llandaf*, a fine large pippin.

*Pippin Trefflemin*,  
*Pippin Llanilldud*, } at Flimston.

*Pippin haf*, summer pippin.

*Gwell na mil*, go no further.

*Twyll Efa*,  
*Afal Gwdyr*,  
*Afal yr haul*, } transparent apple.

*Afal glan y môr*,  
*Gwledd y Forwyn*, } a fine, white, summer apple.—*Fonmon Orchards*. It is said that it thrives best near the sea.

*Gwledd y bugail*, shepherd's feast, a fine summer apple, very early, and has a fine acidity.

*Pippin gwyrddlydan*, flat green pippin at Flimston, a delicious fine flavoured fruit. The tree very dwarfish.

*Pippin y meddyg*, specked pippin, said to be very good in fevers, pleurisies, inflammations of the lungs, &c., eaten raw, roasted, boiled, baked, &c., or used in a posset.

*Afal Dewi*, a fine, brisk flavoured, flattish and red streaked apple that keeps long, the tree large.—*Fonmon Orchards*.



*Afal Nôn.*

*Afal gwraig y tŷ*, good housewife, in some places the codling, in others the broadling.

*Afal y bastai*, Bernard apple.

*Hen Forgan*, query?

*Afal Robin*, summer blanchet.

*Afal gwyn Hydref*, autumn blanchet.

*Yr Hen Lassog*, a good, green, winter apple.

*Afal Martin*, query?

*Afal yr 'lwyddes*, lady apple.

*Afal y llaeth*, codling, used with milk.

*Crychyn yr haf*, summer queening.

*Crychyn y gauaf*, winter queening.

*Melyn Hydref*, query?

*Melyn yr Esgob*, query?

*Melyn y gauaf*, query?

<i>Melynog mawr</i> ,	}	Devonshire apple; a large apple with a fine acidity, excellent for boiling or baking.
<i>Melynlas mawr</i> ,		

<i>Cydymaith da</i> ,	}	Cock's pippin.— <i>Devon</i> . Lady Jane. — <i>Glamorgan</i> . An excellent apple.
<i>Bola hollt</i> ,		

*Minswyn gauaf*,

*Coeshir y gwin*, woodcock.

*Coeshir y gauaf*, French longstem.

*Calon garreg*, stone pippin, good for nothing till a year old at least.

*Melus y dryw*, a sweet tender apple.

*Afal y fedel*, a fine, sharp, juicy, eating apple.

*Magi wen*, Blanchet.

*Llingod*, lincot.

*Gwledd i frenin*, furze pippin.

*Penbwla*, none such in some places, cat head in others.

*Dugoch hir*, cat's brain.

*Dugoch crwnn*, a small deep red apple, round pippin, formed in the eye, a good winter eating apple.

*Blas y beren*, a pear-tasted apple, small and red streaked, in Fonmon Nursery; fine flavoured, will keep pretty long.

*Clog y milwr*, scarlet queening.

*Glassog hen*, an old greenling.  
*Cawr coch*, drummer.  
*Cawr glas*, cat head.  
*Cawr brith*, Portugul.  
*Brychlaw mawr*, cat head.  
*Cochlwyd*, Hervey russet.  
*Bendith Mair*, query?  
*Yr Hen Gymro*, Welsh, or little greenling, an excellent apple.

This list was compiled with especial reference to Glamorgan; hence the local allusions. We shall be glad if some of our readers will furnish us with additional names, if any are known to exist, in other parts of the Principality.

## TALIESIN AND CATTWG.

(*From the Book of Sion Philip of Treëos.*)

Taliesin fardd yn ymgyflwyn a  
 Chattwg Ddoeth yn Llanfeithin  
 ai cyfarches fal hynny.

## TALIESIN.

Fy Athraw Gwyn, dyfod attoch  
 ydd wyf, gan ymolwyn arnoch fy  
 iawnhau yn fy Lladin mal ai  
 gwypwyf er daioni, ag ar ol  
 hynny, fy iawnhau yn fy Nghym-  
 raeg mal ai deallwyf o gyfiawn  
 wybod er dywenydd a diddanwch  
 immi, boed i'ch hynawsder ddan-  
 gos a fo'n deilwng imini.

## CATTWG.

Fy Maccwy penfelyn serchog-  
 wen, yn gyntaf ymgais a'th  
 Gymraeg, ag ymiawnhau ynddi  
 er lles dy wlad a'th genedl, ag er  
 daioni dy hun a'th gyfagosiaid  
 gwlad a chenedl, gan ymlenogi  
 ynddi, a gwedi hynny ymbwyll  
 a'th Ladin er lles a daioni a fedrod

Taliesin the Bard, presenting  
 himself before Cattwg the Wise  
 at Llanveithin, accosted him thus.

## TALIESIN.

My Blessed Teacher, I have  
 come hither to beseech you to set  
 me right as to my Latin, that I  
 may know it profitably; and after-  
 wards to set me right as to my  
 Welsh, that, knowing it properly,  
 I may understand it for my  
 pleasure and consolation. May  
 your kindness teach me what is fit.

## CATTWG.

My yellow-haired Pupil, affec-  
 tionate and bland—in the first  
 place apply thyself to Welsh, and  
 set thyself right in it for the  
 benefit of thy country and nation,  
 and for thy own good, and that  
 of thy neighbouring country and  
 nation—becoming a scholar in it.

o'r Byd dros ben angeneddyl parth  
ag at dy wlad a'th genedl. Ag o  
wneuthur hyn o'm cyngor dydi a  
geffy ddywenydd a diddanwch dy  
wala, a chofia fy ngair, nid dy-  
wenydd ond iawnder gwybodau,  
nid diddanwch ond daioni ai  
gydfodoliaid (gyfymlyniaid *al.*)

## TALIESIN.

Fy Nhad am Athraw Gwyn.  
Gwelaf eich cyngor fed ei waelod,  
gwelaf ei holl iawnderau, ag y  
mae yn drachadarn yn ymleoci  
yn fy nghalon a'm deall, ag yn  
mynnu mal o drais fy holl ser-  
chiadau, a minnau yn eu rhoddi  
iddo ag erddo fal y dylyiai fyth i  
fab a Maccwy Dedwyddbwyll, i  
Dad ac Athraw Gwynbwyll yn  
ddiymattreg. Duw yn dal im  
Tad am Athraw Gwynn am ei  
gyngor ai addysg.

Ag yna ydd aroses Daliesin  
nawmlynedd amisyngor Cattwg,  
ag a ddaeth yn ei ol ir byd yn  
Bendoethion ei wlad ac yn Ben  
Beirdd Ynys Prydain, ag achos  
hynny y gelwir ef hyd heddiw  
Taliesin Ben Beirdd.

Afterwards study Latin for the  
good and benefit of thy con-  
versation in the world beyond that  
necessity which is imposed upon  
thee in respect of thy own country  
and nation. And in following  
this my advice, thou shalt obtain  
pleasure and consolation in abun-  
dance. Remember also my word,  
there is no pleasure but just  
sciences,—there is no consolation  
but goodness and its co-existences.

## TALIESIN.

My blessed Father and Teacher,  
I see your counsel thoroughly—I  
see all its just bearings, and it is  
seating itself most firmly in my  
heart and understanding, and  
gaining all my affections as it were  
by force, I yielding them up to  
and for it, as it ever becometh a  
happily-discreet son and pupil to  
do to a holily-discreet Father and  
Teacher. May God be a reward  
to my blessed Father and Teacher  
for his counsel and instruction.

Then Taliesin tarried nine years  
and a month in Cattwg's College,  
and returned to the world at the  
head of the wise men of his  
country, and chief of the Bards  
of the Isle of Britain. Where-  
fore he is called to this day  
Taliesin, chief of the Bards.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## IOLO MORGANWG'S TOMB.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—Waring, in concluding his interesting *Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams*, pathetically remarks:—

“Many an epitaph had the hand of Old Iolo chiselled, commemorating names unknown to the roll of fame, whilst of himself, though acknowledged on that roll, it must now be said,—

‘Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies.’

For the honour of Glamorgan, and in vindication of the Cymro's respect for native genius, let us hope this reproach will not long be a theme for those who, with tributary veneration, seek the tomb of Iolo Morganwg.”

This was written in 1850. Has the reproach been allowed to remain? If my memory fails not I read somewhere that Old Iolo wrote his own epitaph; and in turning over some MS. papers lately, I discovered in his own handwriting what I consider to be the identical epitaph alluded to. I take the liberty of sending a copy for insertion in your pages, being persuaded that you and your readers will agree with me that it is *the* epitaph which ought to be engraved on the venerable bard's tombstone.

“Er cof am Iorwerth Gwilym o'r Plwyf hwn, Maensaer; tŷ pa un sydd yma 'n llwyr adfeiliedig. Syrthiodd y muriau ar yr . . . er hynny cesglir y defnyddion etto yn eu hiawn bryd gan y Pen Adeiliwr, ac a'u gosodir ynghyd yn adeiliad hardd tra chywrair wedi ei seilio ar Graig yr oesoedd, ac nis syrthia mwy, a phyth mwy ni welir arno 'r adfeiliad lleiaf.”

*Another Version.*

“Er cof am Iorwerth Gwilym o'r Plwyf hwn, Maensaer: tŷ pa un a syrthiodd yma 'n garnedd ar y . . . dydd o . . . Er hynny cesglir etto mewn amser priodol yr holl ddefnyddion ynghyd, ac a'u hadgyssylltir gan y Pensaer Mawr yn adeiliad hardd, a'i waith yn dro chywrair, wedi ei seilio ar Graig yr oesoedd, a byth mwy ni syrth, a byth mwy ni welir arno 'r adfeiliad lleiaf.

Ty newydd hardd bardd y bydd i'w goadiad

Yn gadarn a chelfydd

\* \* \* \* \*

*Another.*

“Cof am Iorwerth ap Iorwerth Gwilym, o'r Plwyf hwn, Maensaer. Ty pa un ar ol sefyll . . . mlynedd dan ymgyrch llawer bloeddwynt angerddol a syrthiodd yn garnedd ar yr . . . dydd o . . . Er

hynny cesglir etto yr holl ddefnyddiau ynghyd, ac au cyssylltir ynghyd, gan adael yr holl sothach ar ol, yn adeilad hardd a chadarn, yn waith tra chywrair a gogoneddus wedi ei seilio dros fyth ar Graig yr oesoedd gan y Pensaer, a byth mwy ni syrth, byth mwy ni welir arno yr adfeiliad lleiaf.

Adeiliad hardd bardd y bydd—iw godiad

Yn gadarn a chelfydd,

Ton addien mewn tŷ newydd,

Gorfoledd ffaw 'n rhodiaw 'n rhydd."

On another page occurs a translation in two versions as follow:—

"In Memory of Edward Williams of this Parish, Mason, whose building lies here in complete ruin. Yet shall the materials be collected together again and replaced by the Great Master Builder, forming a structure of very superior workmanship, founded on the Rock of Ages, never more to fall, never more to experience the least decay, whatever storms or floods may beat against it."

*Another.*

"In Memory of Edward Williams of this parish, Mason, whose building lies here in ruins—the dilapidation took place on . . . yet shall the materials be once more collected together and re-edified by the Great Master Builder, forming an edifice of very superior workmanship, founded on the Rock of Ages, never more to fall, never more to experience the least decay."—Yours truly,

TEGEINGL.

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### HUAN.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—Flaherty, *Ogygia*, p. 478, mentions HUAN as a King of the Britons, who lived about 642. Many would be glad to know something more about him.—I remain, &c.,

HU.

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*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—I find as follows:—"Celydd Ieuan, a house in Glamorgan, the inheritance of a family that is in possession of a manuscript of the Welsh Bible, translated by an ancestor about a hundred years before the printed version."—Dr. O. Pugh's *Dictionary*, under the word "Celydd." Can any of your readers in Glamorganshire give any information as to the existence of the above MS.?—I remain, &c.,

LLALLAWG.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

**MAURITIUS MORGANENSIS.**—He was a South Wales Briton, a master of Oxon, a schoolmaster of many scholars. He lost no time in study, was counted a good rhetorician and poet, wrote some epigrams, and much in the British tongue. Many write that this man had night conferences with a dead knight. He died an old man, anno 1210, under King John.

**GLAMORGAN BARDS.**—The bards in Glamorgan, so late as 1700, taught reading and writing in Welsh from house to house; and some of them practised physic, taught archery, grafting fruit trees, &c., and for this they were rewarded with presents of corn, cheese, butter, wool, bacon, beef, fat geese, Christmas gifts of mead, bragod, &c.

**LLANDAFF EISTEDDVOD IN 1564.**—The following were present:—Sir Thomas Jones, Giles ap John, William Dyfi, Thomas Brwynllys, Thomas Llywelyn, Meuryg Dafydd, Sion Mowddwy, Thomas Lewys, Meredydd ap Rhoser, Hopcin Twm Philip, Twm Sion Catti, Sir Sion Gruffudd of Llangrallo, Evan Gruffudd his brother, Mr. William Evans, the Chancellor, being the judge.—*Dafydd Benwyn.*

**MONUMENT TO THE 23RD ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.**—We are enabled to state that Colonel Lysons has decided on the open space in Lammas Street, near the entrance to Water Street, Caermarthen, as the site for the monument to the Welsh Fusiliers. A contract has been entered into with the Messrs. Williams, masons, for the stone work, and the whole will be effected under the superintendence of Mr. Weekes. The monument was designed and executed by Edward Richardson, Esq., of London, an artist highly and deservedly esteemed, and better known among *connoisseurs* as “the Restorer of the Temple Church Monument,” and numerous military and ecclesiastical works.

**SINGING TO THE HARP.**—*Manner of North Wales.*—A number of singers, some of them poets also, others only reciters, meet at an appointed place, attended by a harper, and often a performer on the *crwth*, or violin. These play a variety of tunes, whilst the singers perform their vocal parts in a kind of *chant*, or recitative tone, using every kind of verse, or stanza, indifferently. The great art of this kind of singing is to introduce the verse, or stanza, in such a manner as to be well adapted to the movements or feet of the poetry, and having its intonation as much as possible in concord with the music played on the instrument, making thereunto a kind of *bass*, or *second*. To this they endeavour to add as much melody as possible. Skilful singers can adapt any kind of verse, couplet, or stanza, to any tune whatever with ease, pausing at proper symphonious parts of the tune. There is considerable difficulty in acquiring the proper manner and the



necessary skill in this mode of singing. *Manner of South Wales.*—This is like that of most other countries in Europe; that is, the instrument plays the appropriate tune to which any piece of lyric poetry has been set, and the singer performs his part by accompanying it with the words. In the opinion of many, this mode is more melodious than that of North Wales, though the latter is more difficult, more curious, and, it would appear, more ancient. A good opportunity of judging the respective merits of the two systems will be afforded at the Grand National Eisteddfod in September.

## THE THOUSAND MARKS.

1153. Daliwyd Ropert Tywysog Morganwg gan wyr y Brenin Stephan, a gorfu ar y Cymry a Saeson Caerloyw wneuthur mil o forcau er prynu Ropert, ag o hynn y daeth Tâl y Fil forcau gyntaf i'r Tywysog o Diroedd gwyr Morganwg.—*MS.*

A.D. 1153. Robert, Prince of Glamorgan, was apprehended by King Stephen's men, and the Cymry and Saxons of Gloucester were obliged to produce a thousand marks with the view of ransoming Robert. Hence was first derived the payment of a thousand marks to the prince in respect of the lands of the men of Glamorgan.

## RHYFEDDODAU YNYS PRYDAIN.

1<sup>af</sup> Y Pec, sef twll yn y ddaear o ba un y daw gwynt tra chadarn bob amser. 2<sup>i</sup> Y Cor Cowri ar fynydd Amri gerllaw Caer Gariadawc lle claddwyd tywysogion y brutaniaid, a laddesid drwy dwyll Hengist tywysog y Saeson lle mae main anfeidrol o faint wedi osod ar lun pyrth pob un ar ucha ei gilydd ag ni wyddis yn ysbys pa wedd y gosodid hwynt yno eithr rhai a ddywaid mae trwy gelfyddyd Merddin. Trydydd (see farther in MSS.) yw torr llyn llion yn y Gogledd lle torres y dwr gyntaf o'r ddaear ac yr aeth dros yr holl fyd yn ddwr diliw ac a fyth hyd fyth ar brydiau amserau yn cyfod yn dyrrau anfeidrol eu maint ag yn cwmpaw ar led yn boddi 'r wlad o gylch. Pedwe-

## THE WONDERS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN.

The first is the Pec, that is, a hole in the earth, whence issues at all times a very strong wind.

The second is the Choir of Giants, on Mount Avebury, near Caer Caradog, where were interred the British princes who had been slain through the treachery of Hengist, Prince of the Saxons, where there are stones of stupendous size placed in the form of door-ways, one above the other, and it is not exactly known how they were placed, but some say that it was through the art of Merddin.

The third is the bursting of the Lake of Waters in the North, where the water first burst out of the earth, and spread in a flood over all the world, and will continue to arise occasionally in heaps of stu-

rydd yw gogof y Gwyddoniaid lle yddaethant llawer o bobl yddynt ac a welasant adeiliadau ac afonydd ag nis gellid myned ir eithafon o honynt.—*MS.* 29. Apparently in the Welsh School Library.

pendous magnitude, and then to fall on every side so as to drown the country round.

The fourth is the cave of the Wise Men, whither many persons went, and saw there buildings and rivers, but they could not go to its furthest end.

#### EDGAR'S STRATAGEM.

Edgar Brenin Llundain a ddaeth a Chad ar Faes yn erbyn Morgan Mawr ab Ithel i Forganwg ag annog ei Wyr i Gymmeryd gyda nhwy ei gwragedd au plant ar fronau a phan y cyffyrddai Gad y Saeson ag un Morgan, peri i'r Gwragedd fwrw eu plant bychain ar lawr yr ymladdfa ger bron y Cymry, sef y Gwyddynt y Codai Gwyr Morgan y babanod ac ni sarnaint arnynt a thra gwelaint hynny erchi ar gad y Saeson ruthro ar un Morgan. Daeth dichell Edgar i Glyw Morgan ag efe a beris i gad o fynywod y Cymry ddilyn ei gad arfawg, a hynny a fu, a phan ymgyfarfu y ddwy gad bwriasant y Saeson eu plant ar y Maes. Yna Morgan ai wyr a giliasant ir Tu assw dan rith ffo, a gwragedd y Cymry a godasant y plant ag a maethant yna cad Morgan a droesant yn fyrr ar y Saeson ag au lladdasant gan mwyaf, a Morgan a beris meithrin babanod y Saeson yn ofalus, a chaid pen yr ugain mlynedd 500 o'r bechgyn yn wyr dan arfau.—*MS.*

Edgar, King of London, brought an army into the field into Glamorgan against Morgan the Great, son of Ithel, and exhorted his men to take with them their wives and sucking babes, and when the army of the Saxons and that of Morgan should meet, he told the women to cast their children on the battleground before the Welsh, well knowing that the men of Morgan would take up the babes, and would not trample upon them. And when they should see that, he commanded the army of the Saxons to fall upon that of Morgan. Morgan was made acquainted with Edgar's treachery, and he bade the Welsh women follow his armed troop, which they did, and when the two armies met, the Saxons threw their children on the field. Then Morgan and his men retreated to the left, under the pretext of flight, and the Welsh women took up the children and nursed them. Whereupon Morgan's army suddenly turned upon the Saxons, and slew them in great numbers; and Morgan gave orders that the Saxon babes should be carefully nurtured, and in twenty years' time 500 of the boys were found to be men in arms.

## REVIEWS.

**GLADYS OF HARLECH; OR, THE SACRIFICE.** A Romance of Welsh History. By L. M. S. 3 vols. London: Ch. J. Skeet. 1858.

Wales is peculiarly the land of romance. It is the scene of all the adventures recorded in the *Mabinogion*—those old and interesting tales which imparted a character to the literature of France, Germany and Scandinavia in the middle ages. Every hill, every dale in the country is a witness to some exploit which was performed in times gone by. Every page of our national annals exhibits marvels of love, of bravery, of patriotism, of treason, that appear to us at this distant period to partake more of the character of fiction than fact. Still they are facts, and the wonder is that the novelist has not more extensively made use of them. Until the last few years we had no books of fiction, illustrative of Welsh manners and customs, that a genuine Cymro could for a moment tolerate; so historically incorrect were the main subjects introduced, so full of inaccuracies in point of description were all the pages, so bedaubed with orthographical blunders, and, worse than all, so imbued with the spirit of English prejudice, that to read them was a penalty of the first class. In the vernacular we had absolutely no books of fiction whatever. The stern "truth against the world," which prevented the bard from employing fiction in song, had seemingly taken such hold of the public mind, that writers were loath to give room to the imagination in any kind of composition. In reading a tale, the Welsh peasant would unsuspectingly believe every word in it, however marvellous, until it should be authoritatively shown to him that it was a mere work of imagination. In that case he would in great disdain throw it aside as a "lie," unfit for a Christian to read. Of late, however, (within the last ten years,) there has been a great reaction in this respect. Works of fiction are rapidly multiplying, and read with avidity by the Welsh population. The pharisaical rust which had well nigh obliterated the national character, is fast rubbing off; and our countrymen are once more relaxing their muscles, and wearing that mirthful countenance for which they were once distinguished. In the English language, too, we are beginning to have novels of the right stamp. Two authors in particular have lately appeared among us, who have exhibited no inconsiderable amount of skill and power in the treatment of this species of literature—the Rev. R. W. Morgan, of Tregynon, and L. M. S. Both have their peculiar excellencies: the former revels in the descriptive, and his great command of language imparts to his writings a majestic and classical character; the style of the authoress of *Gladys of Harlech* is simple and chaste, and the subject of her tale is pleasingly worked up, and invested with that varied interest which prevents the attention of the reader from flagging for a single moment. But in the true spirit of patriotism none can be



said to yield to the other; it penetrates *Raymond de Monthault* equally with *Gladys of Harlech*, and gives life and vigour to both works, which it is refreshing to contemplate.

The time which L. M. S. has chosen to illustrate is that of the war of the Roses; her heroine being the grand-daughter of Davydd ab Einion, the unyielding constable of Harlech Castle, who makes a "sacrifice" of her own feelings on the altar of patriotism.

One of the best characters in the book is the Lady of Gêst, a "Dewines," or witch, very appropriately introduced into a Welsh tale. We consider the fair authoress to have been remarkably felicitous in her delineation of this personage, and of the influence which she possessed over the credulous minds of the peasantry. The way in which she has managed to weave into the tale the description of the Harlech meteor of 1694, and made it to serve as an illustration of the supernatural power supposed to be possessed by the Dewines is very good.

"Stephen and Tyrrel Conyers a day or two afterwards came to Harlech in consternation, with tidings of the serious destruction of the property of the late keeper, and of their own.

" 'I do not understand you, I am confused,' cried young Stacey, with an expression of perplexity. 'Do you say the Witch of Gêst has been destroying our property in Caernarvonshire? I thought she had taken her departure; how is this, Stephen?'

" 'It is true she has fled the country, but she has left a fire-spirit behind her. It was water the witch used against the revenue officers, she has now punished us with fire. She has raised a spirit of hell against us. Cottages have been consumed; stacks and barns are burning even now. The Morfa is wasted, ruin is upon everything. The cattle, sheep, and lambs, upon your sheep-walk are destroyed. The fire-spirit has poisoned the grass, poisoned the air, all that eat herbage there die.'

" 'The Holy Virgin protect us! You cannot really mean fire, a spirit-fire!' cried Henry Stourton, with a ghastly hue passing over his features. 'How do you know that it was the witch?'

" 'It is the witch, she was seen on the night the smugglers quitted the bay, standing on a rock in the middle of the Morfa Bychan Sands, with a pale blue torch in her hand. Afterwards she was observed tracking her course in the direction of your lands, and setting the marsh on fire. Every night since then it is to be seen. This spirit-fire is like a blue flame. Where its track is marked out, the judgment of the Dewines is consummated. It moves sometimes slow, sometimes quick. Tyrrel and I were there last night. We saw the ricks and barns flame up, as if kindled by lightning, and the grass wither beneath. Our curiosity was so great that we tried to catch it with our hands. It did not burn. Water will not quench it, yet it consumes our property. If you call to it very loudly it vanishes away, and then returns. You must come and see it, Henry, that pale, blue, flickering flame, hovering like a ghost over the wasted land. It shuns the sun's light, doubtless because it comes from the father of evil. The Witch of Gêst holds a charm against the Saxons; several of our ricks and barns, and many of yours, are burned. Methinks it is a pity, Stacey, that we quarrelled with the ruler of the sea and land. The country people are in great trouble. Many are ruined, are homeless, and curse the Saxons for having crossed the path of the terrible woman of Gêst.'"—pp. 220, &c.

We must congratulate L. M. S. upon the national individualism she has been able to impart to the different characters by means of vernacular phraseologies, though the printer has evidently done his utmost to impair them.

We have no fault to find with any portion of the work, though we may wish some things had been differently done. The authoress might have worked up the real offspring of Davydd ap Einion, without having recourse to the creation of fictitious names; this course would have been certainly more pleasing to those, and they are many, who claim descent from the brave constable of Harlech. We never could discover the reason why Gladys should have a Saxon mother; it appears to us that her sacrifice would have presented itself in a stronger light, if both her parents boasted of Cymric blood. Lastly, we wish L. M. S. had, in her description of the battle of Bosworth, introduced the names of more Welsh chiefs on the side of Richmond, with the view of exhibiting that battle, as it was in reality regarded by Lewis Glyn Cothi, and other contemporaries, in the light of a national war between the Welsh and English.

AN ENGLISH AND WELSH DICTIONARY, adapted to the Present State of Science and Literature, in which the English Words are deduced from their Originals, and explained by their Synonyms, in the Welsh Language. Part XXXI. By DANIEL SILVAN EVANS. T. Gee, Denbigh. 1858.

This part, which has just reached us, concludes a work on which our learned and patriotic countryman has bestowed the energies of more than eleven years. We have not yet had an opportunity of examining the previous parts of the work, and therefore are unable to pronounce an opinion as to the extent to which as a whole it must suffer from the "mutilation" which the compiler complains the present part to have been subjected to at the hands of the publisher. If this is not equal in point of fullness, illustration, and accuracy, to the portions which have gone before, all we can say is that the public will not rest contented until the deficiency is remedied. They have a right to expect general harmony and consistency in every work, but more particularly in such as profess to be national. We regret exceedingly that the good understanding and mutual confidence which existed for so many years between Mr. Evans and his publisher did not continue to the end.

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ALBAN



ELVED.

(AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.)

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HISTORY OF THE BRITISH BARDS.

By the Late IOLO MORGANWG, B.B.D.

SCHOOLS OF WELSH POETRY.

PRIMITIVE SCHOOL.

It has been usual when speaking of the fine arts, as painting, sculpture, music, &c., to define them, and what has been exhibited in them, as a certain school; thus, in painting, we have the Italian school, the Flemish school, the English school, &c.; and so, or similarly, of the other arts.

In poetry, too, we have our several schools,—the schools of Spencer and Milton, Dryden and Pope, of Thomson, &c. I cannot think of a better manner of treating of the poetry of the ancient Welsh bards than by using this kind of language; and, in the first place,—

I.—*The Ancient or Primitive School, or that of the Druids.*—The great object of this school was to pro-



pagate useful knowledge, and to convey effectually from one person, place, or age, to another, such principles of theology, morality, jurisprudence, and whatever had a tendency to forward the progress of civilization, and to ameliorate the condition of society.

We have good reasons for believing that the Cymry were acquainted with the use of letters from a very early period, before the arrival of the Romans in Britain; and indeed the probability is considerable that they were, on their first coming into this island, acquainted with letters; but then the manner of using them, which was by cutting them on wood, required so much time and labour, that to convey useful knowledge to the great body of the nation by means of letters was a thing of very great difficulty, and almost impossible. Paper and parchment, and probably the use of ink, were yet unknown, and it was of the utmost importance to teach the people those indispensable principles of civilizing arts and sciences without which no nation or political society can comfortably and securely subsist.

Poetry was adopted as the most feasible mode of effecting this great end;—the artificial arrangements of language on well known principles in verse, that could not be but with great difficulty altered,—connections of words, phrases, and of course ideas, that closely adhered together, and could not be broken without the consequent defects becoming obvious, rendered verse a very feasible, as well as very effectual, mode for this important purpose. Well constructed verse is easily remembered, easily learned, and that by those who have not the least idea of letters. Such persons as these can very correctly, and with speed, learn verse from others as illiterate as themselves,—can teach it those of the same description. In verse knowledge may be conveyed along an unlettered path (if I may use such expressions) from one person to another, and to very great numbers; from one place to another, however distant; from one age to another, even to very remote futurity. To this great principle of oral and traditionary instruction by means of verse, letters

were only used as auxiliaries,—poetry was the principal. Hence we find it an historical fact that the poetical fragments which remain of the primitive school are exactly of such a description as I have instanced. They contain religious doctrines, strongly and clearly expressed, aphorisms of morality in very concise, strong, and luminous language; maxims of legislation and jurisprudence are frequently to be met with in those ancient poetical remains. Of these the versification is generally very regular in everything, the lines are always, or with very rare exceptions, severely restricted to a fixed or established number of syllables, and formed into stanzas,—most frequently in triplets. Sometimes the stanzas are longer, of four, six, eight, and more lines, and generally all unirhyme, or ending in the same rhyme. There are, however, some exceptions; but they are rare. Some of those ancient fragments are, in short, couplets rhymed, but the rhymes changing with the couplets; these, however, are rare. But it appears to have been an established rule that, where the lines exceeded the length of five syllables, or, at farthest, of six, they should be cast into unirhyme stanzas of from three to any greater number of lines.

This most ancient kind of poetry is the most simple in the structure of the verse of any; it has a stated number of syllables in each line, and from this rule there are but seldom any deviations to be seen. They have a simple kind of *rhythmus* that is pleasing to the ear, and which admits of great variety, are always in rhyme, but have none of those artificial embellishments that we find in the poetry of the later schools.

It must be well observed that truth was on every occasion an indispensable requisite; no falsehood or fiction in history, no conjectural theology or morality were admitted. And it is remarkable that nothing of that ferocious or savage cast of sentiment, which we find in the primæval poetry of most other nations, and indeed in that of some of our own later schools, has yet been observed in what we may call our patriarchal poetry, of which we have no

inconsiderable remains, and which clearly indicates a very early and genuine civilization. We, the Cymry, seem clearly to have been barbarized, rather than more highly civilized, by the Romans, &c. Such had been the happy effects of that simple poetry in which our ancient bards communicated their doctrines of pure theology, and principles of genuine morality.

This school never became extinct. In all ages some of our bards have been students of it, and have attained to a high proficiency in its principles. Of this we have fine instances in many pieces of Taliesin, in what appears under the names of Cattwg Ddoeth, Bardd Glas o'r Gadair, Sippyn Cyfeiliog, Mabelaf ab Llywarch, and many others, down to the time of that fine moralist, Thomas Dafydd ap Ieuan ap Rhys, of Pwll y Crochan, Arllechwedd, in Caernarvonshire, who flourished about the year 1660. Since his time, however, this school has been very much on the decline, but has not become extinct.

The triplet, consisting most commonly of three seven-syllabic lines in unrhyme, was the most favourite metre of this school in all ages. The last line always turned on some very important moral sentiment, some theological truth, or some prudential maxim; the two first were illustrative of the last, and sometimes highly, and often beautifully, metaphorically so. Unrhyme stanzas of six or eight lines were also used frequently, as in "Dyhuddiant Elphin," "Englynion y Misoedd," some of "Englynion yr Eiry Mynydd," &c.

The very beautiful stanzas of "Coronog Faban," each of four unrhyme lines, are purely of this school. Of these we have several sets, one of them attributed to the celebrated Gildas Sapiens, and certainly of great antiquity; others are of later ages.

The poem entitled "Gosymdeith Llefoed Wynebglawr" belongs to this school, and is one of its finest productions. It abounds with the most beautiful moral sentiments that are anywhere to be found, impressively just, and many of them surprizingly philosophical.



“Englynion Dyad,” “Englynion y Clywed,” “Englynion y Gorwynion,” “Y Gnodiau,” “Cain Cynwyre,” “Marchwial,” and many others, of equally fine morality, are of this school.

The excellence of the poetry of this school consists in the justness of its sentiments, expressed in a rich simplicity of language, very copious, but very natural; it thinks deeply, but never deals in the bold tropes and figures of the middle age schools, nor in their often overstrained compounds; yet it uses compounds with moderation, and a propriety, I will say, an elegance, that to find in such a remote age appears a little wonderful. It deals much in a theology that is pure; its morality is rich in the perspicuity of its truths, in the powers of language that express them, and in the sublimity of its conceptions. In these things the Druid poetry submits to a comparison with no other yet known but that of David, of Isaiah, of Job, &c. This morality is generally connected, and that very naturally, and we may say neatly, with the most rational piety; instances of this are numerous. I would particularly instance “Dyhuddiant Elphin,” “Eiry Mynydd” verses, “Cain Cynwyre,” “Arthur ac Eliwlod,” &c.

In this school we find the knowledge of the human heart attained to in a high degree; the human affections were closely studied and livingly described, their effects minutely observed, and exhibited in the clearest and strongest lights.

A singularity appears in the Welsh poetry which originated in this school,—this is the practice of beginning every poem on important subjects with an address to the Deity; thus, in Taliesin,—

“Golychaf fy Nhad,  
Fy Nuw fy neirhiad,  
A ddodes trwy ’m iad  
Enaid ym bwyllad,  
Am gorug ymgwyllad  
Fy saith llafanad.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These seven faculties were,—1. Mental perception; 2. Corporeal

"I adore my Father, my God, my helper, Who infused into my brain a soul of reason, Who created in me the perceptions of my seven faculties (or powers)."

He adds,—

"Seith synwyr pwyllad ym pwyllwys fy Nhâd."

"With these seven powers of reason did my Father rationalize me."

To this school belong the triads; in this they originated. They were, however, retained by all the subsequent schools; so were some of the other peculiarities of this school. The addresses to the Deity, introductory, were more generally retained by the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan than by any other.

Everything within the circle of finite existence points at its origin—at the cause that produced it—a state of nature, of intellect, of society, or of something whence it sprung. Our primitive school is most obviously derived from a state of society wherein the noblest and most benign of the human affections had obtained the ascendancy over all others, but wherein intellect, rather than anything else, had been the object of science,—where mind rather than matter had been that on which ingenuity had bestowed its labours,—that the Cymric nation had for the founder of its polity a patriarch whose principles were those of justice, peace, and benevolence; and such, we are told, was our Hu Gadarn. Had the name of our great patriarch never been mentioned—had his existence never been recorded, yet our ancient institutions, our ancient moral principles, and our ancient conduct towards other nations, excepting two or three instances, and those by the universal consent of our own nation in after ages highly reprobated,—would have clearly indicated the infallible existence, in some early period of such a man, of such a state of society.

Edward Llwyd, and others after him, have attributed

vision; 3. Feeling, including taste; 4. Language, or vocality; 5. Hearing, susceptibility; 6. Bodily exertion; 7. Mental exertion. These things sufficiently prove that the bardic philosophy was not derived from Greece, or Rome.

the “Englynion Eiry Mynydd” to the ancient Druids; it is very probable that they are in the manner of our ancient bards and Druids. This manner has been retained through all ages down to nearly the present time; but those who think that the aphoristically moral stanzas of “Eiry Mynydd,” &c., are of very ancient date, are greatly mistaken beyond the least doubt, and show clearly that they are ignorant of the state of the language, and of the principles of versification that prevailed in different ages.

• “Englynion y Misoedd,” attributed to Aneurin Gwawdrydd, are certainly none of his, but were written by some bard of the fourteenth century. They have neither the language nor the versification of Aneurin. His internal rhymes that everywhere occur, and his assonances terminating the lines instead of perfect rhymes, which very frequently occur, with many other peculiarities, never occur in “Englynion y Misoedd.”

“Englynion Eiry Mynydd” were written about the beginning or middle of the fourteenth century at furthest; most of them are indeed attributed to Mabclaf ab Llywarch, a Southwallian bard of about the year 1360. I have seen some of them attributed to Rhys Goch Eryri. Perhaps the idea of Eiry Mynydd, in the beginning of each stanza, originated with him. It appears from some passages in his “Cywyddau,” that he had a *cadair*, or *gorsedd*, on SNOWDON, which is a literal translation of Eiry Mynydd. He says,—

“Mae main mawrwyrthiog i mi  
Yr awrhon yn yr Yri.”

There are “Englynion Eiry Mynydd” attributed to Ystyffan Bardd Teilaw. I hardly believe that this Ystyffan (Stephen), Bard of Teilaw, lived in the time of Teilaw, Bishop of Llandaff, but that he was one of his devotees in a much later age. Teilaw was greatly venerated and worshipped in the diocese of Llandaff, of which he was the tutelary saint.

“Englynion Marchwial” were most probably written



by one, or partly by each, of those three brothers who lived at Marchwial about the year 1360, or a little later perhaps; their names were Ednyfed ap Gruffudd, Madawc Benfras, and Llywelyn Llogell. They were amongst the most celebrated bards of that age. The sentiment on which these englynion turn is a caution not to reveal a secret to any one whatever, not even to utter it, or trust it to the voice—a sentiment very well adapted to the tumultuous and dangerous time of Owen Glyndwr's insurrection.

Sippyn Cyfeiliog lived about the same period. He wrote many pieces of aphoristical poetry; amongst others, a poem, in triplets, descriptive of every part of Wales, the character of the inhabitants, &c. This poem has been with extreme ignorance attributed to Aneurin Gwawdrydd, but copies of better authority attribute this piece to Sippyn Cyfeiliog. Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, and Dr. Davies, of Mallwyd, give "Englynion y Misoedd" to Sippyn Cyfeiliog, and I think very justly. The three bards of Marchwial were the sons of Gruffudd ap Iorwerth ap Einion Goch o Farchwial ym Maelor.

The real name of Sippyn Cyfeiliog was Dafydd Bach ap Madoc Wladaidd, called also Dafydd Maelienydd; he also assumed the fictitious name of Cneppyn Gwerthrynion.

I have somewhere read that Mabclaf ab Llywarch, otherwise called Mab Clochyddyn, was the same as Casnodyn, a Southwallian bard, but I am not clear that it is so. The bards of the age of Owen Glyndwr gave out their pieces under fictitious names, for reasons that are sufficiently obvious. Amongst those are, Casnodyn, Cneppyn Gwerthrynion, Sippyn Cyfeiliog, y Crach, y Cyw, Mabclochyddyn, Mabclaf ab Llywarch, Y Posned, and many others; the real names of those are for the most part unknown now.

Many pieces of that period were fictitiously attributed to Taliesin, Merlin, &c., most of them prophecies, some of them mythological, and druidically theological; a great number of pieces, such as those of "Eiry Mynydd,"

&c., consist of fine moral aphorisms in verse. All of those pieces under the names of Taliesin, Cattwg, &c., are such attempts as the bards of that period were able to make to imitate the manner of the ancient bards, of whose works we have many pieces remaining.

I admit the probability that a bard of the name of Ystyffan lived in the time of Teilaw, whose bard he might have been; but I greatly question whether the pieces that are now to be met with under his name are genuine; they are so much in the manner of pieces that are well ascertained to be of the fourteenth century, and differ so widely in language, style, and versification from our genuine ancient poems, that no doubt can remain as to their being of a comparatively recent period. Edward Llwyd, whatever some may think, was extremely ignorant of the Welsh language, of Welsh versification, and of the ancient Welsh mythology, and so are all those who adopt his sentiments. Let any judicious and unprejudiced critic compare the language of the poems under present consideration, with the authentic pieces of Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, the ancient charter of Llandaff, which is the oldest specimen of Welsh prose extant, and he will be, I think, clearly convinced of the justice of my observations.

*(To be continued.)*

# ALLYWELYN THE LAST.

By LADY MARSHALL.

(Continued from page 135.)

## CANIAD II.

PEARL OF DAYS—the mystic SEVEN—  
 Effluence of creative breath—  
 When the voice "TIS MORN AND EVEN"  
 Broke the silence deep as death!

Glorious was thy first creation—  
 Brighter far thy second birth,  
 When the AUTHOR OF SALVATION  
 Burst the trammels of the earth!

Welcome ever be thy presence,  
 Heritage of heavenly love,  
 Joy and triumph are thine essence—  
 Foretaste of the joys above.

If thy cycling turns are balmy,  
 That return is yet more sweet  
 Which commemorates the palmy  
 Garlands strewed at JESUS' feet.

If a Sunday yet more holy  
 Circles in the annual round,  
 It is that on which the lowly  
 CONQUEROR trod the palm-strewn ground.

Peal the organ—pour the voices—  
 Lift the censer—wave the palm—  
 All the world this Day rejoices  
 In its holy, heavenly calm!

The day thus feebly hymned had set:—  
 Its holy usage had been met  
 As duly, and its sacred rite  
 As well performed and graced as might  
 In troublous times—debateful site—  
 At HAWARDEN Castle in a year  
 Now past six centuries or near.

That stronghold's noble remnants show  
 Its proud pretensions long ago,  
 When Kings and Chiefs of rival powers  
 Attacked in turn its warlike towers.



Now from its "ivy mantled" keep  
 The eye delighted takes its sweep  
 O'er favoured regions—bounteous soil,  
 Inviting and rewarding toil.  
 Above—beneath, it teeming thrives,  
 Alike to those industrial hives.  
 The fires on Buckley heights that glow  
 No more presage the mustering foe:  
 The shafts that whistle from the bow<sup>1</sup>  
 Upon the smooth glacis below  
 Those rampired mounds, no longer rive  
 The steel-clad breasts of men who strive  
 For deadly stakes, but harmless fly,  
 At aim of gentle arm and eye,  
 In gay encounter—graceful sport—  
 Where now our "Marcher Lords" resort.

Hail then—united BRITAIN—Hail!  
 The useful—peaceful best avail  
 For everything, except—A TALE!  
 The day on which our story opes  
 How different looked those turfy slopes,  
 From whence the fair Bow-maiden's hopes  
 Follow the arrow's flight:  
 On them no longer must I dwell—  
 Inviting episode, farewell—  
 My sterner purpose is to tell  
 At Hawarden Castle what befell  
 On that Palm Sunday night!

The day, I said, had been observed,  
 But yet a heart of stronger mould  
 Than RALPH the Sexton's, dry and old,  
 Might well have owned itself unnerved,  
 When up the narrow winding stair,  
 Within the castle chapel fair,  
 He clomb to ring the bell for prayer:  
 The slender turret swayed and jerked.  
 Beneath the raging of the wind,  
 Till Ralph believed some demon worked  
 The airy engines from behind.  
 It slipped the functionary's mind  
 Perchance that oft with such-like shocks  
 Comes on the vernal equinox.

"Now foul befall this outland place,"  
 He muttered—not between his teeth—  
 He had none—but below his breath;  
 "I would St. Roque had given me grace,  
 Instead of following Father BLAISE

In foreign lands to break my neck,  
 To live out all my days at BEC!<sup>2</sup>  
 No storms in Normandy, I swear  
 By St. Marcou, disturb the air—  
 They've got no equinoxes there!  
 Whew—whew—aroint ye, fiends of hell—  
 As surely as I pull the bell  
 'Twill bring the tower about mine ears,  
 Unless it haps that when he hears  
 The holy tinkle in the sky,  
 The bellows-blowing imp may fly :  
 A Norman imp for certain would,  
 But here their manners a'nt so good."

Ding dong—ding dong—" Exactly so—  
 He hears not—cares not—blow, blow, blow !  
 And where's the use, I fain would know—  
 The country villains wont come in :  
 They'd rather die in mortal sin :  
 And so they may if so they please,  
 But that I'd lose their burial fees,  
 And that's too hard upon a man  
 Who would by now be sacristan  
 If right was right—but right is wrong  
 With Father—hist—who's there"—Ding, dong—  
 "'Tis nothing but that windy fuss—  
 No, these wild Welsh won't come to us :  
 They'd rather perish—body—soul—  
 Nor chaplain's shrift, nor Lady's dole  
 Can draw the badgers from their den :  
 But trust Sir ROGER and his men—  
 He finds their secret gatherings out,  
 And puts their hedge-priests to the rout :  
 He's got a couple now in hold—  
 He says they make their flocks o'er bold ;  
 He finds their cunning, burrowing hoards,  
 And reaps their harvests with his swords,  
 While poor Dame AGNES tries in vain  
 To smooth them down against the grain.  
 She is a duteous daughter too  
 Of Mother Church—strives through and through  
 In honour of the day to make  
 A long procession bearing palms,  
 (What grand ones I have seen at Bec !)  
 But 'spite her piety and alms,  
 But one's come in from all around—  
 SIANCYN, or some such heathen sound—  
 One that they call their *bards*, or *birds*—  
 I can't make out their crashy words !

The Constable will do his best  
 To follow out his lady's 'hest;  
 He'll make his knights lay by their arms  
 And walk with her, and carry palms;  
 I'll gage he'll wear a seemly face,  
 But eh, to see that 'scape o' grace  
 Sir FULKE of TRIGALD footing in  
 Their train—might make a sexton grin!"

This monologue, which as appears,  
 Ralph grumbled out to drown his fears,  
 With touch correct though crabbed shewed  
 (As portraitures in sun-type viewed)  
 The state of matters as they stood  
 Within that Anglo-Norman fort  
 Where Clifford held his marcher court,  
 To levy tribute—keep in awe,  
 And wield what Marcher Lords called *law*:  
 For Chester was not yet restored  
 From trace of Walsian fire and sword,  
 When Langley paid in bloody kind  
 Their debt who bleeding nations grind.

Despite the raging of the storm  
 The palmy troop was brought to form:  
 The inmates most had kindly will  
 The Lady's wishes to fulfil;  
 And readier none than gay Sir Fulke—  
 He would not let a creature skulk:  
 As prompt as on the battle plain  
 To 'range—encourage—urge—restrain—  
 Alike of home devoirs the soul—  
 To plan—inspire—arrange—control—  
 The troop to muster—step to show,  
 And when to march, and where to go—  
 Distribute then the leafy sprays,  
 He distanced puffy Father Blaise.  
 He even whispered to his chief  
 To deign accord one day's relief  
 To those two wretched prisoned dolts  
 Who lay behind his dungeon bolts,—  
 The native priests, and let them share  
 For once the privilege of prayer;  
 But as De Clifford only frowned,  
 The "dolts" continued under ground.

At length, when holy rites were o'er  
 And evening fell, he made a floor  
 Where garrison and household throng  
 Might speed the dance and raise the song.



An adept he in each pursuit  
 Could swim the *pavon*<sup>3</sup>—wake the lute,<sup>1</sup>  
 And act with smiles or gravity  
 In pageant, masque or mystery.

All frolic now, he led the cheer  
 As fair Dame Agnes' cavalier—  
 Among the groups performed with glee  
 The office we should call M.C.—  
 Described the steps and called the airs;  
 Assigned the places—made the pairs,  
 And as in mimic galliard  
 He tacked the Sexton to the Bard:

'Twas not on record when a laugh  
 Had rippled o'er the face of Ralph:  
 "Come, come, old Cross-bones—never sulk—  
 How—neither like his better-half!"

"Nay" interposed the Dame "Sir Fulke,  
 I pray you, be not over hard  
 Upon the stranger—he's a Bard—  
 Minstrel, as we should say—a race  
 O'er shy in every age and place:  
 Besides he does not know our tongue,  
 And right to us to him seems wrong."

"Fair Dame," replied the lively knight,  
 "What you propound is ever right;  
 But credit me, their nation all—  
 If by that term it fits to call  
 A scattering of half-clad tribes,  
 Which *herd* or *rabble* best describes,  
 Are scarcely raised a step above  
 The level of the beasts who rove;  
 E'en those pretending higher claims,  
 At all events with longer names—  
*Ap This—Ap That*—it takes an hour  
 To get their patronymics o'er—  
 In bearing are but so and so—  
 At least the only one I know—  
 Llywelyn's brother, so called *Prince*,  
 I saw at Windsor some time since,  
 A semi-savage—semi-fool,  
 Whom LONGSHANKS makes his butt and tool:

"There was a chapter of St. George,  
 And (think not I the tale could forge)  
 This *prince* with gilded spur on heel  
 Was to be dubbed, and, by the 'Greal,'<sup>4</sup>  
 He knew not that he ought to kneel!

"I was the chapter squire that day,  
And scandalized at such delay,  
I pushed him here, and pushed him there,  
Till, with a stumble and a stare,  
He let me squeeze him down to prayer.

I saw the Sovereign, all the while  
He held aloft his wavering blade,  
And stopped, mid speech, the accolade,  
Though wrath could scarce suppress a smile :<sup>5</sup>

"And as for him—the new-dubbed Knight,  
He scowled on me with such despite  
As that which darkens even now  
That sullen bard's oak-shaded brow :  
These Welsh, too, look so like each other,  
This bard might be that prince's brother.

"These gathering vapours to disperse,  
We'll give a turn to song and verse—  
At inspiration of his art  
This bard will clear his brow and heart—  
I'll lead the way, though—ut—re—mi—  
'Tis long since I have pitched a key."

Then tripping light, as on a stage,  
With many an antic step between,  
The vapouring Norman sought his page,  
And bade him fetch his mandoline :  
With brodered ribbon round his throat  
And mandoline across his knee,  
First warbling forth a master-note,  
Sir Fulke of Trigald thus sung he :—

SIR FULKE'S *Song*.

"When GLORY the nations prepared to entwine  
With her garlands, to VALOUR she said,  
'Let Rome have her CÆSAR and France her CHARLEMAGNE,  
But give me WILL, DICKON, and NED—  
They live but to conquer—a blow and a word—  
And Normans shall carry the PALM of the SWORD.'

"Then spake MUSIC and POETRY—twins heaven-born,  
To GLORY and VALOUR they said,  
'The regions they vanquish they gild and adorn—  
The Arts follow close on their tread ;  
Refinement and Glory and Valour belong  
To the Normans, and they bear the PALM of the SONG.'

"Then arose gentle PIETY—Maid of the skies—  
A scroll brightly blazoned she bore—

‘To conquer for earth is resplendent,’ she cries,  
 ‘But to conquer for HEAVEN is more;’  
 Then the roll of CRUSADERS in triumph did toss,  
 And the Normans shall carry the PALM of the CROSS.”

’Twas not the finished style so much—  
 ’Twas not alone the thrilling touch  
 That made the plaudits loud and long—  
 It was the subject of the song—  
 The all-inspiring theme in story  
 Of Norman worth and Norman glory.  
 The line between the motives two,  
 As best he liked the singer drew;  
 At least a smile that impress gave  
 That glinted through the silky wave  
 Of hair beneath whose auburn shade  
 The ivory teeth were best displayed.

His placid glances lingered perhaps  
 Most frequent where a grove of caps,  
 With towering peaks and flowing veils  
 Might emulate the masts and sails  
 Of mighty ships, or bannered boast  
 That floats above a warlike host,  
 But yet did meekly appertain  
 To Lady Clifford’s damsel train—  
 The Norman tire at which we start  
 In ’lumined types of quaint Froissart:  
 Which still with somewhat minished height  
 Astounds the Anglo-Saxon wight,  
 Or charms his archæologic gaze,  
 With glimpse of mediæval days,  
 On Sundays in the toppling street,  
 Or alley’d walk where townsfolk meet,  
 Of six days’ toil to ease the strain,  
 In old Rouen and stately Caen:—  
 Beneath those caps beamed smiles of pleasure,  
 And grave Sir Roger beat the measure.

While thus sensation fluttered through  
 The festal hall, and forward drew  
 A comment here—eulogium there,  
 Or murmured cadence of the air,  
 The trifling incident that brought  
 The singing interlude about—  
 The Bard’s ill-blood had been forgot,  
 Indeed the most part knew it not,  
 And on Sir Fulke’s mercurial brain  
 Such impress would not long remain;



The floating bubbles of the hour  
Each exercised its transient power  
On him as changes in the sky  
Upon some gadding butterfly.

So sped the hours—but long before  
The hour when modern friends convene  
For festive rites, the feast was o'er  
In Hawarden fort and changed the scene.

We follow not the gentle tread  
Of Lady Clifford—do not ask  
As how her maidens from her head  
Her cap dismounted—onerous task!

We follow not the lullabies  
Of sleep “by pure digestion bred”<sup>6</sup>  
And light responsibilities  
That crowned each harmless female head.

Still less we venture to inquire  
How Father Blaise his vigils kept,  
Though malice hints that by the fire  
Were sounds as if he soundly slept.

The castle inmates all—from Dame  
To drudge, in one thing did conform—  
With deprecation to exclaim  
Against the ever raging storm.

But most of all the appointed band  
By whom in regulated rote  
The castle's perilled points were manned  
The elemental strife would note.

Sir Fulke was warder of the night:  
He changed his vest and mantle trim  
For steel cuirass and gorget bright—  
His tasselled cap for helmet grim.

He almost seemed to change his face—  
His features turned with easy play,  
When duty stood in pleasure's place,  
To comely grave from comely gay.

He placed the soldiers of his guard—  
At every post its destined man—  
In outer—inner castle yard,  
On ballium, tower and barbican.

On ordinary nights, between  
The times of his appointed rounds,  
He mostly took his mandoline,  
And wiled the hours with dulcet sounds.

But now, when Nature waked her choir,  
 And whirlwinds through the gamut ran,  
 How vain to tune the feeble wire—  
 To raise the feeble voice of man!

No tone the scale of sound affords  
 That was not struck—no semitone:  
 Sometimes the wind would sweep the chords,  
 Then shrilly dwell on one alone.

The forest joined its voices hoarse,  
 From whistling twig to crashing tree:  
 The torrent in its maddened course  
 Swelled out the awful melody.

Sir Fulke was not a man to faint  
 At straws, yet made the sign of grace,  
 And whispered something to a saint  
 Whose name as yet I've failed to trace.

In such a scene—at such an hour,  
 The hardest, best of woman born  
 May feel imagination's power  
 The mastery gain, nor think it scorn.

At times it seemed as if the wail  
 Of restless ghosts increased the gale;—  
 At times the rush of steeds—again  
 The muffled tramp of armoured men.

The moon behind the driving wrack  
 Though near the full scarce showed her track;  
 And when a momentary gleam  
 Did through the murky framing stream,  
 It deepened the surrounding gloom  
 Like rays that penetrate a tomb.

Confused alike in hearing—sight,  
 Sir Fulke ascended to a height—  
 A lofty, overhanging tower,  
 From whence the deadly stream to shower  
 Of boiling lead or water jet,  
 Through crenelled openings round it set.

Oh, what is that that haunts the soul—  
 As voiceless as the clouds—  
 As shapeless as the wind—  
 Impalpable, yet past control,  
 That as a mist enshrouds,  
 Yet darkens not the mind—  
 Mixing with everything, yet undefined—



Strange fascination, that divides  
 Yet urges with mysterious sway—  
 As CÆSAR on the fatal ides,  
 Or NELSON on Trafalgar's day,  
 When those bright stars?—too bright—the traitor guides  
 He from his dauntless breast refused to put away!

Why on that watch-tower's threshold stone  
 Did Fulke of Trigald hesitate—  
 Or—hesitating, why go on?—  
 He knew not—call it *chance* or *fate*.

Why, when he reached the topmost ledge  
 Passed all his frame a shudder o'er?—  
 It might be looking o'er the edge—  
 The climb—the storm—it might be more.

It came—it went—with steadied nerve,  
 As if its failure to efface,  
 He leaned across the crenelled curve  
 That toppled over airy space:

To disconnect the sounds intent  
 That might arise from else than wind,  
 The watchful warder forward bent,  
 Nor saw—nor heard what happened behind:—

A rushing step—too quick for thought—  
 A blow—a push—no time to shrink—  
 With desperate gripe the ledge he caught,  
 And swung suspended o'er the brink!

A moon-ray through the darkness streamed—  
 Full on a haggard face it glared—  
 Upon a bloody poinard gleamed  
 And azure robe—"My God—the *Bard!*"

The word was echoed with a scoff,  
 And e'er pronounced the bardic wreath  
 And azure robe were shaken off,  
 And showed a coat of mail beneath.

"Bard sayest thou, Norman—'butt' and 'tool'  
 Thou saidst but now!"—"Oh, fiend of hell—  
 I'll call the guard"—"Nay, Norman fool—  
 This knife hath done its duty well—

"Lo, Norman blood—it may convince  
 Thy Norman pride that 'half clad tribes'  
 Are CYMRY, and that Cymric Prince  
 Can vengeance take for Norman jibes!"



"Now, as thou art a Prince and Knight,  
Oh, aid me with a manly clasp,  
And give a chance in equal fight—  
My feebling hands relax their grasp!"

"Aha, Sir Knight, and dost thou bear  
The *palm of Valour, Song, and Cross*?—  
And did I *stumble*—did I *stare*?—  
So died my father—in a foss!"

The moon sent forth another ray—  
It gleamed upon another face,  
And hands whose "feebling" hold gave way—  
It paled, and darkness filled the space.

Revenge is virtue in the creed  
Of unreclaimed—of natural man;  
The spring of many a vaunted deed  
By Indian Chief and Highland Clan.

So hard it is the bounds to draw  
Of human evil—human good:  
One nation's curse is others' law—  
One's poison is another's food.

Yet did not David feel alone  
The throb of an exulting foe:  
A shudder mingled with the groan  
And heavy crash he heard below!

But other sounds and desperate strain  
Allowed not of a moment's stay;  
To carry out the *coup de main*  
He left the tower without delay.

Down—down—he slid the spiral stair—  
It seemed a never ending maze:  
The slaughtered guards—one here—one there—  
He sees, but nought his progress stays.

He hastens to a secret nook  
Which he had noted in the day,  
By which the household menials took  
Their ordinary outward way.

It led him to the basement yard,  
And thence he gained the castle chase,  
Where his advanced but slender guard  
Had their appointed trysting-place.

Belike the Prince had no great store  
Of illustrative types by heart,  
Although a glaze of bardic lore

In gentle breeding formed a part,  
As classic now in Mastery of Art.

A woful falling off, alas,  
From those score thousand lines of verse  
Which e'en his "little go" to pass  
A Druid pupil did rehearse.

But yet a smattering might suggest  
As David hurried from the hold,  
The type his case that fitted best  
Was wolfish raid in midnight fold.

Such were the times—the men no worse  
Than we by nature, but the same,  
But bred and born beneath a curse  
Of blood and rapine—sword and flame.

And yet, so much doth habit change  
Our modes of thought that they might deem  
Worse carnage our Lancastrian range  
Than now to us their slaughters seem.

Howbeit David's crisis pressed—  
At every step—at every breath  
Pursuit his progress might arrest—  
Defeat and ruin—shame and death.

A hundred casts it was to one  
Some trifling chance the project marred—  
The enterprise must all be won  
Between the changes of the guard.

The endless trifles that occur  
By day and night at every hour—  
A cackling goose—a barking cur—  
A restless babe and—all was o'er.

Then too his own—his hope forlorn  
Might be prevented—miss their way :—  
The castle scouts from night till morn  
Were prowling for their human prey.

But hap what hap, he reached the glen,  
The preconcerted signal made,  
And forth the band of faithful men  
Sprang from their patient ambushade.

Lightly they sprang—the Norman sneer  
Might well be construed into praise :  
The breast is most exempt from fear  
That native worth alone arrays.

*Half-clad* our British fathers were  
When Romans turned their iron backs :<sup>8</sup>

*Half-clad* they met the Saxon spear—

*Half-clad* the Norman battle-axe.

Prince David's band—the dauntless van—

The pioneers of larger troops,

Had to their country's rescue ran

From Treuddyn, Estyn and the Hopes.

Armed as the secrecy and haste

Of such a muster would allow,

Truth was their buckler for the breast—

Valour their helmet for the brow.

Joyful their leader's sign they knew—

His dagger's bloody point he rang

Against a rock, and instant through

The glade his ambushed warriors sprang.

His birth-lot cast in troublous days,

Each Cymro was a soldier bred ;

To guide the plough—the spear to raise

With equal ease their training led.

They knew the features of the land :

With instinct almost Indian traced

The forest paths—the vestige scanned

Of all that in it dwelt or passed.

With tread that scarcely crushed the leaf,

And noiseless as a herd of deer,

They followed now their stealthy chief

In his all-hazarding career.

'Twere empty boast to say that nought

That leader felt of doubt or fear :

Each step with deeper awe was fraught

That brought despair or triumph near.

Each chord of life was doubly wound—

Each did the powers of all supply—

And sound was sight and sight was sound—

'Twas weakness—strength and agony !

A rustling leaf—a creaking bough

Seemed battle's din or blood-hounds' yell ;

And sounds he heard—he knew not how,

Like those when Fulke of Trigald fell.

But on and on—their perilled track

They kept, and soon before and nigh

Was reared the castle, huge and black,

Against the almost blacker sky.



A taper's ray—a human tone  
 Had told their failure and their doom :  
 But there it stood—unconscious—lone,  
 Dark, grim, and silent as the tomb.

The secret postern soon they reach—  
 Through many a mazy winding glide—  
 The dagger's gory point for speech  
 Did still their onward progress guide.

From thence the grand plateau they wan—  
 The outer ballium's spacious yard,  
 Where round the main defences ran  
 And stood the watch-room of the guard.

And here it seemed that just as then  
 Began suspicions to transpire :  
 One seemed to stir among the men  
 Who might be Fulke of Trigald's squire.

And now the crisis—with a swoop,  
 As flight of vultures on their prey,  
 In rushed the leader and his troop—  
 'Twas all or nothing—strike and slay.

Spare we the details of the rest—  
 Its cruel valour—savage charms :  
 Despair and numbers had the best  
 Of practised skill and polished arms.

While some this butcher scene played out,  
 Detaching from the victor band,  
 David and others left the rout  
 And on the ramparts took their stand.

The drawbridge fell—portcullis rose—  
 A note to rally not to warn  
 His lurking aids Prince David blows  
 Upon the mighty hirlas horn.

'Twas long since that inspiring sound—  
 The memory of heroic deeds,  
 Had waked the woodland echoes round  
 Cornavia's oft contested meads.

Yet where on CYMRU's blood-stained ground  
 Are prouder—brighter memories found—  
 From Eulo's<sup>9</sup> brake—from Gadlys'<sup>10</sup> mound  
 With trumpet tongue they speak  
 How patriot fire can weld the brand  
 To strike—can nerve the foot to stand  
 Against invading onslaught planned—  
 Against the strong the weak !

Loud o'er the tempest streamed the blast,  
 And soon responses—one—two—three :  
 It seemed the knell of tyrants past,  
 Proclaiming Cymru once more free !

As such to Cymric ears—but how  
 To Norman, roused from sleep, and most  
 Sir Roger starting up to know  
 His *Ilum* lost !

'Twould task a hundred tongues to tell  
 The scenes coeval that befell  
 Within that counterpart of hell,  
 Where men turned into demons fell,

Like very demons strove :  
 To darken yet contrast the woe,  
 Did side by side with hatred show  
 The deep and agonizing throe  
 Of woman's deathless love :—

The Constable despising life,  
 As nought to honour, towards the strife,  
 Half-armed escaping from his wife,

Who follows—clings—entreats—  
 Through the confusion makes his way,  
 Now faintly shown by dawning day,  
 And clashing in the dire mêlée,

The Cymric leader meets :

"Baron of FRODSHAM," Clifford cries,  
 "The closest of our king's allies,  
 By gratitude and honour's ties,  
 What make you in this garish rise—

Come you as foe or friend ?

Two moons have scantily waxed and waned  
 Since our chivalric monarch deigned  
 Admit you with his knights entrained,

The duteous knee to bow :  
 Which being so it comes in doubt  
 Whether you head this rebel rout  
 Or intervene to tread it out,

As by your feudal oath you ought—  
 Baron of Frodsham—speak !

This brief abeyance may not last—  
 Ere many breathings more are past  
 My sword shall vengeance take !"

The "Baron" at his very best

Was not renowned for flow  
 Of eloquence, but now,

In that dilemma's wedges stressed—  
 By adverse fealties—thus addressed,



Before his self-collected foe,  
His powers did anything but grow :  
His visage best told forth the tale—  
Its changeful hue—from red to pale—  
His choking words of no avail,  
Where “Wales” and “Prince” did dimly sound—  
That broke de Clifford’s speech withal—  
His eyes that rising then to fall  
From side to side rolled whitely round.

Yet was he not a coward—how  
Could that accord with what e’en now  
He singly had achieved ?  
No : ’twas his *falsehood*—placed awry,  
Spite of his deeds of daring high,  
He quailed before the steady eye  
Of one who with a faulty cause  
Could better win his own applause,  
And with a title full of flaws,  
Aggressing seem aggrieved.

Such is *position*—but the place  
Forbids digression—David’s case  
Could palsy not his gallant band—  
One only thought—to save their land  
Their noble fire to fury fanned,  
And when they saw their chief  
At fault, although they nothing guessed  
Of all that swayed his fickle breast,  
They flew to his relief.

Nor longer was the matter masked :  
The question that Sir Roger asked  
Was answered by a hundred swords  
That filled the place of David’s words,  
And superseded thus the chance  
That even after such advance,  
At sight of Clifford’s noble pride,  
The wavering prince had swerved aside,  
And some ignoble treaty tried  
Lest evil should the day betide :  
Such was his nature—nothing sure,  
He checked at every fluttering lure.

But soon the crisis passed away,  
And carried onward in the fray,  
With speedy ruin to his foes,  
Again his higher bearing rose ;  
And when the din of battle died,  
And he was lord of Hawarden fort,



His stately carriage might have vied  
With royal Edward's princely port.

Now in the spacious castle hall,  
When hushed were Norman voices all,  
Except the voice of woman's wail,  
Which rose above the tempest gale,  
The Prince ascended to the dais,  
And on that venerable place,  
Upon the very chair where late  
The Constable in placid state  
To view the evening pastimes sate,  
He held a sort of inquest court,  
To hear the general report  
Of what had happened—a *rèsumé*  
Of that eventful night and day.

And first—it was a piteous sight—  
Came Roger Clifford—gallant knight,  
Sore wounded—nigh as seemed to death—  
Half closed his eyes—half drawn his breath,  
By Rhys ap Maelgwyn, David's aide  
And Gruffydd ap Meredydd stayed,  
And by his gentle sorrowing dame;  
But who could think she was the same  
Free-hearted thing whose harmless mirth  
Had shed its sunshine o'er the hearth  
Ere that sad morning had its birth?  
No more with modest matron pride  
Her towering tire did partly hide  
Her silky locks of golden glow—  
Godiva-like they streamed below,  
To aid the scant that haste and woe  
Had draped withal her breast of snow!

What is there to the heart can speak  
With such a melting tongue  
As this—to see the steadfast weak  
Support the feeble strong?—

A chief of men—his vigour broke  
Sustained upon the breast  
He went to guard is as the oak  
Should on the lily rest:

As up the hall with broken pace  
The sad procession made its way,  
Prince David turned aside his face  
And signing with his hand did say—  
“That prisoner to the cells convey,

Until our princely pleasure shows  
When fits his person to dispose  
Midst Arfon's fastnesses of snows.  
And for the woman—dameoiselle"—

And round his beetling glances stole  
And on the prostrate creature fell,  
"She shall be elsewhere cared for—well"—

"Now mercy, by your mother's soul—  
Your wife—or some affianced maid—

By all within you having part  
Or share in woman's broken heart,  
Divide us not," she frantic said.

"My mother<sup>11</sup>—yes—she was betrayed  
By Norman guile—yet" half aside,  
"You checked that vapouring songster's pride—  
What would you, lady—would you share  
A common dungeon?"—

"Take me where  
My husband goes!" her further speech  
Was lost in sobs "Meseems at least"  
Said Rhys ap Maelgwyn "that a leech  
To send were kind—he faints—" "A priest!"

Exclaimed the wife "oh, be he shriven  
Ere yet his final doom is given!  
Go, seek our chaplain, Father Blaise!"  
The qualm is past—the knight they raise,  
And Rhys humane and courteous pressed  
To do the lady's pious 'hest;  
But back returning unsuccesed—

"In vain," he said, "I made my search,  
None can I find of all the staff  
Here representing holy Church

But this —" and up he handed Ralph.  
"This is the sexton" quoth the Prince,  
Who at the ball a few hours since  
Disdained my partnership."

"Dread lord,"  
Exclaimed the culprit, "deign accord  
Your pardon to a prostrate slave,  
Who'd grateful dig your honoured grave—  
And, rather than have missed the chance  
Last night, would see your Highness dance  
On his—aye, rather on his neck  
Than be the sacristan of Bec!"

"Peace, dotard," Rhys ap Maelgwyn saith,  
"Dost think we want a dance of death?"—

We want this Father's haunt revealed  
 Or e'er his master unannealed  
 Shall sink, whereof seems urgent dread."  
 "Or ere he should have outward fled,"  
 Quoth Gruffydd, "and these tidings spread."

At thought of Father Blaise and *flight*,  
 The Prince, who knew his thriving plight,  
 Was less disposed to fear than smile:—  
 "Keep up the search," he said, "meanwhile  
 Dispose this prisoner in his cell,  
 And for his Dame, it likes us well  
 That she should bear him company,  
 And on his wounds her leech-craft try;  
 So in your charge at early day  
 To Snowdon he may take his way."

Another waving of the hand  
 Gave final stamp to this command:  
 The lady and the wounded knight  
 Moved off the scene as best they might:  
 A further rally, though but slight,  
 Gave hope he might ere yet released  
 Receive the blessing of the priest.

Ah, wherefore boast yourselves, ye proud—  
 The brightest day may end in cloud—  
 The insect that the haughty spurns  
 May, as the wheel of fortune turns,  
 A lesson as impressive teach  
 As essays point or sages preach.

The slaughter—murder—which you please,  
 Was such that to obtain the keys  
 That kept the castle prisons safe  
 The victors had recourse to Ralph.  
 All subterraneous things to him  
 Congenial were—ghoul gaunt and grim!

The wire-drawn segment that in place  
 Of mouth slit through his parchment face  
 Stretched out the radius of its arc  
 In ratio as he neared the dark,  
 With evidence of such delight  
 As may in murky deeps excite  
 The sprawlings of a zoophyte.  
 And when the Dame, beneath her load  
 In some dark passage staggering trode  
 Upon a huge and slippery toad,  
 A kind of risibillious spasm  
 Broke hoarsely from his pectoral chasm.



It happened that their dismal way—  
 Their *via dolorosa*—lay  
 Along the castle foss in part,  
 And there—a sight to chill their heart—  
 Lay Fulke of Trigald—stiff and cold—  
 His merry eyes all ghastly rolled;  
 His cheeks' bright tints were pale and dim,  
 And dislocate was every limb.  
 The auburn curl that fringed his lip  
 Was clotted with the gory drip—  
 His vital stream, which from the deep  
 Of life—his heart—did bursting creep.  
 Poor Fulke—that heart was manly—true;  
 And sad it was—the last adieu  
 His sorrowing friends could make, for scarce  
 His lot was more severe than theirs.  
 Their escort willing howsoe'er  
 The time for parley could not spare;  
 And with a consequential screw  
 Ralph said he should have “much to do,”  
 For corpses all the ground did strew.  
 And ever and again to wane  
 Seemed Clifford's life; and still in vain  
 The lady looked for priestly aid:  
 “Ah, sure, he would be nigh,” she said,  
 “In such extreme—he must be dead!”

Ralph looked as if he thought the proof  
 Fell somewhat short, but held aloof;  
 And soon the lady's anxious mind  
 Where least she looked did solace find:  
 While through the labyrinth opaque  
 Their painful way they slowly make,  
 The silence that for long prevailed  
 And suited well the “vast profound,”  
 Was softly—gradually dispelled  
 By swelling streams of heavenly sound:—  
 Whence could the holy breathings come—  
 “TE LAUDAMUS, DOMINUM!”

'Twas soon explained—a glimmering ray  
 By which a distant vault they saw,  
 Showed where two shackled prisoners lay  
 Upon their scanty beds of straw.

Their guise though sad and squalid all,  
 Showed their ecclesiastic call,  
 And Clifford, somewhat now restored,  
 Recalled to mind the priests in ward.

Suppose the scene on either side :  
 The tyrant in his fallen pride :  
 His Cymric guard—their joy to free  
 Their captive pastors—theirs to see  
 The term of their captivity !

But no emotion was there felt  
 More vivid than the Dame's—she knelt  
 Upon the hard and humid floor,  
 And did in earnest wise implore  
 Performance of the holy rite—  
 Absolvment of the dying knight :  
 And ere their gyves were cast away,  
 And ere they sought the gladsome day,  
 The humble brethren bent the ear  
 The low and broken strain to hear.

Fits not to lift the sacred veil  
 That shrouds the penitential veil :  
 Else might we show the very hands  
 That signalised their dread commands—  
 Death—terror—ruin through the lands,  
 Convulsely clasped between the knees  
 Late trembling at their dire decrees :—  
 Might hear the gaspings of the breath  
 That doomed a father's—brother's death  
 With eagerest attention caught,  
 By hearts with tender mercy fraught—  
 Heart of brother—son—bereft—  
 Heart of faithful shepherd—left  
 To mourn in chains and solitude  
 The loss of all that man holds good—  
 Of all that binds him to the earth—  
 Slaughtered kindred—ravaged hearth—  
 And—to the faithful shepherd—worst—  
 The violated fold—the flock dispersed !

Yet did gentle Charity,  
 Heaven's handmaid—triumph then—  
 Greatest of the holy THREE—  
 Links uniting GOD to men !

*(To be continued.)*

#### NOTES TO CANIAD II.

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the meetings of the Society of the ROYAL BRITISH BOWMEN, sometimes held at Hawarden Castle in these our days.

<sup>2</sup> A celebrated Monastery in Normandy having much connection with ecclesiastical institutions in England, under her sovereigns of Norman origin.



<sup>3</sup> A stately French dance of the chivalric ages.

<sup>4</sup> For particulars touching the Sangreal or 'Greal (sometimes written 'grayle) see Note B, Appendix to Scott's *Marmion*, Canto I.

<sup>5</sup> This incident, divested of the satirical colouring in which it is here dressed up by the "vapouring Norman" might have actually occurred, for, as Pennant mentions that Prince David during his treasonable sojourn at the English court had been knighted, "contrary to the custom of his country," and which was held to be a great degradation, this very circumstance of the kneeling might have given its worst feature to the matter, and been a part of the ceremony from which he recoiled the most, and for which he was the least prepared: his extreme *gaucherie* being a spicy addition of the garrulous Sir Fulke.

<sup>6</sup> See *Paradise Lost* b. v. line 4.

<sup>7</sup> His stars of knighthood, which it is supposed identified him to the marksman in the enemy's ship.

<sup>8</sup> *Territa quæsitis ostendit terga Britannis.*—*Lucan*.

<sup>9</sup> At COED EULO, the flower of Henry II.'s army, detached from his camp at Saltney, were surprised and defeated by DAVID and CYNAN, two of the sons of OWEN GWYNEDD: the attack was fierce, the slaughter dreadful, and the pursuit carried back even to the royal encampment.

<sup>10</sup> GADLYS means *Royal Head Quarters*, and here is supposed to be the spot to which Owen retired after a subsequent victory.

<sup>11</sup> The Lady SENANA MORTIMER, who on the faith of a treaty with Henry III. confided herself and her husband to the English; and with him and all their family was entrapped and sent to the Tower of London.—See a Note to Caniad I.



## CERAINT VARDD GLAS,

OTHERWISE, *Y Bardd Glas Keraint*, seemingly the Glaskerion of Chaucer, has been supposed by some to be the same with Asser. The English of *Y Bardd Glas Keraint*, is Keraint the Blue Bard. *Bardd glas*, or *blue bard*, was a very common epithet of the chief, or presiding bard, who was always of the primitive order,—in Welsh, *prifardd*; he always wore an official robe of sky-blue, or azure. The Welsh heraldic writers use the word *asur* for azure; hence, it is said, that he might have been *bardd asur* instead of *bardd glas*, as signifying precisely the same thing. In our old MS. memorials of bards, it is said that *Bardd Glas Keraint* was by Alfred invited to his court, where he was appointed *Bardd Teliaw*. This term never elsewhere occurs, and one knows not easily what to make of it. The literal English is *Teliavian Bard*, or *bard of the Order of Teleavus*, *Teliavus*, *Telavius*, or *Thelias*, &c., for the name is very variously written in Welsh, *Teilaw*, and, in some MSS., *Teliaw*; hence it is inferred that Teleavian bard, or *Bardd Teliaw*, signifies a bishop. From this it is supposed that the Bard Keraint, and the Bishop Asser are one and the same. *Bardd Teliaw*, therefore, signifies a bard of the Order of St. Teliavus, or episcopal bard. To this may be added that, amongst the primitive Welsh Christians, the minister of religion retained the appellations, or titles, of bard and druid. St. Thelias is called, by the continuators of Madeburg, *Anglicus Vates de genere Bardorum*, and *Thelesinus Helius Vates*, &c., *ut supra*. These are the considerations that afford reasons of some plausibility for supposing this bard to have been the same with Asserius the bishop. In objection to this it must be said that our Welsh historical and genealogical MS. accounts of Asser, assert him to have been the son of Tudwal, son of Roderic the Great, terming *Asser ddoeth ap Tudwal ap Rodri Mawr*; *Anglice*, Asser the Wise, son of Tudwal, son of Roderic the Great; and they as expressly assert that Keraint the Blue Bard was the son of Owain, Prince of

Glamorgan, and brother of Morgan Hên, or Morgan Mwynfawr, (Morgan the Aged, or Morgan the Courteous,) prince of the same country. This being positive history, must, I think, take place of conjecture, however plausible it might appear from mere etymological similarities, and some tolerable analogies, which after all may be found to have not much greater weight than Swift's ludicrous and satirical proofs of the antiquity of the English language. As for the passage from the continuators of Madeburg, very little is to be depended upon it; it obviously mistakes Taliesin for Teilaw; or, if not so, it is well known that Teilaw was a bard, or poet, and we have some pieces in old MSS. still attributed to him. He was not necessarily a poet because he was a bishop, or a bishop because he was a bard. I see nothing unreasonable in the supposition that Alfred might engage a respectable bard from Wales to regulate and superintend his minstrels, as well as a classic scholar to preside at his new seminary of learning, or university; it is perfectly consistent with the character of that age, and of the Saxon nation, who, like all the other Gothic or Teutonic nations, had their scalds, or minstrels.

The conjecture is not ill founded that the Glaskerion of Chaucer, and the Bardd Glas Keraint of Welsh bardic history, were one and the same person. Chaucer, speaking of him, says,—

“ . . . Stoden. . . . The castell all aboutin  
Of all maner of MYNSTRALES  
And JESTOURS that tellen tales  
Both of wepyng and of game  
And of all that longeth unto fame,  
There herde I play on a harpe  
That sowned both well and sharpe,  
Hym ORPHEUS full craftily  
And on his side fast by  
Sat the Harper ORION;  
And Eacides CHIRION,  
And other Harpers many one,  
And the BRITON GLASKERION.”

CHAUCER, *Third Boke of Fame.*

He is otherwise called GLASGERION.—See a ballad of him in Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, iii. p. 43, last edition, in which it is said that he *was a "king's son,"* therein coinciding with the Welsh account of BARDD GLAS CERAINT. K, or G, changes into G in most cases of the noun, and in compounds generally so, when it is radical in the last word forming the compound. Thus, *Y Bardd Glasgeraint* would in literal English be the Bard Keraint the Blue, or the Bard Blue Keraint. The English name *Glasgerion* differs not half so much from Glasgeraint as most Welsh names of persons and places, as generally written by Englishmen, do from their true orthography. The Welsh *Bardd Glas Keraint*, however, is recorded as the first of whom we have any memorial that compiled a Welsh grammar. He, it is also said, reduced the Welsh versification into a regular and improved system. Instances of very early and very high cultivation never, perhaps, more conspicuously appeared than in the Welsh versification. The most ancient kinds of Welsh verse, and such as are believed to have been those used in early ages by our first bards and Druids, are of very simple construction, and some of them sufficiently rude, evincing a very remote antiquity, such as bardic tradition generally assigns to them. In the fifth and sixth centuries we find, in the works of Taliesin and his contemporaries, several kinds of verse, undoubtedly derived from the Romans; many new kinds appear successively for ages. About the end of the thirteenth century, and beginning of the fourteenth, the versification of the Welsh bards, numerous in their kinds and varieties, attained to a height of perfection that has not to this day been approached by any modern language in Europe. This will appear incredible, I know, to those who have, without knowing a word of the language, already formed their opinions on they know not what data. How would they laugh at an Otaheitean, or a Hottentot, who, not knowing a word of the English language, should *ex cathedra* presume to decide on a question of this nature; but let those who may *doubt*,—to doubt is allowable, indeed rational; let



those, I say, endeavour to acquire a competent knowledge of the Welsh language, and the works of its bards, and judge for themselves. In the meantime they will possibly have the goodness to inform me how and in what the poetry and versification of Owhyhee differs from that of the Esquimaux, for of these they are certainly equally capable of judging as they are of the British or Welsh language and versification. I know that they will not believe what is here asserted, and I know perfectly well why; because they know nothing at all of the matter. A man would shamefully degrade himself by complimenting such critics with any other kind of answer to their impertinent and presumptuous observations.

E. W.

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#### ANCIENT SILURIA.

THE authority of cadair, or the bardic chair, of Morganwg, extended over the present Morganwg, including the commot of Garthmathrin, or Brecon, Gwent, or Monmouthshire, and Ergyng, Euas, and Ystrad Yw, partly in Herefordshire, and partly in Breconshire.

All this country, says Llewelyn Sion, a celebrated bard, who flourished about 1580, was of old called ESSYLLWG, and earlier still GWENT, including the Forest of Dean.

That it was anciently called ESSYLLWG (Siluria), is evident from what we find in the Roman writers, as well as in our own MSS. Caractacus is said to have been Prince of the *Silurians*. But that it was at that period also called GWENT, is likewise as clear from the Latin appellation, *Venta Silurum*, which occurs in the Roman writers. Both words in their etymological sense signify the same thing, or nearly so.

In the formation of substantives from adjectives in Welsh, one rule is to affix the letter *t* to words which have *n* for their last consonant, as in the words *gwen*, (fem.)

fair, *cain*, beautiful, *bann*, high, *eurain*, golden, *urddain*, noble, or having high rank or degree. If we were to add to these the *t* prepositive, we should have *Gwent*, the fair, *caint*, the beautiful, or beauty, *bant*, upland, *euraint*, gold (the colour), *urddaint*, nobility.

*Essyllt* is derived from *syllt*, the look, aspect, or countenance, enhanced by the prefix *E*. The termination *wg* signifies place, country or thing (res); and thus *Essyllwg* means the beautiful, the comely, the sightly, what is of pleasing aspect. Accordingly *GWENT* and *ESSYLLWG* appear to be synonymous, or nearly so.

There were three *GWENTS* in Britain in the time of the Romans: our present *GWENT*, *Venta Silurum*; *VENTA ICENORUM*, *Lichfield*; and *VENTA BELGARUM*, *Winchester*; which still retains in part its ancient name.

That *GWENT* formerly included all Glamorgan is evident, not only from what Llewelyn Sion says, but also from many passages in ancient authors, which mention Landaff, Lancarfan, Miskin, Llandathan, Aber Barri, Llanffagan, &c., as in *Gwent*, though they are now all, and some of them very far, in Glamorgan.

The western, and by far the greater part of Glamorgan, was called *Gorwennydd*, and is still a deanery of Landaff; in English it is corruptly written *Groneath*. The meaning of *Gorwennydd* is the uttermost *Gwent*, or of the *Gwents*. The Cymric critic knows well that *Gwennydd* is the plural of *Gwent*, the *t* being changed in this case into an additional *n*, as it is regularly in all such words,—as in *cant*, *punt*, *braint*, *tant*, &c., which are in their plurals *cannoedd*, *punnau*, *breinniau*, *tannau*, &c. When the particle *gor*, upper or utter, is prefixed to any word that has *g* for its radical, as *Gwent*, plural *Gwennydd*, this *g* is always and regularly omitted, or left out.

There is a place in this deanery of *Gorwennydd* called *Penllwyn Gwent*, i. e., the chief wood or forest of *Gwent*; it is an old manorial house. *Gwenni*, otherwise *Y Wenni*, an ancient and large village, with an old castle and monastery in ruins, is also in this deanery of *Gorwennydd*.

The inhabitants or tribes occupying the counties of

Glamorgan, Monmouth, Brecon, and the Welsh part of Herefordshire, are all called *Gwennwyson*, that is, men or tribes of *Gwent*, *Gwent-men*, or *Gwentians*; and their dialect is called *Gwennwyseg*, or the dialect of *Gwent*, *Gwentish*.

GWENT and ESSYLLWG being synonymous, and both equally common at the time when this island was first discovered by the Romans, we cannot tell well which of these is the oldest; they are probably coeval. Yet Llewelyn Sion says that the country was first called *Gwent*, then *Essyllwg*, and after that *Morganwg*. Llewelyn Sion, had access to the library at Raglan Castle, the best collection of old Welsh MSS. that ever existed, and of course had thus better opportunities of knowing these particulars than any one else that ever wrote on such subjects. His authority is consequently of great weight, and is greatly corroborated by the terms *Gwennwyson* and *Gwennwyseg*, which include all the ancient Gwent to this day.

Since about the thirteenth century, our old writers apply the names *Essyllwg*, *Tir Essyllt*, *Bro Essyllt*, and *Gwlad Essyllt*, to Glamorgan exclusively; including, however, that part of Monmouthshire bordering on Glamorgan, called *Gwentllwg* (i. e., Fenny Gwent), which is to this day reckoned by the vulgar of Glamorgan; for in the eastern parts, which only go now by the name of *Gwent*, they say *Ym Morganwg* (in Glamorgan), of the country westward of the Usk, which is *Gwentllwg*.

MORGANWG, *Gwlad Forgan*, or *Glamorgan*, included formerly all the countries that were more anciently known by the names of *Gwent* and *Essyllwg*. At the time when the Romans abandoned this island, the descendants of ancient chiefs or princes undertook to parcel it among themselves. Morgan ap Adras at that period, A.D. 400, became possessed of regal authority over *Gwent* or *Essyllwg*, and gave it, after his own, the name of *Morganwg*, i. e., Morgan's Country. It seems to have included all the ancient Gwent and *Essyllwg*, unless we except Garthfathrin, or Brecon, and continued so till the



Norman invasion by Robert Fitzhamon, and in the vulgar account and acceptance, till the time of Henry VIII., when the present division of the Welsh counties took place.

As our native writers use the names of Gwent and Morganwg in their ancient acceptations, it is often impossible for us to tell whether many things they mention belong to the histories of those counties in their larger or more limited sense. What was anciently said of one, may at present belong to the other, for aught we know; in a great number of instances it is most probably so, and in some instances, perhaps many, indubitably so, even demonstrably so.

Wales appears to have been divided into four bardic or druidical provinces, in each of which was a cadair. The same division still remains with respect to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and in each province there is a *eglwys gadeiriawl*, or cathedral. Near these cathedars also are the bardic chairs; as on Eryri, near Bangor; at Caerwys, near St. Asaph; Garth pen Tyrch, near Landaff, and Caerllion ar Wysg; Caerfyrddin, near St David's. This seems, more than has yet been noticed, to corroborate Galfrid's Account of the twenty-eight Temples (*cadeiriau* or *gorseddau*) having been converted into so many Christian Churches or jurisdictions, which was truly the fact. That is, the bards and their disciples became Christians, but still retaining their ancient discipline and institutes, their mode of worship remaining externally the same, only changed, or rather improved, with respect to their theology.—*MS.*

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## THE FALL OF ROME.

AMSER Macsen Wledig Ymherawdr Ynys Prydain Gwyr Rhyfein a ddygasant or Ynys hon y maint yd bara ag a ellaint ei gael, ac o hynny dwyn prinder a newyn ar yr ynys, ac o hynny marw mawr ar genedl y Cymry. Ag Owain ap Macsen Wledig yn gweled hynn, ac er ei attal, ymluyddu a gorfod ar wyr Rhufain; yna cael o'r Brytteiniaid eu Braint au coron. A llawer y bu ymdrech gwyr Rhufain er ynnill yn ol eu goruchafiaeth ar ynys Prydain, ond byth nis gallasant hynny yn gwbl; ag hynny ymgynghreirio ag anffyddloniaid y Cymry yn Lloegr a gollasant ei hiaith, a dwyn cenedl y Saeson i'r ynys honn er dial ar y Cymry am ei gwrthgil ragwared gwlad Ffrainc ag Eidal rhag eu myned yno, lle ydd oeddent au llawn ergyd ar fyned. Gwaith gwyr Rhufain yn hynn, gwaith beilchion rhyfygnerth trawsymgais yn ymdaeogi, ag yn adfileinio yn eu syrth, a hynny achos y gormes gan drawsineb a yrraint holl wledydd y byd ar ba rai y byddai ganddynt y gafael lleiaf ar a'r lle lleiaf, a fuant cylch oes oesoedd yn ymfawrhau fwy fwy yng ngolwg daear a nef. O'r diwed gan ymnewyd er gwaeth yn eu buchedd, ag o i waeth beunydd, gan ymleihau o fawr i fach, ag o fach hyd ddim yng ngolwg yr holl fyd, fal dan olau yn lleihau y cysg yn hwyhau hyd na bo'n y diwedd ond un nos diloer a diser dan dewlen ddu 'r nos, heb na lleuad nag ychwaith yn ymddangos, ag heb amgen yn debyg i oleuni nag ambell llewyrn i mewn ag i maes mewn ergyd amrant. Fal hynn y darfu dydd Rhufain heb adael gymmaint a chof ammiw ei henw ar y ddaear.—*Unpublished MS.*

## TRANSLATION.

In the time of Maxen Wledig (Maximus), Emperor of the Isle of Britain, the Romans carried away from this island as much bread corn as they could, and thereby brought scarcity and famine upon the island, and consequently there was a great mortality among the nation of

the Cymry. Owain, the son of Maxen Wledig, seeing this, and bent upon checking it, assembled his army, and conquered the Romans; then did the Britons recover their privileges and crown. And much did the Romans strive with the view of regaining their supremacy over the isle of Britain, but they never could wholly succeed. Whereupon they entered into a confederacy with the infidel Cymry in Lloegr, who had lost their language, and brought the nation of the Saxons to this island, for the purpose of taking revenge upon the Cymry, for having kept them off from the countries of France and Italy, that they might not go thither, where they were fully bent upon going. The conduct of the Romans in this respect was the conduct of proud, presumptuous, and usurping men, becoming rude, and full of rage in their fall. This was because of the usurpation which they had frowardly brought upon all the countries of the earth over which they had any, the least, hold, and amongst which they had any room, and thus magnifying themselves more and more in the sight of heaven and earth. At last they changed their mode of life for the worse, and from bad to worse continually, diminishing from great to small, and from small to nothing, in the sight of all the world. As whilst the light is diminishing, the shadows are increasing, until at last there be only one moonless, starless night, enveloped in the thick veil of nocturnal darkness, without moon or [stars] appearing, and with nothing like light, or any occasional gleam appearing and disappearing in an instant of time; even so ended the day of Rome, without leaving as much as an unimpaired remembrance of her name on the face of the earth.



## A WELSH TALE.

A WELSHMAN, walking over London Bridge, with a neat hazel staff in his hand, was accosted by an Englishman, who asked him whence he came.

"I have come from my own country," answered the Welshman in a churlish tone.

"Do not take it amiss, my friend," said the Englishman; "if you will only answer my questions, and take my advice, it will be of greater benefit to you than you imagine. That stick in your hand grew on a spot where, hid under it, are vast treasures of gold and silver; and if you remember the place, and can conduct me to it, I will put you in possession of those treasures."

The Welshman soon understood that this stranger was what he called a *cunning man*, or conjurer, and for some time hesitated, not willing to go with him among devils, from whom the magician must have derived his knowledge; but he was at length persuaded to accompany him into Wales, and going to *Craig y Ddinas*, the Welshman pointed out the spot whence he had cut the stick. It was from the stock, or root, of a large old hazel. This they dug up, and under it found a large flat stone. It was taken up, and was found to have covered, or closed up, the entrance into a very large cavern, down into which they both went. In the middle of the passage hung a bell; the conjurer earnestly cautioned the Welshman not to touch the bell. They reached the lower part of the cave, which was very wide, and there they saw many thousands of warriors lying down fast asleep in a large circle, their heads outwards, every one clad in bright armour, with their swords, shields, and other weapons lying by them, ready to be laid hold on in an instant whenever the bell rung. All the arms were so highly polished and bright that they enlightened the cavern as it were with the light of ten thousand flames of fire. They saw among the warriors one greatly distinguished from the rest by his arms, shield, &c., and having

a crown of gold, and the most precious stones lying by his side. In the middle of this circle of warriors they saw two very large heaps, one of gold, the other of silver. The magician told the Welshman that he might take as much as he could carry away of either the one or the other, but that he was not to take from both the heaps. The Welshman loaded himself with gold; the conjurer took none, saying that he did not want it; that his knowledge was sufficient to him; that gold was of no use but to those who wanted knowledge; that it was his contempt of gold that had enabled him to attain to that superior knowledge and wisdom which he possessed. In their way out, he cautioned the Welshman again not to touch the bell; but if, unfortunately, he should do so, it might be of the most fatal consequence to him, one or more of the sleeping warriors would awake, raise up his head, and ask if it were day. Should this happen, said the cunning man, you must without hesitation answer him, "No, do thou sleep on," on hearing of which he would again lie down and sleep.

But in their way up the Welshman, overloaded with gold, was not able to pass by the bell without touching it, and it rung. One of the warriors lifted up his head, and asked, "Is it day?"

"No," answered the cunning man, promptly, "it is not, sleep thou on!"

They got out of the cave, laid the stone over its entrance, and replanted the hazel tree. And the cunning man, before he parted with his companion, advised him to be economical in the use of his treasure; that he had with prudence enough for life; but that, if by unforeseen accidents he might be again reduced to poverty, he might repair to this cave for more, repeating the caution not to touch the bell if possible, but if he should, to give the proper answer, that it was not day, as promptly as he could. He also told him that the distinguished person he had seen was Arthur, and the others his warriors, where they lay asleep, with their arms at hand, in readiness for the dawn of that day when the black eagle and the

golden eagle should go to war, the loud clangor of which would make the earth tremble so much, that the bell would ring loudly, all the warriors would then awake, take up their arms, and destroy all the enemies of the Cymry, who afterwards should repossess the island of Britain, re-establish their own kings and government at *Caerllion*, and be governed with justice, and blessed with peace, as long as the world lasted.

The time came when the Welshman's treasures were all spent; he repaired to the cave, and, as before, overloaded himself. In his way out, he touched the bell; it rang; a warrior lifted up his head, and asked if it was day; but the covetous Welshman, quite out of breath in labouring to carry out his heavy load of gold, and withal struck with terror at the question, was unable to give the necessary answer; whereon some of the warriors rose up, and going after him, took the gold away from him, and beat him very much; then afterwards threw him out, and drew the stone after them over the mouth of the cave. The Welshman never recovered from the effects of that beating, but remained almost a cripple as long as he lived, and very poor; he often returned with some of his friends to *Craig y Ddinas*, but they could never afterwards find the spot, though they dug seemingly every inch of the hill. He lived in this crippled and poor condition very long, a warning to all in future of the evils resulting from the want of knowledge and of prudence, and not to be covetous, not to neglect good advice, and not to trust that they can, without great danger, give way to their own wishes, excepting the wish to be good.

There is, in Glamorgan, a hill called *Craig y Ddinas*, in the parish of Llantrisant; another of the same name, in the parish of Ystrad Dyfodwg; and a third not far from Caermarthen, in the Vale of Towy. In Caermarthenshire the tale is related of the Glamorgan hill; in Glamorgan, of that near Caermarthen.



## THE PRIMITIVE PLACES OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP IN WALES.

THE first places of Christian worship in Wales seem to have been those of the Druids—conspicuous places, and often circles of stones, in the open air. A great many passages in our old bards can never, I believe, be understood, but in such a sense. The Welsh term for a place of worship to this day is *llan*, an inclosure, or fenced place—not a covered building. Hence the most usual names of parishes, as Llanilltyd, Llan Ddunwyd, Llangrallo, Llanfeiddan, Llanharan, Llantrisant, Llancarvan, Llan Bedr, Llan yn Mowddwy, Llan Elwy, Llansannan, Llan Rwt, Llan Aber, Llangollen, and many hundreds besides. That *llan* signifies merely an inclosure, appears from *Corphlan*, *Ydlan*, *Perllan*, *Gwinllan*, *Corlan*, &c., a corpse inclosure, or burying-ground; a corn inclosure, or stackyard; an inclosure of fruit trees, or orchard; an inclosure of vines, or vineyard; a sheep inclosure, or sheepfold. *Tir caeadlan* signifies inclosed ground, or land; so does *Llandir*. The Saxon, Old English, and Scottish *kirk*, whence the present English Church, is from the Latin *circus*, being an accurate description of what the first British places of worship were in the first ages of Christianity. Even the Latin *fanum* originally signified only a plot of consecrated ground—an area, or plat, set apart for sacred uses; and *templum* anciently signified *an open place without a roof*. That such were the first places of Christian worship amongst the Welsh appears sufficiently clear from numerous passages that occur in our old bards and historians; besides these, and the above etymological reasons, we have many topographical appearances that prove the same thing. Such are the remains of a circle of stones in a field near Llangewydd, in Glamorgan, which is still called Yr Hen Eglwys; and tradition says that it was in this circle they worshipped, before the present church of Laleston, in the same parish,

was built, about the year 1100. The circle is still called *Yr Hen Eglwys*, i. e., the old church; and the field, *Cae'r Hen Eglwys*, or the church field.

In several parts of Wales we find the present churches built within the area of a druidical circle. In Cardiganshire we find several. One of the most remarkable is that of Ysppyty Kenwyn, near the Devil's Bridge: in the church-yard wall we see very large stones set up on end at regular distances, forming a circle, the spaces between them being filled up by dry walling; there are only some parts remaining, but fully sufficient to show what it originally was. The stone pillars, at the east entrance of the church-yard, are such as are found always at the eastern entrance of the druidical circle. Stones of this nature are seen about other church-yards in this county, as that of Tregaron, &c.; and a huge stone, exactly like that which is always found within a druidical circle, may be seen in the church-yard of Llanwrthwl, in Breconshire, and in many other Welsh church-yards. The Roman Catholics seem to have substituted a cross in the usual room of such a stone. Where no stones for such purposes could be procured, it was usual, and a maxim with the Druids, to raise a mound, or tumulus, of earth; this was the oratory. The monkish legends say of Dewi, or St. David, that whenever he preached, a mount, or tumulus, rose up under his feet, as it were miraculously, that he might be seen and more easily heard by all the vast congregations that attended his ministry. The original truth seems to be that the people were sufficiently numerous to raise such a hillock in a very short time. One instance of this is mentioned at Llanddewi Brevi. The sculptured cross, with a Christian inscription, in the circle of Carn Lechart, in Langyvelach parish, in Glamorganshire, and described with a plate by Camden, (or his annotator and continuator,) is a remarkable instance; so is Ty Illtyd, in Breconshire. The inscribed stone in a circle (mentioned also by Mr. Edward Llwyd) on Gelli Gaer mountain, in Glamorgan, is another. Llanilid Church is said, by our old writers, to have been the first

place of Christian worship in this island, and that Gothic-style church stands at the foot of a very large tumulus, or druidical oratory—(*Gwyddfa*, a conspicuous place).

E. W.

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### THE BARDIC SECRET.

It is a general saying among the bards, that a man having made the vow of secrecy may so express himself that the whole mystery (if it must be called so) may be discovered by a person of sagacity and penetration. This very general opinion and assertion certainly limits the vow to no more than an injunction not to divulge the secret in express words. It however forbids the acknowledgment of its having been by any man discovered, however truly so, until he has submitted to the solemn vow. It is frequently discovered in the most material, but never in all points. The name of God must not be audibly pronounced.

The Almighty, pronouncing His name, declared His existence, in which all nature at the same instant felt, and with a shout of joy declared, its existence, by the same co-instantaneous utterance or declaration. This utterance was that of the most exquisite melody that can possibly exist; it was at once and in one monosyllabic sound, the utterance of truth, of joy, and of harmonious melody, expressing and giving constant existence to the most consummate beauty and order, which were co-instantaneously exhibited in the light and beauty which appeared at the same instant to continue for ever and ever.

Menw (the blessed) felt, expressed, and exhibited his existence in the utterances, derived from them as from parents. Einigan Gawr was the first who was taught the wisdom and knowledge thence derivable.

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## THE TWENTY-FOUR KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR.

*(From Mr. Cobb's Book.)*

Llyma enwau Pedwar Marchog  
ar hugain Llys Arthur Amm-  
herawdr, a godidogion o gynnedd-  
fau a geffid ar bob un o naddynt  
yn amgen nag a geffid ar un arall  
o naddynt.

Tri aurdafodogion Llys Arthur,

Gwalchmai ap Gwyar,  
Drudwas ap Triffin,  
Ac Eliflod ap Madog ap Uthyr.

Ac arnynt ydd oedd nid oedd  
nac Amherawdr na Brenin na  
Thywysawc, nag ar un Enw o  
Bendefig ba bynnag ydd elei y  
rhaihynnattynt, nas gwrandewynt  
arnynt pan ydd egorynt eu gen-  
euan, gan hyfrytted eu clywed yn  
chwedleua.

Tri chyfiawn Farchawg Llys  
Arthur,

Blas ap Darre Tywysawg  
Llychlyn,

Cattwg ap Gwynlliw Filwr  
Arglwydd Llancarfan,

A Phadrogl Baladr ddellt  
Tywysawc Cernyw.

Cynneddfau y rhain oedd pwy  
bynnag a wnelel gam a dyn or  
Byd, a gwan ai Tlawd ai Brodor  
ai Estron, a Benyw, ai gweddw,  
ai ymddifad, y bai, hwy a ymwn-  
elynt ymhlaid Cyfiawnder, ac er  
cadarned y cam ac ai gwnelai,  
hwy ai gorfyddynt, canys ym-  
rhoddi ar gyfiawnder a wnaethant  
ac oi blaid ac iddei gadw ym  
mhob lle ydd elynt herwydd y  
Tair Cyfraith, nid amgen, Blas  
gan gyfraith Fydol, Cattwc gan

Here are the names of the  
twenty-four knights of the Em-  
peror Arthur's Court; and each of  
them was distinguished for pro-  
perties that belonged not to an-  
other.

The three golden-tongued ones  
of Arthur's Court,

Gwalchmai, the son of Gwyar,  
Drudwas, the son of Triffin,  
And Eliwlod, the son of Madog  
ap Uthyr.

Of them it was characteristic  
that there was no emperor—king  
—prince, nor any other person  
bearing a noble name, to whom  
they went, that did not listen to  
them whenever they opened their  
lips, so sweetly did they discourse.

The three just knights of Ar-  
thur's Court,

Blas, the son of Darre, prince  
of Scandinavia,

Cattwg, the son of Gwynlliw  
the Warrior, lord of Llancarvan,

And Padrogl with the splintered  
spear, prince of Cornwall.

It was their characteristic that  
whoever should do wrong to any  
person, weak or poor—native or  
stranger—maid, or widow, or or-  
phan, they interfered in behalf of  
justice. And however strong the  
wrong or its perpetrator, they  
overpowered them; for they had  
devoted themselves to the cause  
of justice, to defend and keep it  
wherever they went, in respect of  
the three Laws—namely Blas  
according to the secular law—

gyfraith Duw ai Eglwys herwydd  
yr Ysgrythyr lan, Padrogl gan  
Gyfraith Arfau, ac oi plaid y  
ceffid y Tri Aurdafogion.

Tri Chynghoriaid Farchogion  
Llys Arthur,  
Cynan ap Cludno Eiddin,

Arawn ap Cynfarch,  
Llywarch Hen ab Elidir Lydan-  
wyn.

A'r Tri hyun oeddent Ben-  
cynghoriaid Arthur, yn Llys ac  
yn Lluest, yn Rhawd ac yn  
Rhaith, pa bynnag o ryfel neu o  
fygwth, neu o goll neu o wall,  
neu o glud neu o galedi a fai  
arnaw, hwy ai cynghorynt hyd  
nas gorfuwyd erioed lle ydd elei  
yn ei cyngor ac ef a orfyddai ar  
bawb, sef o dri pheth y cyng-  
horynt hwy ef, nid amgen.  
Gobaith Da, Defodau Da, ac  
Ymgyffred da.

Ac o fyned gan y tripheth hynn  
efe a orfu ar ddeuddeg Cenedl ac  
a wisgawdd ddeuddeg coron am  
ei benn. Ac yn anghyngor y tri  
hynn ydd aeth ef yn y Gad  
Gamlan lle y gorfuwyd arnaw ac  
achaws hynny o anghyngor y  
colles ef ei fywyd, ac y collasant  
y Cymry ei Tir ai Coron yn  
Lloegr, sef hynn y geiriau a  
ddygynt y tri hynn yn eu harfau,  
"Nid Swyn ond cyngor da ai  
wneuthur."

Tri Gwryfaid Marchogion  
Llys Arthur,  
Ildud Farchawg,  
Peredur fab Efrawg, a

Cattwg according to the law of  
God and His Church as expressed  
in the Holy Scripture—Padrogl  
according to the law of arms.  
And on their side were the three  
golden-tongued ones.

The three counselling knights  
of Arthur's Court,  
Cynan, the son of Clydno  
Eiddin,

Arawn, the son of Cynfarch,  
Llywarch Hen, the son of  
Elidyr Lydanwyn.

These three were the chief coun-  
sellors of Arthur, in Court and in  
Tent—on the march and in the  
forum. Whatever of war or of  
threat, of loss or of want, of  
weight or of hardship, he might  
be exposed to, they counselled him  
in such a manner that he never  
was overcome where he took their  
advice, but he himself overcame  
all. And they counselled in  
respect of three things, namely,  
good hope, good manners, and  
good perception.

And from following these three  
things he conquered twelve na-  
tions, and wore twelve crowns on  
his head. And it was against the  
advice of these three that he went  
to the Battle of Camlan, where he  
was subdued. It was because of  
such disregard of counsel that he  
lost his life, and the Cymry lost  
their land and their crown in  
England.

The following were the words  
which these three bore in their  
arms,—

"There is no charm but a good  
counsel in action."

The three virginal knights of  
Arthur's Court,  
Illtyd, the knight,  
Peredur, the son Evrog, and

Brwrth fab Brwrth Brenin Gwas-gwyn.

A phynnag o le ydd elynt y rhai hynn, nid oedd na Chawr, na Gwyddones, na Gwagysbryd, na Gwrith, na neb rhyw o beth anysprydawl a safei lle byddynt gan nas gellynt eu haros, ag nid oedd nas darogenynt o helynt a thraill eu Cenedl au Gwlad. A lle ydd elynt yn rhyfel ni phylai arf un o naddynt, ac nis gallai gelyn eu gorfod, na Chyfaredd fenu arnynt.

Tri Marchogion Brenhinolion Llys Arthur,

Morgan Mwynfawr Brenin Morganwg ac Ystrad ferwig yn y Gogledd,

Medrawd ap Llew ap Cynfarch Brenin Godir Goden yn y Gogledd, a

Hywel ap Emyr Llydaw.

Ac nid oedd neb o Amherawdr neu Frenin na neb rhyw arall o Bendefig a ballai iddynt rhag eu Breinioled, au hurddas, au Doethed ar laferydd au tecced o bryd a Gwedd, au glaned o gam-pau a defodau, pan ydd elynt yn heddwch, a hefyd nid oedd na Milwr na Rhyswr na Gwilliad a allai eu haros pan ydd elynt mewn rhyfel ac yn nerth arfau. A chan fraint acuridd as y ceisynt eu neges ac yn gystal a hynny gan bwyll a syberwyd. Achaws hynny yi gelwid hwynt y Tri Marchog Brenhinolion.

Tri Gwrthwyneb Farchogion Llys Arthur,

Sanddef Bryd Angel,

Morfran ap Tegid,

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Brwrth, the son of Brwrth, king of Gascony.

And wherever these went, there was neither giant nor witch—vain spirit nor phantom, nor any thing unspiritual, that would stand where they were, for they could not bear them. And there was nothing they would not predict in regard to the state and condition of their nation and country. And when they went to war the weapons of none of them grew blunt, nor could any foe subdue them, nor any enchantment affect them.

The three royal knights of Arthur's Court,

Morgan the Courteous, king of Glamorgan and Strath Berwick in the North,

Medrawd the son of Llew ap Cynvarch, king of Godir Goden in the North; and

Hywel, the son of Emyr Llydaw.

And there was neither emperor, king, nor any other nobleman, that would fail them because of their royalty and dignity; and because they were so wise in speech—so comely in person, and so distinguished in qualities and manners in times of peace. Also, there was neither soldier, champion, nor bandit, that could stand before them when they were engaged in war, and by the force of arms. And it was in respect of privilege and dignity that they sought their purpose, as well as discreetly and by courtesy. Wherefore they were called the three royal knights.

The three adverse knights of Arthur's Court,

Sanddev of Angel aspect,

Morvran, the son of Tegid,

2 E



## A Glewlwyd Gafael fawr.

Ar y rhai hynn ydd oedd y byddai gwrthwyneb gan bawb ai gwelynt ballu iddynt, pa bynnag o neges a geisiant. Sanddef gan ei decced, sef y barnai bob un ai gwelai mai Angel o'r Nef ydoedd, a phawb ai carai a serch dirfawr. Morfran, gan ei haccred, sef y tyngai bob un ai gwelai mai Cythraul o Uffern ydoedd, a phawb ai ofnai ac a roddai ei neges iddaw er cael gwared da o hanaw. Glwylwyd Gafaelfawr gan ei faint ai nerth ai erchylled, sef ai ofnid yn fawr, achaws hynny efe a gaffai ei neges bynnag o beth y bai, rhag ofn ei ddigiaw.

## Tri Chadfarchawg Llys Arthur,

Cattwr Tywysawc Cernyw,  
Owain ap Urien Rheged, a  
Maelgwn Gwynedd.

Cynneddfau arnynt ni chilynt o Gad a Gosawd er na Saeth na Gwayw, nac er clddyf, nac er maen, ac ni bu diffyg gorfod i Arthur lle byddai y rhai hynny ynghad y gydag ef, sef y gwydd-  
ynt ac y gwnelynt fwy na neb arall o farchog a geffid ynghâd. Achos hynny Tri Chadfarchawg Arthur au gelwid.

Tri Marchawg Lledrithawg  
Llys Arthur,

Menw ap Teirgwaedd,<sup>1</sup>  
Trystan ap Tallweh, a  
Chai Hir ap Cynyr farfawc.

Cynneddf arnynt oedd ym-  
rithiaw yn y rhith a fynnynt, er

<sup>1</sup> Menw Hiro'r Gogledd (mewn Llyfr arall).

## And Glewlwyd of the Mighty Grasp.

It was peculiar to these that all who saw them were averse to fail them in any of their wishes. Sanddev, because of his beauty, for every one who saw him thought him an angel from heaven, and all loved him with great love. Morvran, because of his ugliness, for every one who saw him swore that he was a devil from hell, and all feared him and would give him his wish, in order to get rid of him. Glewlwyd of the Mighty Grasp, because of his stature and strength and hideousness, that is, he was greatly feared. Wherefore he obtained his wish whatever it might be from fear of offending him.

## The three battle knights of Arthur's Court,

Cattor, prince of Cornwall,  
Owain, the son of Urien Reged,  
And Maelgwn Gwynedd.

It was their characteristic that they would not retreat from battle and assault, in spite of arrow, spear, sword, or stone. And Arthur never failed of victory whenever these were with him in battle, for they knew and accomplished more than any other knight in battle. Wherefore were they called the three battle knights of Arthur.

## The three illusory knights of Arthur's Court,

Menw the son of Teirgwaedd,<sup>1</sup>  
Trystan the son of Tallweh,  
And Cai the Tall, son of Cynyr the Bearded.

It was their characteristic that they could appear in any form

<sup>1</sup> Menw the Tall from the North, according to another book.

ymgyrch au neges, a myned lle byddai achaws iddynt, a phan ydd elei yn galed arnynt, ac am hynny nis gallai neb eu gorfod, na gwybod y lle byddynt, fal y gellid gosawd arnynt.

Ac o nerth, a chyngor, a phwyll, a chynneddfau y pedwar ar hugain hyn o Farchogion y Gorfu Arthur ar ei holl Elynion, ac o fyned gan anghyngor, y colles ef y Gad Gamlan, ac y gorfuwyd arnaw.

they pleased, with the view of seeking their purpose, and go where there was occasion for them, and whenever it went hard with them. Therefore no one could master them, or know where they were that they might be attacked.

And it was by the strength—counsel—judgment, and capacities of these twenty-four knights that Arthur overcame all his enemies; whereas it was from non-compliance with their counsel that he lost the battle of Camlan, and was conquered.

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#### THE ARMS OF ARTHUR.

Llyma enwau Arfau Arthur,  
nid amgen,  
Bongogoniant, ei waywffion,  
Caledfwlch, ei gleddyf,  
Carnwennan, ei ddager.

These are the names of Arthur's arms, that is to say,  
Bongogoniant—his lance,  
Caledfwlch—his sword,  
Carnwennan—his dagger.

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#### THE SHIPS OF ARTHUR.

Llyma Enwau llongau a fuant  
i Arthur,  
Gwibliant,  
Caswennan,  
Gorwennan,  
Gwennan,  
Torrogan,  
Gwionan,  
Hwylwennan,  
Sef Saith oeddynt.

These are the names of ships that belonged to Arthur.

Gwibliant,  
Caswennan,  
Gorwennan,  
Gwennan,  
Torrogan,  
Gwionan,  
Hwylwennan,  
being seven in number.

Ar Llongau hynn a fuant yn hebrwng y Saint i Ynys Enlli y gan Teilaw ac Emyr Llydaw.—*Hafod MS.*

And these ships were used by Teilo and Emyr Llydaw in conveying the Saints to the Isle of Bardsey.

• ESSAY  
ON THE ADVANTAGES ACCRUING TO ENGLISHMEN  
FROM A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WELSH  
LANGUAGE.

By MANCENION.

*Dedicated by invitation to the Grand Eisteddfod at Llangollen,  
September 21, 1858, by their Essayist and Advocate.*

[This Essay was sent too late for competition.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.]

PREFACE.

As an Englishman desirous of becoming acquainted with a knowledge of mankind, I naturally wander wherever there is food for thought. In my travels I have discovered one great fact: the language of man is the link that binds society in the bonds of reason; the more that language becomes diversified, the further man becomes estranged from his fellow-man, and the greater the discord upon the earth. I have proved this fact. In compiling my *Etymologicum Anglicanum*, I discovered, in my researches after words and etymons, there must be a language existing as the base to the rest. As an Englishman, I sought in the Scandinavian tongues. I found it not. I sought for it in the Celtic. I discovered a faint glimpse that led me to believe I was on the right track. The world's history at once opened to my view; I visited the countries to the north of Europe, and to the south of Europe, investigating races and languages, and comparing them together—weighing them and valuing them, in the estimate of truth and stability. As an Englishman, I blushed to find how much our historians and philologists had bound us up in the trammels of ignorance, even in the knowledge of our own country; how much our statesmen and governments had kept us divided, as distinct peoples. I saw at once what advantages would accrue to us as a great nation—the British—if our ancient tongue—the language of the ancient world,—was cultivated in this, our common country.



On the announcement in the programme of the Eisteddfod of a question put to the world upon this subject, I resolved to add my *humble tribute* to the great and glorious design.

MANCENION

September 20, 1858.

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In an essay of so much importance as this, in which a people are greatly interested, it is highly necessary that it should combine the greatest amount of truth and wisdom,—that its facts and reasoning be of such a character as to do honour to the subject itself,—and that the whole be made as clear to the common mind as it is possible simplicity of language and style can make it. It is for the eye and ear of a whole people.

A people came direct from God—a primeval race, preserving their language and kindred through all time. The laws of peace and war do not affect them, for they and their government are patriarchal from the earliest age of their existence, acknowledging no sovereignty but their language, manners, habits, customs, and sympathies, which are the true and permanent conditions of the social compact.

The proneness of mortality to sin may weaken the love God has for His people; political vices may distract the happiness of primitive society, and confusion arise to sever asunder the natural bonds of the human family; but, as “a remnant of all shall be saved,” a people never dies. Though they be scattered over the earth like the seeds of vegetable nature by the rude winds which shake the stems that bore them, or the spray on the stormy ocean bounding from wave to wave as fickle as they are free, the seeds of human nature will take root and appear again, as the great tidal wave unites the waters, and the races of men, in distinct peoples, will again be made perfect.

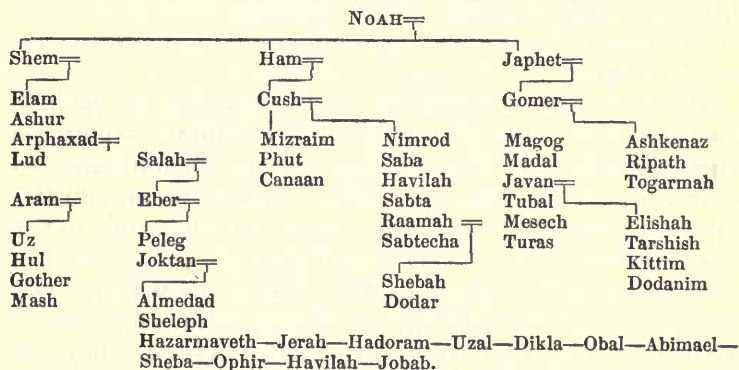
As the Scythian fountain of human life sent forth its millions of human beings, east, west, north, and south;

Indo-Scythian—great parent of the Indo-Hellenic ; Indo-Celtic—Indo-Germanic, embraced every branch of the early peoples of the world,—they are, even now, to the eye of the ethnologist and the philologist almost as distinct in race, character, language, manners, customs, and other features, national and distinctive, as they were when God scattered the workers of Babel over the face of the earth.

The aboriginal people of Britain were Celto-Iberians, from the pure Scythian stock, descending through the Indo-Hellenic races into Cisalpine Gaul, called Iberia ; they spoke the language of the ancient world, almost as pure as when Noah bade his sons to go forth, multiply, and replenish the earth ;<sup>1</sup> they existed as a people more than ten centuries in the high districts of Spain and Britain, before the Roman standard-bearer leaped upon the shores of the island ; their commercial importance and intercourse with foreign peoples existed long antecede-

<sup>1</sup> “The proof of its being a primitive language is its simplicity, and great inflection formed by the tongue, as though the words were being made at the time they are spoken.”—Latham, *Celtic Language*.

PEDIGREE OF THE FAMILY OF NOAH.—*Genesis x.*



It will be seen, whilst the descendants of Shem continued in the East promulgating the Hebrew language, those of Japhet went west with Gomer and Magog. Isidore says,—“The nations which spring from Japhet went over Asia as far as the Taurus on the north ; the middle and all Europe as far as the Brit. Ocean ; and gave their names both to their places and the people, a great many whereof have changed, but many still remain.”

dent to the Christian era, during which dark and mythical time the Scythian language was common to each other. The Gael of Iberia, and the Gael of Britain, were one family, and will so remain to the end of time.

It is thus necessary to trace the early history of the Celtic Britons, as well as their language, in order to establish a basis for the subject of this essay; besides, authorities are required to support our observations, to give them greater weight with those whom this essay is intended to benefit; before doing so fully, it is essential that we should clear away the rankling weeds historians have cast round the roots of British history, purify the source, and leave it to the calm reflective mind to deliberate upon our observations.

Our writers on British history, Camden, Gibson, Rapin, Hume and Smollet, Goldsmith and others, have laid the foundation of the history of Britain upon a base unworthy of their own credit and good names. They would have their readers, and the people generally to all time, believe that, at the time of the invasion of the island by the Roman legions, the Britons were a race of barbarians—wild savages who went naked, with their bodies painted to give them an appearance sufficiently hideous as to frighten their enemies. Deeper research into our history shows all this to be a mere tale founded upon prejudice, having its origin in the narrative of a conqueror, followed up by the prejudice, or ignorance, of Dio Nicæus, Xiphlin, Herodian, Solinus, and Tertullian, all second or third-rate authors, living two centuries after the invasion; and from them to other historians, until the notion found its way into our school books—the title-pages prefixed with portraits of two painted savages—thus making an impression of a false character to every rising generation, leading them astray in this most important part of our country's history!

Let those whose minds have been so tutored read the Triads of Dyvnwal Moelmud, written long antecedent to the invasion by the Romans, then ask if a people governed by such laws could be a race of painted savages? They



will there find the wisdom of Solomon, and the very spirit of the Hellenic jurisprudence, familiarized to a people rich in native language, simplicity of manners, and habits of peace; the moral axioms therein contained made "household words" in every tribe, breathing a spirit of liberty, independence, and self-government, worthy of the most civilized people of that era.

Let the sceptic in British history read the *Myvyrian Archaiology* attentively, not *prima facie*, as the school-boy reads Esop's fables, but read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the excellent works there unfolded to history! Read the ancient records of Cambria brought forth by that eminent scholar and antiquary, Edward Lhwyd, keeper of the Museum at Oxford, and he will find that, as early as 1300 B.C., the Britons were a people inhabiting the western shores of the island as workers of, and dealers in, tin and lead; that those dwelling on the southern shores, opposite ancient Gaul, attended to their flocks and herds, trading in skins, honey, dogs, cattle, "of which," says Cæsar, "they had great abundance;" that these people actually covenanted with the commercial venturers of Phœnicia, who traded amongst them, for leave to work mines of tin and lead; then let the sceptic reason with himself, and ask if the most intelligent and industrious people of Tyre and Sidon, if the great Hiram, and the Phœnicians, who traded to every part of the known world, would make covenants with "painted savages!" A covenant is a result of reason, deliberation, mutual good will towards each other, for the purpose of its due performance; is it likely a covenant could exist between "barbarians and painted savages," and a civilized people?

They were a people, and of some importance too, for Herodotus, 484 years before Christ, had heard much of them, and had inquired from merchants who had traded there, yet he could not learn exactly where they dwelt; subsequent facts illustrated his inquiries, and history is borne out in favour of their great antiquity.

The Ancient Britons, the learned Arthur O'Connor

was half inclined to believe, were as old as the hills—that they were indigenous to the island itself; but this theory is nowhere substantiated; it originated in the extreme antiquity of the people, and the myth which hung over their history.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps, had the Alexandrine Library still existed, the history of every country would now have been known.

Legitimate, or authentic, history may now be traced back to about seven hundred years before the Christian era. Mythical history exists above two thousand years anterior; out of these materials we discover the Ancient Britons to be a tribe, or Gael, of the great Scythian family of Asia Minor, and probably of Phœnician origin, for we find them to have been the earliest colonists everywhere. Some writers say, and believe, they originated from the expatriated Trojans; however, be that as it may, they would still be of the Scythian race. But let the inquirer ask of the ethnologist, the antiquary, and the philologist, what affinity there exists between the Celtic-Britons in formation, habits, manners, customs, and language, with the recorded accounts of the early Phœnician race?<sup>3</sup> The early Greek historians, Homer, Orpheus, Herodotus, Aristotle, Polybius, and others, agree that the manners, customs, character, disposition, habits, arms, implements, and language, are very similar in the historical records of the people of Illium, and the pastoral tribes of Syria, and those of the Ancient Britons. Philologists and archæologists all agree in the great affinity between the

<sup>2</sup> “The general opinion among the learned is, they (Britons) were descended from Gomer, the grandson of Noah, and came many centuries before the Goths and Saxons into parts of Germany and Britain.—*Thackeray*, vol. i. p. 4.

“The Phœnicians long carried on an intercourse with these islands before the Carthagenians and Greeks: with the exception of the Hebrews, the Phœnicians were the most interesting and wonderful people of antiquity. Nearly fifteen hundred years before the Christian era they taught Europe the use of letters, as the Phœnician is said to have been a dialect of the ancient Hebrew language they acquired from the Israelites, who, at that time, had received from the Almighty, through Moses, the tables of the law.”—*Thackeray*, cap. i. p. 6.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix.

Celtic-British language and the ancient Hebrew, Hellenic, Chaldaic, and Syriac languages, as used by the early tribes of the Eastern world.<sup>4</sup>

The learned Dr. Davies, in his analogical and comparative dictionary of the Celtic-British with the Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldaic, and Samaritan languages, affords to the world a substantial proof of the great truth and natural affinity there is in the old languages with the Celtic-British. Englishmen must study the Welsh language to appreciate the great value of such a book to ancient British history. He proves, beyond doubt, the superiority and antiquity of the Welsh language to be greatly over that of the Scandinavian dialects spoken in England and elsewhere.

The mutations of the Scythian language of Northern Europe, including the great branches of the Slavonic, Sarmatian, Lithuanian, and Tuetonic, following the Cimbrian stream of the Scythian race, even to the remote regions of Iceland, are clearly shown in northern archæology to be of such a serious nature that very little is left of the Asiatic, or Indo-Scythian language, whilst the modern Welsh affords abundant proofs, in words and roots, to justify the descent of the children of Gomer to the mountain homes of Cambria.

Let the inquirer, if he be an Englishman, pursue this study through the Roman historians (a list of whom will be found annexed),<sup>5</sup> those who have endeavoured to show the progress of Roman dominion in Britain—credible historians whose names have outlived prejudice in their writings—much will be found to illustrate the real character of the Ancient Britons—much to admire in the noble-minded British chief Caractacus—the indomitable and eloquent Galgacus—the heroic and devoted Boadicea—the strategy and skill of Cassibellanus, virtues and offices not to be expected from a race of “painted savages,” but

<sup>4</sup> See Appendix.

<sup>5</sup> In the MS. there was added, as a note, a table of “Early Alphabets from Phœnician to Roman,” which we are obliged to omit for want of type.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.



such attributes as were every way worthy of the most celebrated Greek and Roman leaders; eloquence equal to that of the former; heroism and valour as great and glorious as those achievements which were celebrated and honoured by ovations and public games in the palmiest days of Roman magnificence and empire.

The perverted minds of Englishmen must be enlightened through the medium of ancient British history, through the Welsh language—the language that will bear the test of criticism for its purity—the language which the Druids taught, and in which the bards sang their beautiful triads and songs; they must gather from the fragments, as they would judge by the sample, the quality of the language itself, and read in the body the character, quality, and dispositions of the people.

The Druids, the ancient priests of the island, despite the odium of superstition cast upon them by English writers, and by none more unworthily than Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, will be found to be men very superior to other orders of priests of that time; their rites and ceremonies no less than those of the Hebrew people; their creeds as worthy of popular belief as those of any other heathen people; their morals, it is not too much to say, were very superior to those of the pagan worshippers of old Rome, for they were grounded upon the laws and customs, as well as upon the religion, of Judah; and very many of the axioms found in the druidical code originated in the practice of the Druids reading and studying, and teaching the Greek sages.<sup>6</sup> Their mythology was a mixture of the Greek and Hebrew, inclining very much to the Israelitish version of theology, and to this may be attributed the reason why the gospel of the

<sup>6</sup> Milton says,—“The Pythagorean philosophy, and the wisdom of Persia, had their beginning from this island (Britain); the Druids of the Gomerians, and the Filid of the Magogians,\* or Scythians, whether in these islands or on the Continent, were the original sages of Europe in all the sciences from Japhet.”

\* Magogians, descendants of Magog (Magi, Magicians), one of the sons of Japhet.

New Testament was grafted upon the ancient British language, and introduced into the island at such a very early period after Christ's mission had been fulfilled on earth.

The Druids<sup>7</sup> were not merely fire worshippers after the manner of the Indo-Scythians of Persia; the Zendavesta of Zoroaster, also the Vedas of Bramah, and the mythology of Jupiter, were more or less understood by them; but their sacrifices and fires were strongly associated with the pagan fire worshippers of Bible history. They were not merely priests in the strict sense and meaning of the word, they were the wise men, the councillors of the chiefs and the people, the teachers of the youth, the expounders of the law, the judges of serious criminal affairs, the depository of the wisdom of the whole people—chroniclers, by oral tradition, from generation to generation, of all the events in the history of the Celtic-British race—the great supervisors of the entire conduct of every man, woman, and child in Britain. From them, and their traditionary history, came the triads and songs of the ancient bards. The illustrious names of Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Merddin, are associated in the wake of history, and hand down to posterity the character and actions of these extraordinary people.

Let the traducers of ancient Britain learn the language of the Cymry, and chaunt the strains of the bardic poets, whose patriotic songs breathed in a tongue soft and soothing as the flowery eloquence and fascinating cadences of the Persian groves; let them dwell upon the native simplicity of the Celtic race, and admire in song

<sup>7</sup> "The Druids act in all matters. They always have about them a large number of young men as pupils, who treat them with the greatest respect. . . . Their order has become numerous and influential, and young persons are gladly placed with them to learn their doctrines by their parents and relations. In their schools the pupils are said to learn by heart a large number of verses, and in this way some of their scholars pass twenty years in completing their (studies) education, for it is unlawful to commit their doctrines to writing."\*—Caesar's *Commentaries*.

\* Were they peripatetic, as the Aristotelians practised?—R. J. R.

the pure and unadorned character of the people, whose pastoral habits inspired the great bards who sang their fame.

The poetry of the early bards (rude as they have been represented in English history) glow with the most refined sentiment, and abound in wisdom, touched with an air of lightness that makes it pleasing to the ear, and familiar to the sense; when translated into the language of Saxon England, it loses force and beauty—it teaches that native enthusiasm which comes upon the ear in soft and thrilling tones, rich as Hebrew song,<sup>8</sup> appealing to the heart with soft expression, and to the mind with reason; still there is an eloquence in the English version that shows the bardic song and druidical sentiment to be such as to raise a blush upon the cheek of the traducers, who must be convinced the “painted savages” of Britain were neither barbarous in sentiment, or ignorant in wisdom, and that the ancient people have been most unworthily condemned!

The recording spirit of truth rises from the dark abyss of the past, enlightening the present, and illuming, with bright and cheerful rays, the progress of the future. The shadowy folds of ignorance, that cast a sombre hue over the historic page of ancient Britain, have disappeared before the ascending genius of a highly favoured people; Britain, the land of “painted savages,” still maintains her name, language, and people, despite the innovations of Roman legions, and their imperial sway; the treacherous and ungrateful Saxons, Angles, and Jutes; the piratical Danes, and ambitious Normans, and their iron rule,—the whole combined,—neither by treachery, force, or lordly domination, have these mixed races for eighteen centuries past been able to wrest from the ancient people the name of Britain, obliterate their language, or alienate them from the aboriginal stock. England is but a portion of the island—it is not Britain; the whole maintains its original name, and the Gael of the Celtic race abide in their ancient homes; and the language of Britain, Eri, and Mona, is the base of its literature.

<sup>8</sup> See Note, p. 224.



In the vast republic of letters, there is a spirit of jurisprudence which governs the natural flow of eloquence, governing every sound in unison with the expression of thought, developing language in its purity, reason in its entirety, and the native genius which the Divine spirit breathed in man in all its fullness and glory, dignifying the human race above all His creatures.

Purity of language is the richest medium of reason and eloquence, appealing to the mind and to the heart; it consists of brevity, simplicity, and harmony of expression, and the nearer any language approaches this standard, the greater will be its value, its strength, and consistency—qualities of genuine jurisprudence, recognized in the republic of letters as the best guide to intellectual excellence, and social perfection: hence it is the Anglo-Saxon philologist prides himself in the greatness and dominion of *his* language over the literature and language of the civilized world: hence it is the schoolmen declare the simplicity and euphony of the ancient Greek render it the richest and most powerful of all languages spoken in the republic of letters since the Homeric age: hence it is the children of Heber patiently and silently rely upon the *sanctus linguæ* which gave to the world those beautiful essays of Divine wisdom expressed in the Book of Job, the Psalms of David, and the Proverbs of Solomon: hence it is the learned pundits of the East—the followers of Bramah, Siva, and Vishnu—declare the Sanscrit and the Purani to be the ancient, unalloyed, simple language of the human race.

But the philologists of Europe, dealing with the question of languages, all forgot the great fact that there is *a language* to be found amongst the tongues of the earth, however much it is disguised, that will prove to be *the* language of all the human race. It is discernible through all the confusion of tongues and dialects; the stream of the ancient Scythian language is visible in every country, and in every tongue, oozing through the surface, discovering to the philologer the great truth of the fiat of the Almighty, “a remnant of all shall be saved;” and it

is for the philologist to show where the pure language of the ancient world is most abundant. He will find it in Cambria!

The simple Anglo-Saxon language of Alfred at an early period became mixed up with the Gothic, Teutonic, Slavonic, Icelandic, Sarmatian, the Gael of Transalpine and Cisalpine Gaul, the Celto-Iberian, Cantabrian, Hellenic, and Latin languages. These also blending together in form and sound, became the heterogeneous tongue now called English, which is no language whatever,—nearly all the originality has disappeared. The Indo-Hellenic, the ancient Greek, in which Homer wrote, and “burning Sappho loved and sung,” is no longer a language of the earth; the corruptions of the Sarmatian, Slavonian, Mongolian, Arabic, and Persian, have so disguised the classic language of ancient Greece, that a Bible in the ancient and modern Greek will not bear comparison. The sacred languages of India—the Upangas—by the mixture of the Persian, Zend, and Pahlavi dialects, and those of the Mongolian race, despite the ardour and enthusiasm of the priests in guarding the purity of their literature, Sir Wm. Jones informs us the ancient Vedas and Avatars are scarcely readable in the modern letters of the Sanscrit and Purana, whilst the common language of the people of India is split up into almost innumerable dialects; from Scinde to Cape Comorin, and from the Arabian Sea to Birmah, all is a confusion of tongues.

The holy language of the Hebrews, professedly the same the Children of Israel spoke, has undergone the mutations of the great Assyrian Empire—the symbolic mixture of the ancient Egyptian—the dark and mysterious innovations of tongues and races during the Chaldean and Syrian wars—the transition ages of the Greek republics—the Roman conquests—Moslem fanaticism, and, lastly, the monkish meddling and perversion during the early ages of Christianity,—all have rendered the language of Heber one of the most difficult to understand; but, by the perseverance of British scholars, we have been able to discover the real beauties of the sacred language of Holy

Writ.<sup>9</sup> Where do we find the language that has enabled them to pursue their inquiries with such glorious effect? In the Celtic of Lower Europe—in the Celto-Iberian—in the Celtic-British—in the modern Welsh,—this is the great nerve through which runs the sympathies of the ancient race—the main channel wherein flows the Scythian blood of the Gomerites. Of all the languages of the earth, the Celtic is the most pure and unadulterated.

If the inquirer would pursue the chain of words, and follow them through the languages of Indo-Scythia—through the Tartar tongues of the migratory tribes of the desert—through the Slavonian of Northern Europe—as a Welsh linguist, he would discover the true branch of the race of Japhet, by a comparison of words, to be the Celto-Iberian, whose colonists peopled Britain and Eri, thousands of years ago.<sup>1</sup>

Can there be a doubt of the great antiquity of the Celtic-British people in the minds of rational men? Historians point to the Pyramids of Egypt, and say, “here are monuments of a people existing forty centuries ago;” but the Celto-Britain will ask the historian, “how long have those mighty blocks stood on end on Salisbury

<sup>9</sup> As a proof of the continuity and use of the Hebrew language in Wales, we find, in the “Angav Cyvyndawd” of the great bard Taliesin the following:—

“Traethator fyngofed,  
Yn Efrai yn Efrog.”

My lore has been declared in Hebrew, in Hebraic.

<sup>1</sup> “When I considered that Leland writeth of British or Welsh language, namely, that the main body of it consisteth of Hebrew and Greek words, I begin to collect with myself, how it should come to pass. I concluded this could proceed from no other source or root but the commerce of the Phœnicians with this nation, who, using the same language of the Children of Israel in Canaan, even in the primitive times, were great traders, and skillful mariners, and sent out colonies through the world. Caer, says Camden, in Britain, is a city, as Jerusalem—Caer-salem. Thus Carthage in the Punic tongue was called Cartheia, that is, New City; Caer in the Syriac tongue signifies a city. Now seeing that the Syrians peopled the whole world with their colonies, it may seem probable that they left their tongue also to their posterity as the mother of languages.”—*Sammes on Bochartus*.—*Britannia Antiqua*.



Plain? by what art and skill were they so raised and disposed in their annular form, and for what purpose?" Here he must pause. History is silent, and we must wonder on until time shall unravel and make known the history of these Cyclopean British wonders!

Philologists may lay their fingers upon the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian temples, and hold them forth as symbols of language before the institution of letters, as proofs of their antiquity; but the Ancient Briton will tell him the language of the ancient people of the world was unwritten, and consisted in certain sounds familiarized to the ear by association and kindred, and that such a practice has existed amongst all primitive peoples down to the present hour; oral tradition being their custom, song being the medium, as was the practice of the primitive Britons; the very custom alone proves their great antiquity. As to the letters of the Ancient Britons, they would be the Scythian, as exhibited in the Phœnician, Hebrew, and ancient Greek. Arthur O'Connor has laboured much to illustrate the early letters of Britain and Eri; and that super-eminent Welsh scholar, Edward Lhwyd, gave great credit to the antiquity of the Irish language, as subsequently defended by the exile of Erin.

The true descent of the Welsh language from the Hebrew will establish it as a primitive language, worthy of the attention of the English inquirer,<sup>2</sup> inasmuch as it will endure as long as God's Book, which will be for ever, and be a standard of purity and simplicity by which the languages of the earth may be tried and compared, to the great advantage of truth. It is no proof of the universality of the Anglo-Saxon language because it is spoken so extensively; that is a proof of its weakness, as it embraces a mixture of all languages to suit all peoples. In it the Frenchman will find French; the German,

<sup>2</sup> See also note, p. 224. "In the mystic bards and tales, I find certain terms which evidently pertain to the Hebrew language, or to some dialect of near affinity, as Adonai, the Lord—Aladwr, the glorious God—Arawn, the Arekite, &c."—*Davies' Mythol. of Brit. Druids*, p. 94, 1809.

German; the Spaniard, Spanish; the Italian, Italian; and the Welsh, Welsh. Not so the Welsh—it is Celtic unalloyed throughout.

Here let it be observed, if the nomenclature of persons, places, and things be any proof at all (and we must admit they are), we have no hesitation in saying that Welsh names abound in England to a very great extent.<sup>3</sup> Dyer exhibits proofs of the Celtic origin of British towns, rivers, hills, and other places. O'Connor also illustrates the Celtic antiquity of the names of places in Britain. Camden, throughout his *Britannia*, gives the ancient British etymology of places and things common to the island. Surely, then, it would be of vast advantage to the Englishman to study the real language of his country.

God scattered the human race over the vast fields of nature, and gave them the earth for a heritage. He endowed them with wisdom, yet He confounded their tongues. It was *His* will that some should dwell in wildernesses; some in cities; some in the warm and genial climates of the south of Europe; others in the dark hyperborean forests of the stormy north. It was *His* will some should enjoy the blessings that flow from civilization and refinement, advancing and expanding the human intellect to ornament the social fabric; others should live a life of comparative solitude, enjoying the sweet blessings of content in their mountain homes, humble in heart, meek in spirit, soft in manners, innocent in customs, rich in the unadorned eloquence of their native tongue, pure in their religion, and sincere in their devotions to

<sup>3</sup> "I have plainly made out that not only Britain itself, but of most places therein of ancient denomination, are purely derived from the Phœnician tongue; and that the language itself, for the most part, as well as the customs, religions, idols, offices, dignities of the Ancient Britons, are all clearly Phœnician, as likewise their instruments of war, slings, and other weapons, their scythed chariots, and their different names and distinctions. Out of the same tongue, I have illustrated several monuments of antiquity still remaining in Britain, which can no other waies be interpreted than in the Phœnician tongue, where they have a plain, easie, and undeniable signification."—Sammes' *Britannia Antiqua*.

that God who decreed them a life of pastoral happiness, remote from the innovations of the vices and follies of a busier world.

Shall we say less of the children of Cambria than we should of the sons of Helvetia, or the patriarchal people of the Caucasus, whose happiness depended so much upon their primitive manners and customs, language and race?<sup>4</sup> Shall we, by comparison of the Indo-Scythian races, inhabiting the quiet retreats in the Himalaya, the Hindostani range, or the mountain districts of Affghanistan, with the Scythio-Celtæ, who dwell in the alpine homes of Greece, Calabria, the Pyrenees, and Cambria, find the descendants of the ancient Cymro to be less deserving our especial notice? Shall we not discover in our critical researches the people whose ancient name gave a character to the island of undying fame have, like remnants of all great people, been abused and traduced by conquerors and their scribes? Where does Cambria appear less, in what particular branch of social policy is she inferior, to any other civilized nation in the world? What is there in her history less interesting to the whole human family than there is in the proudest empire, ancient or modern?

Let historians and statesmen of modern England blush when they reflect upon the real character of the people of Wales, their position in relation to genuine history and purity of language, in which their ancient fundamental laws were written. Let the scribes who wrote them down a conquered people, unworthy of historical notice, "hide their diminished heads" at the stern approach of Truth, unfolding to the present age, and to posterity, the virtues that belonged to their ancient sires, and which have been so long hidden from the world by the veil of English prejudice!

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the inhabitants of hilly countries, Diodorus, of Sicily, and Strabo, contemporaries of Cæsar, B.C. 50, writing of the Briton, say,—“Their towns are on the hills, on the top of which they inclose a large space with felled trees, and within this fence they make for themselves huts composed mostly of reeds and logs, and sheds for their cattle.” Is not this the way all our old fashioned timber houses were builded—logs and wattles, or reed, filled up with daub, or clay?



The history of Cambria is a history of the world ! Ancient Britain was the last home of the Celto-Scythians of Western Europe—the *ultima* of their colonization in the extreme West.<sup>5</sup> The same spirit that animated the ancient patriarchal races—the same reverence, the same love of liberty, and hatred of despotism—the same fellowship and good feeling for one another, descended in the Celtic line, through kindred blood, faithfully and genealogically brought down, now exists amongst the people of Cambria. Whilst the follies and vices of the world have been rampant in the cities of the plains, liberty, love of home, kindred, race, and language, have been ever found amongst those who dwell in high lands and mountain districts.<sup>6</sup> After the Deluge, the primitive races sought the high lands for dwelling-places ; there the most peaceable and virtuous have remained ; whilst the restless, ambitious, and viciously inclined of the human family, have gone down to the plains, and established cities and empires, spreading vice and folly throughout all the corners of the earth.

But for the inhabitants of the mountains of Greece, the Hellenic language would have been swept away by the despotism of conquering nations ; but for the mountaineers of Calabria, the chain of the Scythio-Celtic language would have been broken ; but for the pastoral people of Helvetia, the Celtæ might have perished in the plains of Italia, under the barbarous Goths ; but for the enterprising tribes of the Basque Pyrenees, the language of the old world would never have found its way into Britain ; but for the aboriginal Britons perpetuating the line of the Celtic language in their remote regions of the West, it might have died away ; but “a remnant of all shall be saved,” and it was left to the Cambrian Britons to stick firmly to their language, despite the attempts of the

<sup>5</sup> Many of the Hebrew nation are said to have accompanied the Phœnicians in their voyages to Britain : the character of the ancient mining tools confirm this notion.—Thackeray, *History of Ancient Britons*.

<sup>6</sup> See Note, p. 227.

Romans to Latinize the country—the Anglo-Saxons to force their Scandinavian dialects upon them—or the Normans to overwhelm them with Norman-French. History shows how strongly did the Romans labour to break the spirit and language of the people of Cambria, and how fiercely the Silures and Ordovices of the western hills defended their mountain homes, their liberty, and language. Cæsar, Tiberius, Caligula, Suetonius, and Agricola, would have subdued, denationalized, and Latinized the people; but the indomitable spirit of Cassibellanus, Caractacus, Galgacus, and other noble-minded chiefs, instilled into the minds of the people the necessity of preserving their race and language from Roman pollution; even when overcome by the superior strength and discipline of the Roman legions, they would not suffer their people to bear the yoke of the Roman slave willingly, but encouraged them to treasure up their liberty in the mountains of Cambria.

This was the manner in which the Britons defended the Scythain race and language under the Roman sway. Let such bravery and spirit ever find sympathy in the breasts of Englishmen, for this was the period when the name of Britain became patent in Roman history as a land of brave people—as the country of freedom—as a race devoted to their homes—stubborn in their resolution never to become the willing slaves of a conqueror; then it was the Roman historians, finding the empire could not hold the Britons in subjection, abandoned them to their own rule, and eternal fame.

Let Englishmen lay aside the early prejudices infused in their minds by those school historians whose narrow conceits and pedantic follies have poisoned the pure source of history, let them soar into the higher and rational element, and pursue legitimate arguments and facts connected with British history, before they venture to give an opinion upon the history of Cambria. No doubt can exist in the mind of a rational man as to the antiquity and purity of the Welsh people, and their language; and, so deeply is their history connected with the history of

England, that it would be criminal indeed to neglect the history of Wales in writing a history of our common country.

History, in the early ages of any country, is at best mythical; but the language, habits, manners, customs, and traditionary history, weighed together in the intellectual scale, is held legitimate by historians and civilians. Although we may descend through dark ages from the days of the patriarchs, it is not essential; but, as Englishmen, take a stand at that period of the world's history which shows the people of the coast of Syria—of ancient Phrygia—the bucolic people of the hills and dales of Asia Minor, where the primitive races of mankind lived in peace—to be similar in character, habits, manners, customs, to those of the people of Cambria; that the language they spoke was very similar to that in which the heroic Caractacus addressed the Emperor Claudius at Rome. In investigating this subject, what immense advantage would it be to the historian and the philologist in tracing the language of ancient Troy to the roots of the language of ancient Britain.

Englishmen neglect this, and they cannot know their own country's history. Study Welsh history and they become wise. "Cribbed, cabined, and confined," with the limits of Anglo-Saxon prejudice hemming them round—vainly contending for superiority and dominion over the Principality, as they call it—they will ever be regarded as unworthy the chair of reason; they will be considered to be pursuing a blind fatuity of idea, which warps their judgment into the narrow channel of bigotry, rendering them intolerant, and even offensive, to the ordinary rules of common sense.

To derive real advantages from the pure fountain of knowledge, Englishmen should cast aside the contracted and improper appellation, and call themselves Britons, as they sometimes do in their patriotic enthusiasm, when, in the lusty voice of song they exclaim, "Britons never shall be slaves"—a phrase borrowed from the address of Galgacus when exhorting his contrymen to resist the



dominion of the Romans to the death ! They should study and preserve the language of the Celtic-British people as the great medium of consolidating a people so much divided as they are in the British Islands ; they should drink deeply at the pure spring whence flowed the poetic fervour that animated the minds of the patriarchal tribes of the East, when the infant world was nourished by the soft simplicity of human nature in the Asiatic gardens, until, matured by the will of heaven, its inspired breathings found oracles in the patriarchs and prophets of the Pentateuch ; imbibe the spirit of this stream divine, and they will descend through the letters of Holy Writ to the ages when the Celtic bards caught up the inspiration, harmonizing the affairs of the world in the eloquent strains of poetic imagery, such as we find in the mysteries of the ancient Druids, and the lays of Taliesin.

That the Welsh language, of all the Scythian dialects that spread over Europe during the struggles of the great Assyrian empire, approximates nearer the Hebrew there cannot be a doubt ; that it was spoken upon this island long anterior to our Saviour's mission upon the earth there is as little doubt ; and the best of our linguists and scholars, read in the languages of the holy period, all admit and declare the language of Cambria, in letters and idiom, power and sound, quantity and value, to be very similar to the ancient languages of Asia Minor.

How much then ought Englishmen to value a people speaking such a language ? Englishmen of the mixed races of Scandinavia, how much should they admire the constancy, patriotism, and courage of a people who have religiously preserved their language within the ramparts of Offa's Dyke, in spite of Roman despotism, and Anglo-Saxon terrorism and cruelty ?<sup>7</sup> How much praise do such a people deserve, who, during eight hundred years of Roman and Saxon persecution, preserved all worth keeping, name and language, even to this very hour ?

<sup>7</sup> There are laws on the statute-book of the Anglo-Saxon declaring the penalty of death for any Cambrian being found on the English side of the ditch, with other lesser punishments, as losing the hand, &c.

Surely there are advantages in associating with a people like this? Fellowship in kindred and tongue are natural ties. It is not God's law that there shall be bounds, and barriers, and ramparts, to divide society; nor that warring hordes of men should prowl through forests, overrun plains, scour moorlands and fells, in search of human creatures to destroy!

The Goths and Vandals overran Europe, carried the sword of rapine across the threshold of the gates of Rome; the power of these mighty ravagers subdued half Europe, uprooted dynasties, overturned nations, dispersed tribes and peoples, dislocated society everywhere, extended their bloody march even into Britain. The slaughter of the Druids of Anglesey by the Romans was imitated by the northern Ethelfred, in the cruel massacre of the monks of Bangor. Notwithstanding all these terrible shocks, Cambria maintained her proud position, until Cadwallader was gathered to his fathers. Their name and language still survived the ages of havoc through their traditional bardic song, and in their triads and laws; and although the statesmen of conquest endeavour to mould the habits, manners, and language of the conquered to those of the conquerors, here they failed, as the Romans had done before them; the Anglo-Saxons conquered, but could not enslave; by cunning and force they triumphed over ancient British liberty, but they could not subdue their spirit, even when the great Llewelyn ap Griffith, Prince of Cambria, died, and proud Edward, by a Statute de Rothelan, annexed the home of the Scythian, the Celtæ, the Ancient Briton, to the crown of the Angles and Saxons of northern Europe; but their parent language survived all—a divine care seemed to hover over it that it might be preserved for posterity to dwell upon.

If it be asked, what advantages will accrue to Englishmen from a study of the Welsh language, we should say to the civilian, the jurist, the statesmen of the English school, who look upon Wales as a mere Principality, and not Britain herself—her people as an isolated portion of the English nation, not as the aborigines of the island—

pause and think; ask themselves how it was they came to be Englishmen, and to be superior in intellect to the proscribed of Cambria? What code of natural and civil law guides their reason in making laws for the common country? Truth will whisper in their ears, and awake their inquiring minds, to search the neglected history of ancient Britain, to study the language in which that history was written, and which the people spoke. They will learn that the Anglo-Saxon code, of which they so highly boast as the profound emanations of great minds, embodied by the pious and noble Alfred, was but the offspring of the triads of Dyvnwal Moelmud, which will be found in the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, dated many centuries before the Christian era; or, even questioning the authority of date, the history of that era is more worthy of credence than the northern sagas and Scandinavian mythology, wherein they affect to trace the pedigree of Odin from the living God, and create heavens when the Myvyrians are content to create states only. But if the age of Menw, the first lawgiver of Britain, is too remote and abstruse for their attention, let them consult the public records of parliament, the *Cyvreithiau Cymru* (Welsh laws), embodying, in the Venedotian, Dimetian, and Gwentian codes, a mass of political wisdom far superior to the Anglo-Saxon and Norman codes, supposed for the time to be the perfection of legislative wisdom in Europe.

(To be continued.)

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**LLANGOLLEN EISTEDDFOD.**—We shall in our next insert a full and correct report of the proceedings of this national festival.

**FAIRIES.**—The Welsh idea of fairies is that they are the souls of departed men not sufficiently depraved to be punished in hell, neither sufficiently divested of evil so as to be admitted into heaven. They are thought to be benevolently disposed towards all virtuous men, but vice, especially lying and sluttishness, they most abominably hate, and punish invisibly all that are addicted to such habits.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE MUSIC OF WALES.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will insert the following in your Journal:—

“The Bards of later periods introduce names of celebrity into their poems, with a vast deal of ignorance, not knowing who the person named was, when or where he lived. Thus in an old prophetic Cywydd, Alawn the ancient or mythological bard, and Guido Arretinus are brought in together as old Welsh prophets.

“Alawn Fardd haeliawn a fu  
Gwido hên gwedy hynny.”

In another old MS. I have found the following passage:—

“Gwido hen oedd y cyntaf erioed a wnaeth Gerdd Bedrylef, gwr o'r werddon oedd ef, ac a ddaeth i Gymry ar amcan Llys Aberffraw blwyddyn oed Crist 1119, pan oedd Gruffudd ap Cynan yn dywysawg Aberffraw ym mon, ag yno y bu Gwido yn Bencerdd gorchestol, ai gerdd ef a elwir Pedrylef wyddel.”

It does not appear clearly whether the writer of the above considered his Gwido as a bard or a musician.

Cerdd bedrylef signifies literally a *song of four voices*. This Gwido was possibly Guido Arretinus.

It is so highly probable as to amount even to a certainty, that Gruffudd ap Cynan introduced a new musical system or theory into Wales from Ireland; but in what year is not certain. Several accounts mention this, but differ very much as to the date; this may happen possibly from the circumstance of an intercourse which subsisted between the courts of Aberffraw and Dublin. And with respect to the musical intercourse, many events of notoriety might have taken place, and those in different years, so that it may appear probable enough that each of the given dates is correct with respect to one or the other of such events. But whatever may be inferred from difference of dates, we find such a general unanimity in our old writers, attesting the circumstance that Gruffudd ap Cynan introduced from Ireland into North Wales an improved theory of music, that we cannot with any degree of reason deny it. The Irish names of tunes, Irish technology, &c., corroborate greatly the supposition.

In this system, as it now appears in our MSS., the term *Gamwth*, (Gamut) occurs—*Dr. of Music*, &c.; a proof, especially the last term, that these MSS. are comparatively of recent date. Add to this English words and idioms, as *prinsmal*, &c., which were not in use in the days of Gruffudd ap Cynan. As Guido had written a full century before the time of Gruffudd ap Cynan, it is very possible that his theory might have become known in Ireland about the close of the eleventh, or beginning of the twelfth, century, and from thence

be introduced into Britain about 1100 or 1120. The system of Guido, having been then introduced, might have occasioned the mere Welsh writer to infer that Guido himself came over into Wales, and that he was an Irishman. There are facts in history that are strongly established by the very great inconsistencies of those accounts which we find of them, and one of those is the above.

In the time of Davydd ap Gwilym, more than 200 years after G. ap Cynan, we find the terms *sol*, *fa*, *mên*, *trebl*, &c., a proof that the system of Guido was then very generally known in Wales. It is observable that he calls the catgut harp *Telyn ledr*, i.e., leathern harp. He calls it also a *wild* or *mad* Irish creature, and says that the ancient harp of Wales was strung with horse-hair.—(Vide Cywydd *Y Delyn ledr*, Cywydd, *Symlen Ben Bys*, &c.)

It is remarkable that neither the harp or any other musical instrument is ever mentioned by the bards, from G. ap Cynan down to the time of the last Princes of Wales, about 1280, a period of nearly 200 years, excepting the following passage in an ode of Llywarch Brydydd y Moch, addressed to Prince Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, circa 1240,—

“Cân folawd a thafawd a thant,”—*Myv. Arch.* i. p. 300,

The song of praise, of *tongue* (voice) and *string*. This string may very fairly imply the *harp*, and equally so the *crwth*, or *crota*, which was most peculiarly a British instrument. And yet, how have ignorant writers *harped* on the supposed harping bards of Wales. In the genuine pieces of all our oldest poets, Taliesin, &c., we find no mention of the harp, and but once of the *crwth*, and that in a piece the authenticity of which is very doubtful, occurring in a romance, written about the year 1350, by Hopcin ap Thomas, of Kilfai, (possibly the same as Casnodyn). In this romance a considerable number of poetical pieces are introduced by the fictitious Taliesin, in the simple verse indeed of the genuine Taliesin, with something of his mythology, and nothing of his style and idiom; the last of which is so absolutely modern, that we are at some difficulty in admitting the correctness of the account that ascribes it to Hopcin ap Thomas, as that seems with great probability to be too remote a period. That the Editors of the *Archæology* should not be able to perceive this difference of style, idiom, &c., is most astonishing, considering the length of time wherein they have studied, or rather stared at without studying, the old Welsh MSS.

I found the above among some MSS. in my possession, but I must confess that the writer seems to me to be incorrect respecting the antiquity of music in Wales. The mention of two keys peculiar to the Irish, in our old books of music, as “*Y Cymair Gwyddelig dieithr*” (the strange Irish key), and “*Lleddf Gymair Gwyddelig*” (the flat Irish key), also of a few tunes, such as “*Y Gaingc ddu o'r Werddon*” (the black tune from Ireland), plainly demonstrate that the rest of the music is British. But what, in my opinion, settles the matter, is the following extract from a very ancient MS.—“*Llyma 'r*



Pedwar mesur ar hugain cerdd dant, yn ol Rheol Mesur oll, fal y Cyfansoddwyd mewn Eisteddfod," &c. These are the twenty-four measures of instrumental music, all according to rule and measure, as they were composed in a congress before many doctors of the science, of *Britons* and *Irish*, curious in that art, in the time of Gruffydd ab Cynan; and were written in books by order of both parties, the British and Irish, principal and royal of that time, and copied from thence, &c.

With regard to counterpoint, Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, remarks of the Welsh,—“They do not sing in unison, like the inhabitants of many countries, but in *different parts*; so that in a company of singers, which one frequently meets with in Wales, you will hear as many different parts and voices as there are performers; who all at length unite with organic melody (in harmony), in one consonance (concord), and the soft sweetness of B flat.” To this he adds, that he had never witnessed a similar custom, except in the North of England, beyond the Humber; a circumstance which, when we reflect that a tribe of the Cymry anciently peopled that part of the kingdom, tends greatly to prove the antiquity of the practice.

Among the old games of Wales was also “singing a song of *four parts*, with accentuation,” and surely these games were indigenous.

As to the harp, it is mentioned in connection with the bards by Ammianus Marcellinus. Blegwryd ab Seisyllt, King of Britain, about 160 years before Christ, is said to have performed on the harp. The ancient Welsh Laws mention the harp as one of the indispensable accomplishments of a gentleman; and they enumerate three distinct languages, Cornish and Latin, having the same character,—Roman kinds, viz. :—“The harp of the king, the harp of a master of music, and the harp of a gentleman.” Indeed, we may infer from several facts and allusions that the Britons had the harp prior to any other nation, except the Hebrews.

It would gratify many of your readers if some one intimately acquainted with the musical history of Wales would furnish your pages with an article on the subject.—I remain, &c.,

TUBAL.

#### GWLAD Y PWYL.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—Gwlad y *Pwyl*, mentioned in the Welsh Triads, is supposed by some to mean Poland, and by others, Holland. As the name occurs in the Triads, I will attempt to complete a triad of conjectures in reference to it. The position of this country is, I believe, nowhere indicated, and the supposition that it means either Poland or Holland rests entirely upon similarity of names. I would therefore suggest that *Pwyl* may be the Welsh modification of *La Pouille*, the French form of *Apulia*, in the South of Italy. The modern Italians call the same country *Puglia*.—I remain, &c.,

CIAN.



## WELSH POETRY PRESERVED IN MSS.

## No. III.

TUDYR ALED.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—I now send you a list of some of the poems of Tudyr Aled. It is far from being complete; but I think it best to send you a list of as many as I have, in the hope of additions being made to it by some other correspondent who has a better collection.

I remain, &amp;c.,

ROBERT WILLIAMS, M.A.

Rhydcrocsau, Oswestry, July 25, 1858.

## TITLES.

## FIRST LINES.

- |    |                                 |                               |
|----|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
|    | Cowydd i'r Hên Robert Salsbri   | Mastr Robert rymus dribwrdd   |
|    | o Lanrwst                       |                               |
|    | Cowydd i Syr Roitsier Salsbri o | Aer Lleweni iarll wyneb       |
|    | Leweni                          |                               |
|    | Cowdd Merch .....               | Trem ar ferch trwm a ro fi    |
|    | Awdl Sion Gray .....            | Iarll Sion gwaew union eginin |
|    |                                 | —Emprwr                       |
| 5  | Cowydd i Rys Amredydd .....     | Pwy biau gwaed pibau gwin     |
|    | Cowydd .....                    | Maed'enw Rys am dywyn rhudd   |
|    | Awdl foliant Syr Rys ap Thomas  | Syr gwn nerth dragwn nerth    |
|    |                                 | dranc                         |
|    | Awdl farwnad Thomas Salsbri     | Gwae holl goed trymed trom-   |
|    | marchog urddol                  | wedd                          |
|    | Cowydd i Syr Thomas Salisbury   | Pwy yw blaenor pobl y wenol   |
| 10 | Cowydd i Syr Thomas Salisbury   | Ystiward Ros a dart rudd      |
|    | Cowydd moliant John Salisbury   | Troes un dyn at ras hendad    |
|    | Cowydd moliant Ffoulk Salisbury | Dynill oedd a dwyn y llall    |
|    | Deon Llanellwy                  |                               |
|    | Cowydd pump brodyr o Fach-      | Perhon tori pren tirion       |
|    | ymbyd                           |                               |
|    | Cowydd Robert Salisbury o Iâl . | Un dyn a gwaew yn dan y gyd   |
| 15 | Cowydd Merch .....              | Caru dyn ieuanc arab          |
|    | Cowydd Syr William Gruffydd     | Mor llawen mae'r llu ieuaine  |
|    | marchog urddol                  |                               |
|    | Cowydd i Syr Edward Siaplen i   | Un prelat wynef Rolant        |
|    | Arglwydd Herbert                |                               |
|    | Cowydd Mr. Robert ap —...       | Pwy a ran gwaed y pren gwin   |
|    | Cowydd John Pylston Hên ...     | Pwy a dyr gwaew fal powdwr    |
|    |                                 | gwyllt                        |
| 20 | Cowydd Marwnad Ieuanap Ithel    | Nid un bwys ac nid iawn bod   |
|    | Fychau o Degaingl               |                               |
|    | Cowydd y march brith .....      | Powys lwyd pwy sy wladwr      |
|    | Cowydd marwnad Rhobert ab       | Y gwr marw a gar morwyn       |
|    | Sion o Degeingl                 |                               |

- Cowydd Mr. Robert ab Rhys.. Ar gael undyn mae'r glendyt  
 Cowydd Marwnad Dafydd ab Truan mor wan yw'r einioes  
 Einion Fychan
- 25 Awdl i Sion ap Dafydd Abat Euron ywch goron ewch i geu-  
 Glyn Egwystl rydd  
 Marwnad Owain ab Meirig o Arfau Duw ar Fodeon  
 Fodeon yn Môn  
 Marwnad Tudyr Llwyd o Iâl.. Mawr pwys Duw, marw post Iâl  
 Marwnad Dafydd Llwyd ab Tros Iâl y treies heulwen  
 Tudur o Iâl  
 Cowydd i ofyn march i Abat Gyd ag un a geidw Gwynedd  
 Aberconwy
- 30 Cowydd marwnad Gruffydd ab Duw yr wyd yn di dŷ'r Iaith  
 Rhys ab Madog Gloddaith  
 Cowydd i ddiolch am Farch Glas Cledd daear Wynedd a'i drŷch  
 i William Fychan o Gorsy-  
 gedol  
 Marwnad Dafydd ab Edmund.. Llaw Dduw a fu'n lladd Awen  
 Marwnad i Hywel ab Siancyn o Llwyn oedd ym; mewn lle neu  
 Ynys y Maengwyn ddan  
 Marwnad Rhys ab Llewelyn ab Pa bryd y wympai brydain  
 Hwlcyn
- 35 Marwnad i Thomas Conwy.... Ba herwydd y bu hiriath  
 Cowydd ..... Serch y roes ar chwaer essayllt  
 Cowydd ..... Medraf ampyyll madrod o'm  
 pen.

## NOTES.

(1.) Robert Salusbury was the fifth son of Thomas Salusbury Hên, of Lleweni, and settled at Llanrwst.

(2.) Sir Roger Salusbury, Knt., was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Salusbury, Knt., who was the brother of Robert.

(5.) Rhys Fawr ab Meredydd was entrusted by Henry VII. with the standard of England at the battle of Bosworth, 22nd August, 1485, after the former standard-bearer, Sir Wm. Brandon, had been slain. He was buried in the church of Ysptyty Ifan, in Denbighshire, where an alabaster effigy of himself and wife may be now seen.

(7.) Sir Rhys ab Thomas, the celebrated governor of Wales, who died in 1527, aged 76.—See *Eminent Welshmen*.

(8.) Sir Thomas Salusbury, Knt., greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Blackheath, 23rd June, 1497, against Lord Audley and his Cornish followers, for which service he was knighted by Henry VII. He died in January, 1505.

(11.) John Salusbury, brother of Sir Thomas and Robert, settled at Bachymbyd, in Denbighshire.

(12.) Foulk Salusbury, another brother, Dean of St. Asaph from 1511 to 1543.

(15.) The five brothers of Bachymbyd were Pierce, Foulk, Robert, John, and Thomas, sons of John Salusbury, No. 11.

(16.) Sir William Gruffydd, of Penrhyn, Caernarvonshire, chamberlain of North Wales.

(23.) Robert ab Rhys was the son of Rhys Fawr ab Meredydd. He was cross-bearer and chaplain to Cardinal Wolsey. He was buried in Yspytty Ifan Church, where there is an effigy of him in canonical robes.

Nos. 22, and 26 to 33, are printed in Jones' *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru*, 4to, 1773. R. W.

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*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—Mr. Gilbert Davies, in his *History of Cornwall*, says that the ancient inscription, *i. e.*, KYCH INRI, above the porch of St. Austell's Church, has never been deciphered. During one of my excursions in this interesting county, in the summer of 1856, I went to see it. I noticed that the fabulous emblem of the pelican, with its young sucking its blood, was carved beneath the mysterious words, and I naturally thought that there was some connection between the two, which, on further investigation, I found to be the case, and has, I think, led to the solution of the difficulty. No doubt the affectionate bird giving its blood to feed its young, in such a place, was intended as a type of our blessed Saviour. In the Cornish language, the word for flesh, cognate with the Welsh *Cig*, is *Kych*. INRI consists of the initials of the phrase *Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum*. The mystery arose from the fact of the inscription being involved in two capitals,—and the initials having no dots between them was read as a word, which, of course, is not to be found in any language in the world. According to this explanation, the meaning of the inscription is simply, "the flesh of Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Should you think this explanation worthy of a place in the *Cambrian Journal*, I shall feel obliged to you if you will kindly give it insertion.

I remain, &c.,

J. JAMES.

14, Frederick Place, Clifton, Bristol,  
28th June, 1858.

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THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY MADOC.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—I believe that the promoters of the Llangollen Eisteddfod were unanimous in their decision, that no essay on the *non*-discovery of America by Madoc, the son of Owen Gwynedd, was admissible, as not coming under the terms of the programme. If so, the storm raised by Mr. Stephens was of no use whatever, for I find it thus stated in one of the Eisteddfod prospectuses:—



"They [the promoters] also claim to themselves the right of deciding on all subjects of controversy that may arise, and their decision, in all such cases, shall be considered final."—I remain, &c.,  
JUSTICE.

## REVIEWS.

RECORDS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE; or, Papers and Notes on the History, Antiquities, and Architecture of the County. No. VIII. Buckingham: R. Chandler. Oxford and London: J. H. Parker. 1858.

The contents of this Number are,—“Remarks upon the former Abundance and the present Non-existence of Salmon in the River Thames;” “Biddlesden Abbey and its Lands;” “Desecrated Churches of Buckinghamshire (continued);” “Restoration of Cuddington Church;” “Drayton Beauchamp—Manorial History (continued);” “The Cheyne Family;” “Eton;” “Miscellaneous.” They are well worthy the attention of the archæologist.

Y BRYTHON. Tremadog: R. J. Jones.

This is a weekly Welsh paper, of greater interest to the bard and antiquary than any of its contemporaries, inasmuch as it contains, in addition to the usual amount of passing news, articles of great value illustrative of the history and general literature of our country. This promises fairly to become *the* organ of the literary class in Wales, and, as such, deserves every encouragement.

# THE CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.



ALBAN

ARTHAN.

(WINTER SOLSTICE.)

## ESSAY ON THE ADVANTAGES ACCRUING TO ENGLISHMEN FROM A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

By MANCENION.

*(Continued from p. 233.)*

AMONGST the most remarkable essays of juridical wisdom are the laws of Howel Dha—Howel the Good—the man

“Who loved peace and good order, and feared God,”—

a code which challenges comparison with the very best of the Anglo-Saxon laws. The anomalous laws, and the fragmentary laws in the Latin language, are well worthy of attention; also the Dynevor laws, incorporated with border rules, down to the Statute de Rothelan, when Cambria became denationalized, will all be found worthy of notice. They will be found pregnant with the highest order of jurisprudence, embodying the principles of the most celebrated laws of Greece and Rome; what is still of greater advantage, they will be in the ancient British



language of the time when they were written, affording a good opportunity to the inquirer to analyze the value of that and the Hebrew and Scythian languages.

Formerly statesmen in England honoured the laws and language of Cambria, because the people themselves honoured and revered their authority and influence in the internal government of the people ; for long after they ceased to be regarded as statutory, they were acted upon, because they were consonant with the habits and customs of the people : hence we have now in England the legal axiom, " the custom of England is the law of England."

The dawn of letters awoke in Britain the dormant language ; the traditions of the bards were engrafted upon legitimate history ; and now it is all important to Englishmen to join the Cambrians in promulgating a sound practical language, such as has borne the test of time, in order that the history of our common country may be cleared of its vagueness, and purified of prejudice.

Again, if it be asked, what advantage will accrue to Englishmen from a knowledge of the Welsh language ? we will say to the theologian, loving God and his people, communing with the creeds of the earth, divining the actions of mankind, and weighing them in the scale of spiritual truth, that they may be hereafter judged by the King of Kings ; if they wish to acquire more knowledge, cast aside the irreverent prejudice which we find existing in this class of philosophers, and study the Welsh language ; examine the sacred history of Christianity in his own country, even in the dark ages, when its bright beams broke through the mysteries of druidism, and this favoured land received the earliest dawn of the redeeming faith, long before the worshippers of Odin, or the god Æsir, and his idolatrous satellites, polluted the soil of Britain with their unholy tread. Involved in much mystery as to date when Christianity first dawned in Britain, the discovery of Welsh manuscripts, and the researches of eminent scholars into the records of the early Roman Church, fix the first century as the time when Cambria became the favoured land. A knowledge of the Welsh



language would inspirit the theologian to pursue the interesting subject of the early Christians in Britain with a degree of pleasure which at present none but Welsh divines can only feel, because the very language they use in expounding the Scriptures is so genial to the sense and idiom of the language Christ spoke when on earth as to harmonize with their very souls even to inspiration !

But the theologian may point to the ages of druidism, and ask us to clear away the barbarism of the ages antecedent to Christianity. Let him examine the works of the most learned in the ancient British language—the most laborious and patient inquirers into the history of druidism<sup>1</sup>—and he will find his early prejudices to vanish before the spirit of inquiry ; he will learn that the Druids, having become acquainted with the Hellenic language at a very early age, imbibed their notions of paganism from them ; and, in common with all the remote peoples of the world, the religion of pagan rites and ceremonies, shows and feasts, superseded the pure religion, and the simple adoration of the God of Israel, and so druidism became the religion of Britain and Gaul. But the theologian must know the redeeming virtues of the Druids to be in favour of the religion of the true God, and the coming of Christ ; for they were not so steeped in idolatry as were the Greeks and Romans of the same ages of the world. A spirit of Theism existed from the remotest ages amongst them.<sup>2</sup> The ancient notions of the patriarchal faith of the races of Judah had not died away, but mythical theories abounded in their faith, in which they held crude notions of the creation, of the Deluge, of the building of the Temple, and of all the striking and most prominent points of Bible history, all of which were grafted upon druidism. The language they spoke was, in a great measure, the language of Judah, and this was the great reason why

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Edward Davies' "Celtic Researches into the Mythology and Rites of the Ancient Druids." Amongst the ancients were Cæsar, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, Ammianus Marcellinus, Tacitus.

<sup>2</sup> The doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and of rewards and punishments, was not unknown amongst them.

Bible history remained so strongly impressed upon their minds.

The Druids of Cæsar's *Commentaries* were wise men—perhaps the wisest of the age in which they lived; they were worshippers of nature, and cultivated reason; they studied the sages of Greece; the doctrines of Thales, Bias, Solon, the great lawgiver, Pittacus, Aristotle, the peripatetic philosopher of nature, were the ground-work of the philosophy and morals they taught their youth, and on which their laws were formed; more especially those of the Myvyrian ages, well worthy of Solon or Lycurgus. The practical wisdom of the sages of Greece was the basis of all the great and good governments since their time, and it redounds to the honour of the wise men—the Druids of Britain—for the preservation in the ancient British laws of those principles famous in the British constitution.

It must be remembered by the theologian that, during the dark ages of ancient druidism, religion in the western world had fallen very low and barbarous, amongst the Northmen in particular; and, if we were to treat the Scandinavian history as the Anglo-Saxon writers upon British history have done, we should say their religion was very barbarous indeed. For seven centuries before the coming of Our Lord, true religion had almost faded from the earth; but the Celtic Briton may challenge every people under Roman rule, boasting of civilization and refinement, to show where religion was practised with such simplicity and sacred character as it was amongst the ancient Druids of this island. It will be of advantage to the theologian to know this from the real history of the Druids, as pourtrayed in the *Celtic Researches* of the Rev. E. Davies—a work of very learned character—and from the antiquarian writers upon the pagan churches in Europe. It will be of great advantage to him and to truth to find how beautifully the mythology of druidism is toned with the events in Bible history, and borne out too by the very names, and important texts, written in Hebrew, corresponding almost to the letter in the Celtic



of the Druids ! The flowery and figurative language of the prophets' poetry and style are the same in both. The ark and the dove of Noah, in druidism, is very different from the savage barbarism of the Boar Schrimmer of the Scandinavian creed ; whilst the one is emblematical of peace and rest, and symbolical of all that is sacred, the other breathes a savage, belligerent spirit, such as has ever been found in the Scandinavian people. Hence it is Christianity found a resting-place in Britain very long anterior to the time the dark ages of Saxon paganism vanished before the sublime faith.

When the druidical creeds became analyzed by the early Christian missionaries, and were found to be perverted and heathenized creeds founded on the doctrines of the Israelitish Church, the Druids themselves became enlightened upon the subject of the coming of Christ to redeem mankind from the great sin of idolatry and false worship ; they abandoned their druidical temples of Stonehenge, their sacred groves, and misletoe emblems, for pure Christianity. Many of them, on their weary march towards the temples of Greece, to consult the oracles and priests as to the truth of the new faith, became converted in the plains of Italia, turned towards the rock of St. Peter's at Rome, and there became baptized in the Church of Christ. Many, while sojourning in the Peloponnesus, became inspired with the preachings and teachings of the apostles, and became converted ; whilst others, by the intercourse between the merchants of Phrygia, Phœnicia, Galatia, Thessalonica, Athens, and the Greek islands, where the labours of the apostles had converted the people who traded to these islands, imbibed the new faith ; and even, whilst yet the Roman altars burned with sacrifices, and pagan rites were celebrated in every part of Britain, the new Christian priests went about preaching and converting the Britons to Christianity, enduring persecution from the hands of their Roman masters with real fortitude. Even when the Anglo-Saxon invaders would have forced upon the Britons mythological creeds repugnant to the true faith, and erect altars to *Æsir* in place of the true



God—when they would have forced the heathenism of the Voluspa, the Edda, and Valhalla upon them, instead of the sacred and inspired writings of the prophets, and the evangelists, and the apostles of peace on earth, the British priests and people suffered persecution rather than abandon the faith, retired into the woods and mountains; the sacred groves of the ancient Druids resounded with hymns of praise in honour of the new King of Peace, and Christianity became established.

The theologian from this period will find that Cambria alone, within Offa's Dyke, was the normal school of the Christian religion, where the Culdees of Caledon and Eri repaired to be instructed in the new faith. He will find that, in the heart of Cambria, the monks, for five hundred years, were the instructors and ordainers of youth for the priesthood, as the universities of England have been for many centuries past; this, too, during the spread of the Arian and Pelagian heresies, which distracted for a considerable time the orthodox faith in Europe, during a time when the great struggle was going on between the northern idolators and the Christian authorities of Southern Europe and Asia Minor for dominant power; when the empire of Rome was vainly contending against the Goths and the Ostrogoths of Northern Europe, and the Scythian Vandals and Huns of the East. In these troublous times the pious monks, secure in the mountains of Cambria, were the pioneers of the Christian religion in Britain, Caledon, and Eri; they sent out missions to bring about peace and good will amongst men. The Celtic language they spoke was understood also in Caledonia, Hibernia, and Manaw, where the new faith was adopted.

The theologian will learn also how these men were persecuted by the cruel Northmen, under Ethelfred, King of Northumberland, when his heathen hordes burst into the country of the Cornavii and the Ordovices,—laid waste their territory and towns with fire and sword,—entered their sacred temples in the midst of their worship, and cruelly slaughtered them,—

“Woe to Saxon cruelty,<sup>3</sup>

*O miserere Domine!*

Weltering amid warriors slain,  
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,  
Slaughtered down by heathen blade,  
Bangor’s peaceful monks are slain;”—*Sir W. Scott.*

thus showing how much Cambrian blood has been shed in defence of the true faith of Christendom.

If the theologian will read the *Welsh Chronicles* of the doings of the Christian Church in the middle ages, he will find that, whilst the fires of Smithfield blackened the sacred cause, and bigotry and intolerance overran the land, alternately preponderating on one side and then on the other, engendering bitterness of spirit, hot blood, and persecution, even to the most cruel tortures and horrible deaths, the mountaineers of Cambria silently embraced the spirit of Huss, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and Zuinglius; quietly reasoned upon the purification of the Roman Catholic Church according to the apostolic doctrines, unostentatiously laying aside the errors and false doctrines of the Church of Rome, and adopting the reformed religion as the best guide to Christian life, without regard to the Tudor animosities or incentives to embrace, in the name of party, a religion of the state.

The purity of the reformed religion was defended by the Welsh divines, during the troublous times of the Stuarts, with zeal and affection. It has been preserved alike from Romanism and Puritanism. No frowns, no threats, no insidious intrigues of parties and sects, Jesuits nor presbyters, could affect the quiet demeanour of the disciples of the Reformed Church in Cambria. Faith gave the people confidence—that gave them courage. The persecution of the bishops gave them strength, and the attempts to abolish the Welsh language, in the practice

<sup>3</sup> “Ethelfred, King of Northumberland, or Elfrid, marched against the Britons at the siege of Chester, in A.D. 613. The monks were offering up prayers for the success of the Britons, when the Saxons and Danes fell upon them at Bangor Monachorum, and slaughtered 1200 of them.”—*William of Malmesbury.*



of their religion, only convinced the intolerant bigots of England the Welsh people were too seriously devoted to the rich legacy of their ancient fathers—their vernacular tongue—to be either persuaded or forced to abandon all they held dear on earth—the right which God gave them to enunciate their thoughts, and offer their devotions, in their natural tongue, for ever and ever. With the return of Protestantism, and the new constitution of 1688, no change was sought to be made in the language of Cambria; but that, and their religion, like twin sisters of truth, have gone hand in hand, dealing out blessings within the prescribed pale of Gwynedd, Deheubarth, and Powisland.\*

If the theologian would question the stability of the Reformed Church, and point to the spirit of dissent, we should take the broad ground, and ask, What progress has the Roman Church made in Wales? What progress can it make if the Welsh language is maintained in its purity? If, therefore, he be in favour of a pure church, and a pure language, he must encourage both; and the advantages he, in common with his fellow Britons everywhere, would derive, and the happiness which would flow from such an union, would be a permanent blessing to society.

Even now, stand upon the lofty peaks of Cader Idris, Snowdon, Plinlimmon, the Black Mountains, and the Capellante; look down upon the peaceful valleys that teem with the luxuriance of nature on every side; remember the story of Rasselas and his happy vale; and wherever the white smoke curls amongst the trees, imagine a people dwelling in the midst of content, speaking a language as soft and simple as their own easy state; wherever the eye rests upon an "ivy-mantled tower," imagine that the centre of a grave-yard, where centuries of sires and sons moulder in their native dust; at the foot of that tower is the sacred fane within which the pious pastor of the flock "teaches the rustic moralist to die" through the practice of a religion which has ever found a temple in the home

\* The divisions of Wales by Rodericus Magnus, King of Cambria.



of the Briton; wherever the sound of prattling children is heard echoing upon the mountain side, innocence and simplicity are breathed in their treble voices, and the language they speak is indigenous to their nature. Can the theologian think of these things, and not admire the people whose habits, tongue, and religion, are so harmoniously blended in such a state of happiness? We believe not. It is an advantage to dwell upon associations like these, and partake of the pleasures they afford. Here are people whose connection with the primitive races of the human family the theologian must become acquainted with through the medium of their vernacular tongue, and, by acquiring the true idiom of their language, become wise in the ancient literature and peoples of the remotest ages of mankind.

If it be asked of the historian what advantage he would derive from a study of the Welsh language? we should say for him it would open up new fields of inquiry to his industrial pursuits after truth; he would be enabled, by such a key to Cambrian history, to purify the stream of British history from the foul mass of filthy prejudice cast into it by venal and court historians, and panderers to Anglo-Saxon and Norman rule of kings and barons.

The Keltai of Herodotus, the Cassiterides of Strabo, the Albion of Aristotle, the Britannæ of Polybius and Cæsar, the Britain of whom Lucretius, Diodorus Siculus, Virgilius, Ovid, Josephus, Tacitus, and other Greek and Roman writers noticed through the corrected text, aided by the learned in the Celtic languages of Europe, of which the Welsh is a fair specimen, genuine history has been, and is still being, developed.

The historian would derive great advantage by studying the Welsh language, and going over the ground Camden trod; his knowledge of the Celtic-British was limited in comparison to what it now is; it has been purified and rendered classical by a strict and critical expurgation of northern words, and very materially enriched, since his day, by the addition of improved text in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; the Scythian, then little re-

garded, the Phœnician, the Samaritan, and the Samnite languages, have also been explored, all of which more or less serve to elucidate the mythical period of our history.

The chronicles of the Myvyrian Kings of Britain, so long held to be fabulous, through the inquiries pursued amongst ancient MSS. and rolls in the Wynnstey and Llanvanel Collection belonging to Sir Watkin W. Wynne, also the Hengwrt Collection of Colonel Vaughan, are now becoming a part of genuine history; and if the English historian, whose innate prejudices have grown up with his historical inquiries, is desirous of ascertaining the truth, will study the Welsh language before he essays to write a history of his own country, he will obtain advantages and knowledge from a legitimate source. He will then strip the hideous deformity that has so long clothed British history, under the proud title of the *History of England*, from the body of facts which are duly chronicled, but hidden under a bushel, until the time shall come when the iron yoke of English prejudice should wear away, and real history become illumined with the rays of truth from the undying language of the Celtæ.

The historian will find the native character of the Briton of Cymru—aboriginally, and of the present day—to be typified in the life of Howel Dha,—PEACE! whilst that of the Northmen, Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Jutes, to be that of the piratical Hengist,—WAR! Whilst the Northmen everywhere marched with desolating hand, their footprints have been tracked in the blood of their slaughtered victims wherever they advanced; whilst the Teutones of Germania bred discord at home, carried a spirit of faction, and war, and persecution into the Lombardic states, and the Guelphs and Ghibelines alternately deluged the fair fields of Italia with the blood of her dearest and most patriotic children; whilst France, from the days of Clovis down to the terrible revolution at the close of the last century, has been one vast scene of riotous, luxurious, factious, tyrannical noblesse, alternating between one dominant dynasty and another,

dungeoning, torturing, murdering and massacring the people at the will or caprice of the dominant faction; whilst Spain, in her most beautiful provinces of Granada, Castile, Arragon, Andalusia, and Catalonia, has been torn and distracted with civil wars, and the people have groaned under the dominion of Moorish chiefs and venal grandees; whilst England—even England—has shared in foreign levies, wars domestic and civil, broils among kings and nobles; dynasties have risen, trembled, and fallen; nobles have been created, made powerful, and sent to the scaffold; York and Lancaster have divided the people of England in the wars of the roses; hot-blooded bigots have affrighted the island with the noise of crackling faggots, and the cries of dying martyrs; the Cavaliers and Roundheads have antagonistically roused the people from John o' Groat's to the Isle of Wight, and from Lowestoft to Offa's Dyke;—whilst all these broils and battles have been going on, Cambria has been comparatively easy; her people, since the death of Llewelyn, (A.D. 1232,) have suffered little of that intestinal war so common to all the countries above noticed; with the exception of the ravages of Owen Glyndwr, and Mortimer, Earl of March, Wales has been comparatively tranquil, happy in her homes and religion, speaking and worshipping in a language different from that of England, having no ambition to join in the struggles of the world.

Let not the historian suppose from these facts the people of Cambria are less patriotic, less brave, less chivalric, less honourable in a good cause than the Saxon of England. O no! the bardic fire is not yet extinct; the spirit of Cassibellanus, Caractacus, Galgacus, Boadicea, is not yet fled; the fame of the British chiefs did not die with the nationality of Wales; their love of liberty and national honour is no less than it ever was; the noble spirit of Cambria still lives in the bardic song of the country; the traditional heroism of the ancient people still exists in the fireside tale and in the chronicles of the land. The good deeds of noble-minded men are



ever present to the rising generation, and, when summoned to defend the honour of their common country, the Celt and the Saxon share the dangers and honour of the field; Cressy and Agincourt, Ramilies and Waterloo, Sebastopol and India, bear witness of the fact. Why then should not the historian study and encourage the promulgation of the language of this people, who have given so many distinguished brave men to the list of heroes in defence of British honour?

It may be said the language of Wales isolates the people from the bulk of the island, which is called Anglo-Saxon. What is really wanted is, that the country shall be enlarged by the cultivation of the Welsh language in the border countries of Chester, Salop, Hereford, and Monmouth, and gradually go on extending, until Britain is once more under the influence of a pure literature. There would be little difficulty in this: the great number of Welsh places of divine worship, as well as schools, in England; the vast number of the population who are of Welsh extraction; the great facilities of intercourse now afforded in travelling; the still greater facility of correspondence with distant parts; the spread of Welsh Bibles and Testaments by religious societies; the desire of the government to encourage the preaching of the gospel to the people in Wales in the Welsh language; the recent publication, by William the Fourth, of all the ancient records of Wales in an authentic manner; the prejudices of the English nation fast fading away,—all tend to pave the way to a grand demonstration of genuine British nationality, and the restoration of the ancient race and language of God's kingdom on earth.

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As an illustration of the number of persons of Welsh origin in England, we will show by the following extract, from sixty names taken from the Registrar's Report of Births in the year 1838, beginning 1st July, 1837:—

Adams, 598.	Hill, 1182.	Richardson, 742.
Allen, 886.	Hughes, 1280.	Roberts, 1830.
Bailey, 711.	Hunt, 634.	Robinson, 1455.
Baker, 1033.	Jackson, 1300.	Rogers, 618.
Bennett, 673.	James, 967.	Scott, 684.
Brown, 2366.	Johnson, 1476.	Shaw, 738.
Carter, 753.	Jones, 5353.	Smith, 5588.
Chapman, 624.	King, 883.	Taylor, 2647.
Clark, 1096.	Lee, 750.	Thomas, 2236.
Clarke, 785.	Lewis, 1278.	Thompson, 1192.
Cook, 910.	Marshall, 598.	Turner, 1217.
Cooper, 1103.	Martin, 942.	Walker, 1324.
Davies, 2252.	Mitchell, 620.	Ward, 985.
Edwards, 1040.	Moore, 837.	Watson, 792.
Evans, 1988.	Morgan, 925.	White, 1249.
Green, 1333.	Morris, 941.	Williams, 3490.
Griffith, 686.	Parker, 824.	Wilson, 1406.
Hall, 1347.	Philips, 769.	Wood, 1328.
Harris, 1127.	Price, 789.	Wright, 1398.
Harrison, 1072.	Richards, 624.	

*W. H. W. Tithridge, Esq., "Lower's Surnames."*

#### APPENDIX TO ESSAY.

In order to rivet more closely the notion entertained in the foregoing pages that the Welsh language is a direct branch of the ancient language of the world, and consequently of great value to Englishmen as a base of the educational work in forming the mind of the future people of this island, we subjoin the following analytical and comparative table of words:—

<i>Hebrew.</i>	<i>Irish.</i>	<i>British.</i>	
Agam, or leagam <sup>1</sup>	....	Lagam	a pool of standing water
Ein	Innis	Ynys	an island
Beth	....	Bwth	a house, or cottage
Gever	....	Gwr	a man, or giant

<sup>1</sup> It must not be forgotten that in rendering the sound of Hebrew, Irish, Welsh, and Greek words, several of the letters have sounds which, though differently written, are pronounced the same, as in the Celtic-British B, P, M, V, F; the Hebrew B is often sounded V; the Irish also pronounce M in the middle of a word as V; the Ancient British sound V as F, and F as V, and V as M and B, as Abon, Avon, Amon, Afon; Fael, Vael, Wael.

<i>Hebrew.</i>	<i>Irish.</i>	<i>British.</i>	
Gad <sup>2</sup>	....	Câd	an army
Allun	....	Llwyn	a grove of oaks
Atun	....	Odin	a furnace, or kiln
Geven	....	{ Cefyn, or cefn }	{ a ridge, or back
Gobah	....	Coppa	the top, or summit of a thing
Magvor	....	Magwyr	habitation, or walled dwelling
Mahalac	....	Malc	a pathway, a balk to tread on
Tor	Toar	{ Toar, or tefyr, or terfyn }	{ a boundary, or limit
Dal	....	Tal	tall, or high
Achalas	....	Achles	defence, or protection
Machaneh	....	{ Machna, or Machain }	{ Places of defence in Ancient Montgomery, as Pen Machno
Toledouth	....	Tylwyth	generations, or families
Cis	....	Cîst	a chest, as cistvaen
Nabal	....	Nebulo	a churl
Bath, <i>Greek</i> Batos	....		a thorn
Phac	....	Phake	a lentil
Bar, <i>Latin</i> Far	....	Bara	bread corn
Keren, <i>Latin</i> Cornu	....	Corn	a horn
Ceremlvach, or Kremlech }	....	Cromlech }	{ a sacrificing stone.—See note to Stonehenge
Makel	....	Magel	a staff
Mar	....	Maer	a lord
Nevath	....	Nevadd	habitation, a hall ( <i>Neuadd</i> )
Heber	....	Aber	a ford
Mohal	....	Moel	top of a hill
Cir	....	Caer	a walled town, <i>Syriac</i> caer
Sach	....	Sâch	a sack
Pinnah	....	Pinna	a battlement
Pacha	....	Page	a fountain
Ahel	....	Aula	a hall
Giber	....	Guberno	to govern

<sup>2</sup> “Cad Fael Hydr—Cad wal adr: Hy fael, or Ho wel, &c. C is pronounced, or sounded, as *h* in English, never as *s*; Ch never as *h*, but as *ch* in chief; D as *d* in English, but Dd as *th* English; F and V English, but Ff as *f* English; G as *g* English in gain, never as *g* in gentle; Gh as *ff* English, as laughter, thus Loughor is *louffor*; L as *l* English, but Ll is pronounced *llh*, a peculiar aspirate; Q as in English; R is always *rh* English; S as *sh* English; W as *w* English, but when used as a vowel it is *oo*, as in loo; B and P, C and G, F and M are mutable.”—*Rowland*.

As to the original letters of the Ancient Britons they will be as in the Irish.



<i>Hebrew.</i>	<i>Irish.</i>	<i>British.</i>	
Cala	. . .	Caula	a sheep-fold
Bugad	....	Bwrgais	a burgess
Caffa	....	Cyff	a beam, or joist
Manos	....	Mynydd	a mountain
Corontha	....	Coron	a crown, or diadem
Ceyr	....	Cawr	a giant
Pinnah	....	Pinagl	a top, or pinnacle
Halal	....	Haul	sun, or to shine
Gavel	....	Gafael	tenure, or lands bounded
Lashad	....	Glasaid	blueish
Caton	....	Cwttyr	short and little
Jared	....	Iwared	descended
Coresh	....	Cors	{ a place full of small weed, a wood
Aggan, <i>Greek</i> An-geion	} ....	Angeion	a vessel, or earthen pot
Bareh	....	Bara	meat, or victuals
Gaiaph	....	Cau	to shut, or inclose
Aur	....	Awyr	lightened air
Achel	....	Achau	brethren, or kindred
Calal	....	Cyllell	to wound, or pierce
Domen	....	Tomen	muck, or dung
Sâl	....	Sâl	vile, or of no account
Kadal	....	Godal	to forsake, or desist from
Hadar	Katha	Kadar	honour, or reverence
Hia	....	Yhi	she, anything feminine
Goph	....	Corph	a body
Deraich	Raich	Braich	an arm
Laish, <i>Greek</i> Lis	....	Lis	a lion
Dath	....	Deddf	a law
Denah	....	Dyna	this, that, there it is
Hissah	....	Histaw	be silent
Aita	....	Ydyw	is, or are
Bar	Bar		a son
Berum, <i>Lat.</i> Verum	....	Gwir	but, nevertheless
Goha	....	Iachau	to heal, or cure
Boten	....	Potten	the belly
Aloth	....	Alaeth	a curse, or misfortune
Elil	....	Ellil	idol, or hobgoblin
Amunath	....	Amynedd	consistency, patience
Ap	....	Wep	face, or countenance
Itho	....	Iddo	with him
Atun	....	Odyn	a furnace, or kiln
Atha	....	Aeth	went, or came
Ische	....	Yssu	to burn
Imaeth	....	Ymmaith	from him
Barach	....	Parch	to esteem, or bless

<i>Hebrew.</i>	<i>Irish.</i>	<i>British.</i>	
Gedad	....	Gwiwdod	excellency
Caiaph	....	Cau	to shut, or inclose
Homa	Im	Ymenyn	butter
Voc	....	Gwâc	empty
Madhevi	....	Mydelvai	distempers and diseases
Doroth	....	Toreth	{ generations, increase, fruits of the womb
Hilo	....	Heulo	shining, Apollo, Sol
Sio	....	Siw	resplendent
Chorau	....	Crau	holes, such as eyes of needles
Kalal	....	Gwael	vile, of no account
Noda	....	Nodi	to make known, or note
Jadha, <i>Greek Oida</i>	....	Addef	to know, to acknowledge
Hathorath	....	Athrawiaeth	discipline
Jeh	....	Eich	you, your own
Jain	....	Gwîn	wine
Tselem	....	Delw	an image
Lus	....	Llysi	to go away, or avoid
Caolath	....	Colled	a loss
Hounil	....	Ennill	gain
Jester	....	Ystyr	consideration
Jadath	....	Gwahodd	to invite
Cafodoth	....	Cyfoeth	honours, or wealth
Jounce	....	Ievange	a suckling
Hamohad	....	Ammed	constitution, appointment
Parad	....	Parcad	a partition, or separation
Kesel	....	Kesel	the arm-pit
Me Ab	....	Mâb	son, or from a father
Lvung	....	Llyngcu	to swallow, or devour
Temutha	....	Dyfetha	destruction
Hamule	....	Amal	plenty, or store
Mah ?	....	Mae ?	what ? where ? how ?
Mahalal	....	Mawl	to praise, glorify
Meria	....	Mêr	fat, or marrow
Moul	....	Mudo	to remove
Meth	....	Methu	to die, or fail
Masac	....	Cymmyscu	to mingle
Marad	....	Brad	{ rebellious; Meredith is the same with Brit. Marad
Nafe	....	Nef	joyful
Taphilu	Urchor	Taflu	to cast, or throw
Hames	....	Hames	to signify, to account
Jussal	....	Issel	(Isselu) to throw down
Neoaph	....	Nwyf	incontinence, lust
Nadu	....	Nadu	the moan, lament
Sethar	....	Sathru	to throw under feet
Nucchu	....	Nychu	being smitten, affected



<i>Hebrew.</i>	<i>Irish.</i>	<i>British.</i>	
Nuu	.....	Nhwy	they, or those
Naodhad	.....	Nodded	to escape, take refuge
Gada	.....	Gado	to pass by
Nived	.....	Niwed	to spoil
Goloth	.....	Golwyth	burnt offerings
Galas	.....	Glwys	pleasant
Hasem	.....	Asen	a rib, a bone
Garevath	.....	Gwarth	shame
Taphug	.....	Diffyg	want, or defect
Phoreth	.....	Ffrwyth	fruit, or effect
Pach	.....	Bach	a crooked stick
Phinnouth	.....	Penwaeth	{ chief, or uppermost (Pen- naeth)
Phimah	.....	Ffynnu	to prosper
Path	.....	Peth	a part, or portion
Philegesh	.....	Ffiloges	a concubine
Reith, <i>Scottish</i>	}	Rhith	appearance
Wraith			
Tireneh	.....	Trin	to feed, to look after
Raga	.....	Rhwygo	to tear, or rend
Rasah	.....	Ràs, Rhâd	grace, or good will
Semen, <i>Latin seed</i>	.....	Saim	fat, or oil
Saraph	.....	Sarph	a serpent
Phuk, <i>Latin</i>	.....	Ffûg	disguise
Kol, <i>Greek Kalew</i>	.....	Galw	to call
Æsh, <i>Latin æstus</i>	.....	Tês	heat, hot weather
Amam	.....	Y mam	mother
Coaphar	.....	Gwobor	reward, or satisfaction
Sarch	.....	Serch	lustful
Goliath	.....	Glwth	a bed, a bed-chamber
Pathen	.....	Puttain	a whore
Terag	.....	Drwg	bad, evil
Dasgar	.....	Desgil	a dish
Shievang	.....	Sionge	honourable, well to pass
Anas	.....	Annos	to instigate, to incite
Tam	.....	Dim	nothing
Pherch	.....	Y ferch	a tender branch, a daughter
Teluva	.....	Edivar	a penitent
Casas	.....	Ceisio	to search, or seek
Cark	.....	Carchar	{ to bind, or imprison; <i>Latin</i> Carcer, a prison
Akam	.....	Cammu	to bend, to make crooked
Caffa	.....	Cyff	a beam, or a joist
Cevel	.....	Angyfil	near, or in presence of
Dumga	.....	Dammeg	a simile, or proverb
Turna	.....	Teyrn	a prince, or potentate
Malas	.....	Melys	sweet, or sweeten



<i>Hebrew.</i>	<i>Irish.</i>	<i>British.</i>	
Palac	....	Plygu	to fold, or lap up
Banc	....	Maink	a bench
Malal	....	Malu	to grind; <i>Latin</i> Mola, a mill
Marac	....	Marc	a note, or character, mark
Cadif	....	Gwadu	to tell a lie, or deny
Tohvm	....	Dyfn	depth
Colar	....	Colar	a neck-band
Berek	....	Breg	a breach, or scissure
Bagad	....	Bagad	a great many
Arach	....	Arogli	to smell
Nagash	....	Yn agos	to approach, or draw nigh
Ciliah	....	Ceilliau	stones, or testicles
Cec	....	Cêg	a mouth, or throat
Kun	....	Kwyno	to lament
Natfar	....	Dinystr	destruction, or ruin
Hedel	....	Hoedel	life, age
Hoberi	....	Obry	{ men over against, or on the other side
Gerem	....	{ Grymmus, or Grym }	{ bony, or strong
Gana	....	Canu	to sing
Taff	....	Diffoddi	to extinguish
Aenadon	....	Anudon	disdaining God, perjury

## ANCIENT AUTHORITIES FOR THIS ESSAY.

	B.C.	A.D.	
Orpheus	516	..	Greek
Homer	—	..	Greek
Herodotus	484-408	..	Greek
Aristotle	384-321	..	Greek
Polybius	203-121	..	Greek
Julius Cæsar	90-44	..	Latin
Marcus Cicero	55	..	Latin
Lucretius Caius	55	..	Latin
Catullus	48	..	Latin
Diodorus Siculus	45	..	Greek
Strabo	54	..	Greek
Virgilius Maro	30	..	Latin
Quint. Horat. Flaccus	20	..	Latin
Sex. Aurel. Propertius	10	..	Latin
Ovid	..	17	Latin
Valerius Maximus	..	30	Latin
Pomponius Mela	..	45	Latin

Claudius

Lucius Annaeus Seneca	55	Latin	Rowland
Dioscorides	65	Greek	Nero
Flavius Josephus	70	Greek	Wotton
Pliny the Elder	23-7-9	Latin	Otho
Cornelius Tacitus	80	Latin	Vespasian
Quintillianus	96	Latin	Charles
Juvenal	96	Latin	Charles
Plutarch	1110	Greek	Plutarch
Lucius Annæus Florius	1120	Latin	Giles
Caius Suetonius	1120	Latin	Thomas
Claudius Ptolemæus	1120	Greek	Isidore
Dionysius Periegetes	1180	Greek	Isidore
Tertullianus	208	Latin	James
Dio. Cassius	230	Latin	James
Herodianus	238	Greek	James
Antoninus Iter Brit.	320	Latin	James
Eusebius	330	Greek	James
Athanasius	350	Greek	James
Sextus Aurelius	360	Latin	James
Ammianus Marcellinus	380	Latin	Valentinian
Justinian	550	Latin	Valentinian
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#### CHRONOLOGY OF WALES—TRANSITION PERIOD.

- 590—Dispersion of the Britons.  
 876—Division of Wales by Rhodri Mawr, or Roderic the Great.  
 940—Code of Welsh Laws framed by Howel Dda.  
 1091—Normans land in Wales; conquer Glamorgan.  
 1108—Colony of Flemings enter Pembrokeshire.  
 1188—Crusades preached by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury,  
 and Giraldus de Barri, Archdeacon of Brecknock.  
 1282—Death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, the last Prince of Wales.

# GORSEDD OF THE BARDS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN; THE ROYAL CHAIR OF POWYS;

AND THE

## GRAND EISTEDDFOD HELD AT LLANGOLLEN

ON ALBAN ELFED, 1858.

THE National Gorsedd of British Bards, and the Royal Chair of Powys, accompanied by a Grand National Eisteddfod, in accordance with the "privileges and customs of the Bards of the Isle of Britain," commenced at Llangollen on Tuesday, 21st September, and extended over the four succeeding days, during which prizes to the amount of £400 or £500 were awarded to successful candidates in the various departments of poetry and general literature, oratory, music, heraldry, arts, manufactures, &c.

The Eisteddfod was appointed to take place on Alban Elfed, which, Anglicised, is the autumnal equinox, and the province selected was that of Powys, in which Llangollen is situate, and which claims the privilege of a "Royal Chair," according to the usages of bardism.

The preparations were in every respect on a scale worthy of a national event, the successful issue of which must, however, be attributed to the zealous and energetic exertions of the Rev. John Williams Ab Ithel, M.A., rector of Llanymowddwy, and the Rev. J. Hughes (Carn Ingli), Meltham Parsonage, Huddersfield, the joint secretaries of the Eisteddfod, whose efforts were also most efficiently seconded by the local secretaries, Messrs. Humphreys and Hughes, of Llangollen, and the Rev. T. R. Lloyd (Estyn), Llanfynydd. The Llangollen people, too, one and all, appear to have come out with spirit on the occasion. A main object with the promoters has been to adhere as closely as possible to the orthodox rules and customs of bardism, which, with respect to the Gorsedd and the national congress always accompanying it, are defined and established, and the principal aim of which is the elevation of the social, moral, and religious status of the people of Wales, the encouragement of nationality, the perpetuation of the Cymraeg, and the cultivation of Welsh literature, Welsh music, &c. But, in carrying out this object, no narrow or bigotted course has been adopted, for whilst, as might be expected, full scope was given for Welsh competitors, the prizes were open, not merely to natives of the Principality, but to all the world; and some of the compositions were allowed to be written in the English language, the subjects being connected with Wales, and intended to promote one or other of the laudable purposes already stated. It is worthy of notice, also, that it was a peremptory condition that all compositions, in order to be rewarded, were required not merely to be the best, but to be pronounced worthy of the respective prizes, a condition which amply evinces the intention of the committee that those compositions were meant to serve

as lasting additions to the literary stores of the country, and not simply to contribute to the ephemeral purposes of a holiday spectacle, and then to be consigned to oblivion. Such was the determination of the promoters of the Eisteddfod, in carrying out which they will, doubtless, be entitled to be considered as benefactors of their country.

The Vale of Llangollen, so celebrated in prose and verse for its surpassing loveliness, never appeared to greater advantage than on the opening day of the National Bardic Congress. The autumnal equinox commenced with a summer's day, and the face of nature was radiant and beautiful. Even the shattered towers of Castell Dinas Bran, looking down from the dizzy height, the guardian of the Vale, seemed not to frown, but to smile approval of the scene. And such a scene of activity, such a gay and numerous assemblage, was, perhaps, never before witnessed within the quiet and romantic town of Llangollen.

Surely if any scene in the boundaries of the British empire might claim precedency as the spot most worthy to be "marked" in future historic annals as the locality of a national Eisteddfod, it must be Llangollen. Surrounded by mountains the very outlines of which are poetic, situated in the very threshold of the "gate of Wales," the land of Glyndwr and chivalry, accessible from every portion of the United Kingdom in front, but in the rear supported by the territorial independence of a distinct nation,—no position can be suggested more pictorial, more significant of the union between immutability and progress, than the pleasant village which has grown round the church of the ancient British saint on the banks of the Dee, with the solitary exception of the Menai, rising every year into importance as the aggregate of all the combined beauties of nature and art. The tract of land between the English frontier and the Valley of the Cross is perfectly matchless. From the Eglwyseg Rocks, crowned by the bardic centre of "Cader Arthur," we look down on a union of antiquity with beauty we despair of realizing to the senses in any region on the continent between Calais and Constantinople. The first thing that strikes the traveller from the "Plains" (Lloegr) is, that he is really entering another country,—a country different in its physical features, as in the character of its inhabitants;—and this alone is, in the nineteenth century, the age of levelling and denationalizing, a most remarkable fact. But this distinctiveness, stamped by the hand of the Eternal Author of Nature, is perfectly reconcilable with all the improvements of civilization—just as the national characteristics of the Cymro are preservable with the utmost progress of the nineteenth century—for what reason can be assigned why an Eisteddfod should not flourish side by side, as it were, with a railroad, or an Atlantic telegraph? None—and they do flourish. Wonderful has it been on this present occasion to see the thousands of Cymry descending, not as of yore, with brand and shield for war and foray, but in the habiliments of peace and festivity, to be present at an Eisteddfod which promised a nearer approach to the order of their ancient ordinance than any called or celebrated for centuries past. And this too is not in the heart of Wales, but on the



very frontiers of England. The mountains have given forth their voice, and to its scenic and historic attractions Llangollen has added henceforth the memory of a remarkable national demonstration. Let us particularize. On the north of Llangollen, now in ruins, but in ruins bearing a strong similitude to the "lion" times of old, wherein its primal foundations were laid, soars, on a conical mount, the castle, as is said, of the most illustrious of the pre-Roman sovereigns of Britain, conqueror himself of Rome, and founder of the Cisalpine kingdom of Italy—Bran, or Brennus, son of the British Justinian, Dyfnwal Moelmud. Glorious is the description given by Virgil of the military equipments or regimentals worn by the Cymric army of that remote period,—

"Golden their flowing locks, as snow their skin,  
Around each warrior's ample body closed  
The cuirass wreathed with gold—around each neck  
The torque flashed brilliantly—in either hand  
The steel-tipped javelin threatened instant death,  
Whilst on the shoulder fell the covering shield."

Some of these corps we can in fancy depict, descending from Castell Dinas in obedience to the summons of their young prince, to join in the first great continental war ever undertaken by the British nation. Since the era of Bran, only two British commanders have led their armies over the Alps, and these two were of the same Cymric race as himself—Constantine the Great, and Constantine of Armorica, both also educated in North Wales. We never pass these memorable remains without tracing, in hurried epitome, the martial career of the Cymry—their spirit and character being yet, like their language, unchanged; and in Corporal Shields, of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers, decorated, on its last day, by the Eisteddfod, with the ancient "blue garter" of military worth (the torque), we recognize no degenerate son of the conquerors of the mistress of the world. Next to the military must be classed the ecclesiastical relics of a past era, represented with equal dignity and propriety by the walls of Valle Crucis. Proud on its eminence of strength and defiance, like a warrior challenging his foe, the castell first attracts all eyes; in its sweet seclusion, to be sought and searched for—like all objects worth attaining—lies the holy abbey; wooded hills, murmuring streams ever vocal, vale meeting and saluting vale, then branching off into solitudes for meditation, is the frame-work in which it pleased religion to build her monastic nest and court repose for the soul. Northward from the abbey, with bend and hollow, winds the Vale of the Cross, so termed because of the granite cross that stood on the grave of one of the early Princes of Powys, in the vicinity of the abbey. Celebrated in medieval times for its hospitality, and revered by the bards for its literary treasure of the "Greal," that is, "the book containing the lives and acts of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table," was the Abbéy of the Holy Cross. This "Greal"—and we fear there

is no copy of it, no second impression—is now in the Hengwrt Library of Sir Robert Vaughan, and he could render no greater service to European literature than printing two thousand copies of it under the careful supervision of a Cymric scholar, in the same liberal spirit as Lady Guest has already edited the “Mabinogion,” and thus place it beyond the chance of destruction by fire, or otherwise—a loss which would be absolutely irretrievable. Let this be done, and Sir Robert will entitle himself to a vote of thanks from every one interested in the conservation of our national records, historical or poetic. Next we are attracted by the Pillar of Eliseg—the remains of the cross alluded to—a cof golofn of the eighth century, the inscription on which, now worn by the fingers of time into illegibility, may be found in Camden, and other illustrators of antique Britain. It was raised by Cadell, Prince of Powys, a descendant of Cadell Deyrnllwg, of whom St. Germanus declared that his seed should never cease to sit on royal thrones, and of whom her present Gracious Majesty, through the Tudors, is the lineal representative. Equalling, or in the estimation of the practical utilitarian mind, surpassing, castle, abbey, or memorial stone, are the gigantic works of art, the viaduct and the aqueduct, the latter modelled after the celebrated Roman aqueduct at Nismes, and of which its architect, Telford, felt so justly proud, that he adopted a representation, of it as his crest—and a magnificent structure it is, combining scientific strength with fairy-like airiness and grace—the queen of arches. On the left side of the canal passing over it runs the margin or edge along which, so many hundred feet above the Dee, without rail or support, walked some years ago the intrepid, or rather fool-hardy, collier boy. Ladies have galloped along the path between the canal and the iron railing—for what will not women dare for whim, will, or love—whilst most heads in peering down feel a dizziness, not the more pleasant because the canal is a foot or two behind to receive the fainting body. Under the aqueduct, and its sister-wonder the viaduct, winds the Dee, “the wizard Dee” of Milton, “the sacred Dee” of Druidism, for with its waters—if not the purest, amongst the purest in Britain—all their ablutory ceremonies, according to some, were performed. The old and new, history and science, antiquity and scenery, thus unite to confer on Llangollen the celebrity it has attained, to the laurel crown of which the present Eisteddfod will beyond question add an imperishable leaf.

#### THE PAVILION.

The spot selected for the Eisteddfod was the Bowling Green, adjoining the *Ponsonby Arms Hotel*, &c., so close to the river Dee as to be within hearing of the sound of the impetuous torrent as it sweeps over the picturesque falls near this point. Here a spacious pavilion was erected, and fitted up with every convenience for carrying on the proceedings, and for the accomodation of no fewer than 5000 people. It measured about 180 feet long, by 144 feet broad, forming a parallelogram, roofed in three spans, the three front gables being

decorated by three flags respectively of the bardic colours, blue, green, and white, and bearing the inscriptions "Heddwch," "Gwybodaeth," "Sancteiddrwydd," the attributes of the three orders. The interior was formed in three compartments, in the middle one of which, at the north end, was a raised dais or platform (constructed for 120 persons), for the use of the president and others taking part in the business of the congress. Over the president's seat was the red dragon of Wales, with the motto, "Y ddraig goch a ddyry gychwyn," painted on canvas, by Mr. Thomas Jones (Taliesin o Eifion), Llangollen. The figure of the dragon was no less than five or six feet long. On the other side of the pavilion, immediately opposite, was an elegant blue banner, bearing the sacred emblem, with the mottoes of the British Gorsedd and Powysian Chair, wrought in gold letters, very prominently set forth, "Y gwir yn erbyn y byd," "A laddo a leddir." The walls were hung around with the armorial bearings of the fifteen royal tribes of Wales, together with the five royal arms, properly so called, being those of the reigning princes, all of which were kindly lent to the committee by T. L. D. Jones Parry, Esq., Madryn, and amongst the other mottoes displayed, were the following:—"Lle taw Duw, nid doeth yngan," "Nid gwiw gwir heb ei ganlyn," "Cas gwr na charo y wlad a'i macco," "Nid da lle gellir gwell," "Calon wrth galon," "Duw a phob daioni," "Heb ddechreu ni cheir terfyn," "Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg," "Myn y gwir ei le," "Nid da lle gellir gwell," &c. The roof timbers were festooned with evergreens, the entire decorations being in keeping with the object in view, and in good taste. Adjoining the pavilion was a committee room, communicating with the platform, and large enough to accomodate 100 people, and close by, on the same ground, Mr. Allen, the landlord of the hotel, had erected three spacious first and second class refreshment tents, capable of dining from 300 to 400 persons. The tent was erected by Mr. Henry Hughes, Broughton, the amount of the contract being £200, the materials to be returned. The canvas was supplied by Mr. Oakes, Chester.

#### PRELIMINARY MEETING.

At seven o'clock on Monday, a miscellaneous meeting was held in the pavilion, the object being more especially to test the capability of the structure acoustically as regards the human voice, and also to hear the effect of the harp. The chair was taken by Ab Ithel, who was supported by a number of bards and others.

Mr. Jerome Pym ap Ednyfed gave a brief sketch of Taliesin and Cattwg Ddoeth. G. H. Whalley, Esq., Plas Madoc, addressed the meeting on the objects of a bardic congress, after which the Welsh air of "Hob y deri dando" was sung by Miss Roberts, accompanied on the harp. The Rev. Mr. Morgan, P.C., Tregynon, next spoke, and specimens of pennillion singing were given by Llew Llwyfo and others.

Carnfaldwyn, a young man from Montgomeryshire, next gave some curious illustrations of the Welsh cynghanedd, or consonancy, to show



the peculiarities of the twenty-four confined metres, &c. This was followed by the favourite air "Clychau Aberdovey," played on the harp by Mr. Ellis Roberts, and sung by Miss Roberts, after which Llew Llwyfo delivered a Welsh address, and Ab Ithel having announced the programme for the morrow, the meeting dispersed. The attendance, although numbering some hundreds, appeared scanty.

Before the termination of the proceedings, the Rev. Mr. Morgan announced that if any person had any subject affecting the national interests of Wales, or touching the Welsh language, which should be brought before the gorsedd, due notice of the same should be given to the committee, in order that it might be brought before that convention.

The tent, which was lit up with gas, looked remarkably well, and it was stated that the speeches could be distinctly heard from all parts of it, but with respect to the harp, the sound of the instrument was necessarily weak in such an extensive place.

*Tuesday, 21st September.*

#### THE GORSEDD.

At 10 a.m. the bards, druids, ovates, and others, assembled in the pavilion, and were marshalled in order of procession. The scene now presented was to most, if not all present, novel. Those who were members of the three privileged orders were attired in their appropriate habiliments, the bard in a loose habit of blue, the druid in snowy white, and the ovate in a green vestment. One of the ovates bore a peithynen, or coelbren y beirdd, the means by which poetic effusions were recorded in the earliest times. It consists of slender pieces of wood, fitted into an oblong frame, each piece having four lines of poetry cut thereon, in old British characters. The coelbren in question contained Gwallter Mechain's cywydd, "Cofiant Iolo Morganwg," and comprised twenty-three staves, on which were inscribed ninety-two lines of poetry. They were ingeniously executed by Mr. Edward Lloyd, Cefn y bedd. Bard, druid, and ovate, also displayed on his breast three ears of ripe wheat, symbolical of Alban Elfed, the season of harvest. The procession marched through the town, and thence to the spot known as the Green, in the following manner:—

Standard bearer, carrying the banner of the Red Dragon of Wales.

Brass band.

Blue flag of the bards.

White flag of the druids.

Bards, druids, and ovates, bare-headed, and in costume.

Green flag of the ovates.

People four abreast.

As the procession wended its way over the bridge (considered at one time one of the wonders of the Principality), through Chapel Street, Collen Terrace, and back through High Street, the number of people swelled immensely, until the line of march became densely

crowded. Many of the houses were decorated with flags. On arriving at the Green, we found that a large body of people had already posted themselves near the bardic circle, intent upon witnessing the ceremonial about to take place. There were several carriages also on the ground. The band played "The March of the Men of Harlech," and other appropriate Welsh airs. After coming to a halt, the pressure towards the centre of attraction, where the bardic officials were congregated, was very great, and it required the unceasing efforts of Mr. Denman, the chief constable, and his men, to keep a clear space; but never have we seen the duty more good-naturedly, and at the same time effectively, discharged, than on this occasion, by Mr. Denman.

The Gorsedd consisted of the maen arch, or maen llog, the chief stone placed in the centre, round which, in a circle of 30 feet diameter, are the "meini gwyngil," being twelve stones set on end, to represent the signs of the zodiac. The sun was considered as a type of God—the Sun of Righteousness; hence the construction of the druidical places of worship in a circular shape. Towards the east, on the outside of the circle, were three other stones, at a distance of nine fathoms from the centre piece, and placed in such positions with respect to the latter, that lines drawn from it, through the three, would indicate the points in the heavens at which the sun rises on the solstices and equinoxes of the year respectively. These lines or pencils of light, as they are termed, form the mystic symbol known amongst the Bards and Druids as the Name of God—the "Word" or attribute of creation—it being held by the Bards that God created the universe by showing and pronouncing His own name. It was, we understand, the original intention of the committee to have the stones of such magnitude, and so placed, as to be a permanent memento of the Eisteddfod, but the ground being a charitable bequest to the inhabitants for the purposes of recreation, of which the Board of Health are trustees, this intention could not conveniently be carried into effect.

During the procession, Glas Ynys, a bard according to the privilege and usage of the Isle of Britain, carried a sheathed sword, taking hold of it by the point. On entering within the precincts of the circle the sword was slowly pushed backward out of its scabbard, and placed, being laid hold of by the naked point, on the gorsedd or central stone.

Before the formal opening of the Gorsedd, Ab Ithel, who, as the presiding bard, stood on the central stone, whilst the others were ranged in position near the stones which formed the circle, delivered an address in Welsh on the aspect of bardism in the Isle of Britain. In outward appearance it might be likened to a tree exhibiting two branches. The branches were the Eisteddfod and the Chair, the trunk from which they sprang being the Gorsedd. The Eisteddfod originated in the time of Owain ap Maxen Wledig, on the departure of the Romans, after exercising their rule here for more than 400 years. Its object was to encourage bardism, music, and the general literature of the Cymry, maintain the Welsh language and customs of the

country, and cultivate a patriotic spirit amongst the people. The "chairs" were established, or rather, perhaps, resuscitated, about the sixth century. The chair was a kind of provincial or local convention, where disciples were trained, and bardic matters discussed, preparatory to the great or national Gorsedd. There were at present four chairs in Wales, viz., the Chair of Gwent and Morganwg, Chair of Dyfed, Powys Chair, and the Gwynedd Chair. That of Powys was termed "royal," because it had been established by three royal bards, Llywarch Hen, Brochwel Ysgythrog, and Gwron ab Cynfarch. The chairs had their distinctive mottoes. That of Gwent and Morganwg was,—*"Duw a phob daioni."* Dyfed,—*"Calon wrth galon."* Powys,—*"A laddo a leddir."* Gwynedd,—*"Yr Iesu."* The motto of the Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain was that which embraced all the others,—*"Y gwir yn erbyn y byd."* Other "chairs" have been in existence which are no longer in an active state, such as Arthur's Chair, or the Round Table, with its motto at first,—*"Da yw'r maen gyda'r efengyl;"* and then,—*"Nid da lle gellir gwell."* The chair of Bryngwyddon,—*"Coel clywed, gwir gweled."* Beiscawen yn Nyfnaint,—*"Nid byth, ond bythoedd."* Urien Rheged (of which Taliesin was principal bard),—*"Myn y gwir ei le."* Raglan,—*"Deffro mae'n ddydd."* The Gorsedd, in its present form, is as old as the period of Prydain ab Aedd Mawr, who lived about a thousand years before the Christian era. There were bards and bardism prior to that date, but they had no organized system, nor any means save song whereby to perpetuate their traditions, nor any established law to preserve their privileges. Lest the old traditions should be lost, Prydain caused a Gorsedd, or national meeting, to be convened, for the purpose of eliciting all that had been retained in the memory of the people respecting the occurrences of ancient times; and it was found that three of the old bards, or, as they were then called, the "Gwyddoniaid," *i. e.*, men of knowledge, viz., Plenydd, Alawn, and Gwron, remembered and knew more than all the rest. These three classified the old traditions, and they divided the old order into three sections—bards, druids, and ovates; and this arrangement, having undergone the examination of succeeding Gorseddau for three years, received national warranty. Such was the origin and commencement of the Gorsedd in its outward aspect, as it now appeared. But as regarded its essential requisites, it might be said that bardism was as old as Noah, or even Adam himself, the father of all mankind. The Almighty was pleased to grant to Adam, when created, a revelation of Himself, and of the unseen world. This revelation was a second time given to Noah, unless, indeed, we are to suppose that the first revelation had been sustained in memory. He again taught the whole to his children and posterity, and whilst he and they lived together in the East, it was not possible to fall deeply into religious error. When the general dispersion took place, the heads of families carried along with them that which they knew of the primary religion into their new abodes; and, in the course of time, from



the natural corruption of the human heart, the weakness of memory, and from opposing circumstances from without, the patriarchal religion suffered deterioration more or less. God chose one nation out of the whole to maintain the true religion, by means of continued revelations, leaving the rest by natural means to support that which had once been given to them. Of the nations left to themselves, the Cymry succeeded, beyond all others, in keeping the old religion uncorrupted; and thus, when the Messiah came, they saw that He completely answered to the types they had of Him, and they received the Gospel as the superstructure or completion of Druidism. Their ancient system was clothed with Christianity. But this, rejoins some one, is all gone by; what benefit can result from keeping up these old customs any longer? He answered—much in every respect; but, as time was short, he would mention only one. Their act in holding the Gorsedd of the Bards was a public witness that the Cymry at all times considered and believed the unison and agreement that existed between the two dispensations—that the one answered to, and was as the fulfilment of, the other—that God was the same in all ages, and that He carried on His works gradually towards perfection. Alluding to the degenerate condition of the rest of the Gentile world, the reverend gentleman proceeded to explain the ceremonies observed at the Gorsedd. Having glanced at the symbols of the sacred circle, he explained the dresses of the three orders, and their emblems; that of the bard having reference to the blue vault of heaven, indicating peace and tranquillity; that of the druid indicating purity, by its snowy whiteness, intended to resemble light; and that of the ovate, borrowed from the grass of the field, a state of growth and progression. Another ceremony was that of bearing the sword; taking it by the point, instead of the hilt, and in that manner replacing it in the scabbard, intended to show the peaceful occupation of the bard, and that no arms could be borne in the Gorsedd, the mode of sheathing being designed to illustrate the fact that, by his office, the bard should turn the sword against himself before he did so against any other man. (His address was received with frequent marks of applause.)

The Rev. M. Morgan (Mor Meirion) then advanced into the circle, and repeated the “Gorsedd Prayer” composed by Talhaiarn, a bard of the fifth century, as follows:—

Dyro, Dduw, dy nawdd;  
 Ac yn nawdd, nerth;  
 Ac yn nerth, deall;  
 Ac yn neall, gwybod;  
 Ac yngwybod, gwybod y cyfiawn;  
 Ac yngwybod y cyfiawn, ei garu;  
 Ac o garu, caru pob hanfod;  
 Ac yn caru pob hanfod, garu Duw.

After this the presiding bard recited the “Gwaedd uwch adwaedd,” or proclamation, introducing it with the national motto,—“Y gwir yn erbyn y Byd;” and concluding with the provincial motto,—“A

laddo a leddir." In this proclamation all candidates for bardic honours were invited to the Gorsedd, "where there was no naked weapon against them," and seek them at the hands of the graduated bards present. Whilst Ab Ithel pronounced the words just quoted, all the bards approached the central stone, and assisted in sheathing the sword.

The following appeared as candidates for the honour and degree of Bard:—Ceiriog, Pererin, Carnfaldwyn, and Llew Hiraethog, who had previously sent in testimonials of their qualifications. As each presented himself, the presiding bard published the "Gosteg Cadair" three times, thus,—

"A. B.—Bardd yn hawl ac arddelw ger bron y gadair, ac os oes neb a wyr ac a ddengys achaws cyfiawn a phaham nas gellir, ac nas dylid Bardd o hono, o gradd herwydd a welir yn gyfiawn wrth fraint a defawd Beirdd Ynys Prydain, dangosed.

"Llafar bid lafar."

And as no one preferred any objection, he took each by the hand, and, looking eastward, addressed him solemnly,—

"Goleuni Duw rhag dy lygaid,  
Goleuni Duw yn dy gydwybod,  
Gwirionedd Duw ar dy dafawd.

"A ymgeisi di yn dy swydd fel Bardd wellhau moes a defod, cynnal heddwch, a moli pob daionus a rhagor?"

And on receiving the answer,—

"Gwnaf ar air a chydwybod,"

he made the declaration,—

"Bardd ydwyt, gair dy air ar bob un na fo bardd, ac nid un gair o neb un nad bardd arnat ti."

Whereupon Mor Meirion tied a blue ribbon round his right arm, and he was presented with a *brysyll* or wand of the same colour, emblematical of "privilege."

Next, the following appeared as candidates for the degree of Ovate:—Morddal, Madoc, Glyn Afon, Dinmael, Elfynydd, Ap Ednyfed, Peblig, Gwilym Tawe, Eos Llechid, Gwilym o Fôn, Ivan Avan, Euronwy, Eiluned, and Meillionen Meirion. These were respectively presented by graduated bards, who declared "on their word and conscience" that they were worthy. On which the presiding bard proclaimed,—

"A. B.—Dywed yr hwn a'i cyflwyna ar air a chydwybod y gellir Bardd o hono (neu honi); ac yna barna y Beirdd yng ngorsedd y dylir Bardd o hono (neu honi) yngradd Ofydd ym mraint Beirdd a Chadair Powys.

"A laddo a leddir."

And each was invested with a ribbon and a wand of a green colour.

The ceremony of graduating Druids was similar, *mutatis mutandis*, but instead of these being admitted "on the word and conscience" of a privileged bard, they were elected by a majority of votes. The following were received into the order of Druids:—Ivan Avan and Pererin.

Glas Ynys then delivered the *Traethawd*, or charge, to those who had been initiated, exhorting them to be true to their order by the maintenance of peace and good will amongst themselves, and by the cultivation of poetry and other branches of literature in the Welsh language.

Mathonwy then recited a Welsh poem, and, it having been announced that the Gorsedd would be open on each of the succeeding days, the proceedings for the present terminated with the singing of the Doxology, which was done with grand effect. The procession afterwards returned to the tent in the same order as before.

#### THE EISTEDDFOD

was arranged to commence at half past one, in the pavilion, but it was considerably later before the ceremonies commenced. Upon the platform the bards, druids, ovates, and others were congregated, the first-named wearing light blue dresses, the druids were habilitated wholly in white, while the ovates wore green. Those just graduated wore merely a ribbon tied round the arm, of either blue, white, or green, according to their degrees. There were several others, ladies and gentlemen, on the platform, some of whom were in full costume, as Dr. Price, who wore a truly patriarchal beard, and was attired in a green jacket suit trimmed with scarlet, and a primitive fox-skin cap. Miss Price, daughter of Dr. Price, also wore a fox-skin head-dress, and a scarlet habit. There could not have been less than 5000 people in the pavilion, and the scene altogether was a most interesting one.

The Eisteddfod opened with the sound of trumpet, when Ab Ithel proposed, and Carn Ingli seconded, that T. Oldfield, Esq., (Eryr Moelfre,) of Bettws, near Abergele, should preside. This was carried by acclamation, and the President made a few observations to the effect that he should always be happy to support Welsh nationality, and would do his utmost to fulfil his duties on the present occasion.

A concert of harps then struck up with the "Rising of the Lark," which was admirably played by Messrs. Ellis Roberts, (harpist to the Prince of Wales,) Thomas Griffiths, (harpist to Lady Hall, of Llanover,) John Roberts, and Richard Pugh. Some Welsh englynion were next recited by, among others, the Rev. D. Jones, Rev. R. Ellis, (Cynddelw,) Thomas Edwards, of Corwen, Alaw Goch, and Idris Vychan. These productions were generally well received, and afforded much amusement.

Mr. Owain, (Owain Alaw,) professor of music, Chester, then called upon the company to join in the chorus of the next song, which was a truly national one. Mr. Lewis, (Llew Llwyfo,) of the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, hereupon sang, in capital style, "O, let the kind Minstrel," in the chorus of which the audience heartily joined.

To this succeeded the awarding of prizes to the successful candidates. The first in order was a prize of £10 and a medal, for the best poem on "The Transfiguration." The Rev. Robert Parry, (Gwalchmai,)



read some general remarks upon the nine compositions which had been sent in, and left it to the committee to decide whether the prize should be divided between three of the candidates, whose poems were nearly equal, but they were very mediocre. The Rev. R. Ellis, (Cynddelw,) read his adjudication, in which he argued it would be better not to divide, but to leave the prize open. Rev. J. Williams ab Ithel said the committee had determined not to divide any prize, and therefore it would remain open for competition for twelve months. (Applause.)

The prize of £3 for the best satiric poem on "The Traitor" was withheld for the same reason as the last, Mr. J. Hughes, (Ceiriog,) stating there was no composition worthy.

Mr. Ellis Roberts, (Eos Meirion,) who was decorated with several gold and silver medals and silver harps, then delighted the company by singing, with much taste, accompanying himself on the harp, "Clychau Aberdyvi," (the Bells of Aberdovey). He was heartily encored, when he called upon some of his musical friends, including Mr. J. Roberts, his daughter, Miss Roberts, and Mr. Lewis, to assist, who sang, in a manner which excited the loudest plaudits of the audience, the humorous Welsh song of "Hob y deri dando," which was also encored. It was repeated by Mr. J. Roberts (accompanying himself on the Welsh harp) and his daughter, who was dressed in the orthodox Welsh costume. At the conclusion of this the cheers were again very enthusiastic, and Miss Roberts was decorated with a prize, gained on the previous evening, for accompanying herself on the Welsh harp.

Owen Alaw then read the award for the prize of £5 for the best harvest anthem, in Welsh, on Joel ii. 22, 23, 24, 25. Ten compositions had been sent in, but four of these were so bad that they did not require a word of notice. After ably reviewing the other six, some of which were severely criticised, the decision was declared to be in favour of the composer who signed himself "Meurig Hafodunos." Ab Ithel called upon the successful candidate to come forward, but no one answered to the call.

For the best recitation of the speech of Caractacus at Rome, £1, for boys under 18, four competitors appeared, viz., Walter Eaton, of Mold, Lewis Evans, Richard Hugh Griffiths, and John Lewis, of Adwy'r clawdd, near Wrexham. The following is the English version of the speech which was delivered in Welsh:—"If the measure of my success had been answerable to the greatness of my birth and fortune, I might have come to this city rather as a friend than a captive; nor wouldest thou have disdained to receive into terms of peace one descended from illustrious ancestors, and ruling many nations. My present destiny, as it is ill-favoured to me, so it is to thee magnificent. I possessed horses, men, arms, wealth—what wonder is it if I was unwilling to lose them? Does it follow that if ye wish to govern, all should submit to servitude? If I had surrendered myself instantly, neither my condition nor thy glory would have been remarkable.

Oblivion will attend my punishment, but if thou wilt spare my life, I shall be a lasting instance of clemency.”—(*Tac. Annal.* lib. xii.) Master Eaton and Master Lewis recited excellently well, and with proper emphasis, and so nearly equal were they considered by the judges that they repeated the recitation, when the prize was awarded to Master Lewis, who was duly invested with the prize. In consequence of the admirable manner Master Eaton recited, (he being three years younger than his successful competitor,) the general committee presented him with a prize of half the value; the Rev. R. W. Morgan, adding some words of encouragement to the young elocutionist, hoping he would grow up in the manly spirit and independence of Caractacus. (Loud cheers.)

Prizes of £10 and £5 were offered to the brass band who should play in the best style a selection of Welsh airs. Three bands entered for the prizes—the Royal Denbighshire Rifles, the Royal Denbighshire Yeomanry, and Mr. Davies’ Cardiff Band. The two first bands played a single air, and the Cardiff Band a medley. The judges, Mr. Owen and Mr. Ellis Roberts, unhesitatingly gave their decision in favour of the last named band, which played most delightfully. Mr. George French Davies, the master, “kneeling at the feet of beauty,” was invested with the prize by Miss Ellen Williams ab Ithel (Eiluned), who at the same time expressed her hope that all Mr. Davies’ future triumphs would be achieved as peacefully as that he had then gained. After the Denbighshire bands had played over again, the second prize was awarded to the yeomanry band; the master, Mr. J. Davies, kneeling, was invested with the prize by Miss Steele.

Mr. G. Hammond Whalley, of Plas Madoc, then stepped forward and addressed the Eisteddfod. He said that he would repeat the sentiments which he had uttered on the previous evening, which sentiments had received the sanction and approval of some of the best authorities as to this most national institution. This was not a meeting merely to distribute the well earned prizes for literature, poetry, and music, and for other things mentioned in this programme, but also for any purpose whatever that the people of this country might take an interest in, sufficiently to induce an expression of opinion. The principles which the Eisteddfod and Gorsedd had always inculcated into the minds of the whole people, and especially in times when those important conventions were paramount in this country, had been the principles of law and order, and of obedience to authority; and so effectually had this been done for some thousands of years, that the legislative functions had become simply of a demonstrative nature, and were for practical purposes a sinecure, the people being called together to witness the distribution of prizes on various subjects, to see the growing development of the human mind, instances of which they had had that day. (Hear.) But if in time to come the parliament should fail them—should the councils now recognized by law fail them—should the representative principle fail them—to what court could the destinies of this mighty empire be confided so justly and faithfully as

to this ancient institution—the gathering together of the people in solemn assembly, consecrated by the remotest antiquity, recognized by the charters of sovereigns, and sanctioned by some of the noblest and best men in the country, as indeed on this occasion. (Cheers.) He might in regard to the Eisteddfod say, whether alluding to the testimony of Lord Chancellors, of Cooks, or of Fortescues, that it had been recognized as an indefeasible right of the people of Britain to assemble together whenever it was deemed the occasion required it, to express their judgment on all matters committed to them. Even in modern times had the Eisteddfod been sanctioned, recognized, and acknowledged, from time to time, by the presence and subscription of those who held the highest positions in the land. (Cheers.) These were the sentiments which he had expressed on the previous evening, and although they could not boast of having on this platform many of the aristocracy, yet they could pride themselves on possessing here that degree of merit which entitled those gentlemen who now stood near him to the confidence of the country in the administration of these solemn ceremonies of antiquity. It was intended thoroughly to revive the most ancient court of appeal upon all matters of importance which could fairly be discussed, such as was continually done in the large courts of the empire, and in our social congresses; for these, and even the political meetings, such as were held in large towns, all were but an exhibition of the traditional right derived from the solemnities of the Gorsedd—the traditional right of the people of this country to assemble together to direct, and control, and advise in matters of importance. The Gorsedd would therefore be open every day until Saturday, inclusive, and any one might give notice to the committee if he had any subject to bring forward. Full scope would thus be afforded for the consideration of matters of general and vital public interest, calculated to promote the happiness of the people, not only of this part of the country, but, he might venture to add, of the empire of Britain. (Cheers.)

*The Mineral Resources of Wales.*—£25 were offered by the young men of Llangollen for the best treatise on the mineral resources of the Principality, with the stipulation that, should the successful composition be in English, it must be translated into Welsh at the author's expense.

David Williams, Esq., of Merthyr, one of the judges, read his adjudication, which was in Welsh. Two treatises had been received, both being very voluminous. The best was signed "Didascalos," which was a very excellent production.

Professor Griffiths, of Liverpool, (who, together with Alaw Goch, acted as judge,) then delivered his verdict in English, which concurred with Mr. Williams' opinion. The professor highly applauded the manner in which "Didascalos" had completed his task. The production contained a store of most useful information, put in the most practical form, and its publication must be regarded as a timely and valuable addition to the literature of the country. (Cheers.)



The Rev. John Jones, Baptist minister, Llangollen, (Mathetes,) answered to the name, and came forward amidst rounds of applause to receive the prize, with which he was invested by Miss Williams ab Ithel, (Euronwy,) who expressed the pleasure she felt in awarding it to one who had before received an acknowledgment of merit, and who was a native of Llangollen. (Cheers.) It is doubtless a matter of deep satisfaction to the young men of the town, four of whom, Messrs. Humphreys and Hughes, (local secretaries,) R. Roberts, and W. Jones, have been especially active in collecting subscriptions so as to insure a remunerative sum, to find that it has been triumphantly and worthily won by a fellow-townsmen.

Pennillion singing with the harp (presided over by Mr. Ellis Roberts) then took place. This most ancient style of singing, peculiar to Wales, seemed to excite no little wonder among the purely English portion of the audience, and the number of English people present was certainly not a few. As Mr. Roberts explained, the singer does not commence with the strain, but strikes in at the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh bar, as it best suits his convenience or fancy, but, at whatever point he commences, he is bound, as an orthodox pennillion singer, to conclude his stanza with the last note of the strain itself, which contains eight bars of music. The ingenuity with which some of these pennillion singers will huddle a heap of words into a small compass is not less marvellous than the manner in which they change the accent, and otherwise contrive to fit in their stanzas to a mathematical nicety. There were six vocalists on this occasion, but there was no competition for prizes. Amongst them were Idris Vychan, Joseph Williams, a blind man, aged 76 years, and two of the harpers. The old man, Williams, attracted especial attention. He was introduced to the audience by Mr. Roberts, who said he remembered him competing at eisteddfodau when he himself was a boy, and winning many prizes, some of which, in the shape of silver medals, he bore on his breast to-day. His performances were greatly applauded, and his appearance, and the style in which he sang, created the liveliest interest.

*Bardism.*—A prize of £30, and a bardic tiara in gold, was offered for the fullest illustration, from original sources, of the theology, discipline, and usages of the bardic system of the Isle of Britain.

Myfyr Morganwg, who was attired in his white robes, and wore the insignia of his order, read the adjudication of himself, Llallawg, and Hirlas, appointed as judges. They all concurred in the opinion that the only production received, signed "Plenydd," was well worthy of the prize. It consisted of 287 pages, beautifully written, and containing probably the most complete dissertation and compilation on bardism ever collected together.

"Plenydd" being called upon, he appeared in the person of the Rev. John Williams ab Ithel, one of the most profound scholars and antiquaries in this country. He was received with a Welsh hurrah as he knelt before Miss Owen, Blaenau, near Dolgelley, who placed the golden trophy on his brow.

Rev. Mr. Morgan said that never was a prize more worthily bestowed; for if anybody was entitled to it from his deep knowledge of the subject, it was the gentleman who had received it on this occasion. (Applause.)

This terminated the proceedings, and the National Anthem having being sung, the meeting dispersed.

#### EVENING CONCERT.

The concert attracted a large and influential audience, numbering about 3000. It was opened by the Cardiff Brass Band performing a selection of airs, arranged with excellent taste, and conducted by their leader, Mr. G. F. Davies. In the song which followed "Strike the Harp," the fine contralto voice of Mrs. Brooks, of Manchester, was greatly admired; the chorus of amateurs displayed a want of more training. Mr. Jervis, of Manchester, introduced two songs during the evening, "Cartref," and the "Maid of Llangollen." He displayed considerable taste in his singing, but his voice was too weak to fill so large a space. In the glees his singing of the tenor parts was very satisfactory. A part song by Owen Alaw was highly applauded, and rapturously encored. Several other glees were sung by the vocalists with marked success—Miss Williams, of Liverpool, taking the air with excellent taste and skill; and we could also distinguish the fine voice of Mr. Pierce, of Liverpool. Mr. Ellis Roberts' performance of "Llwyn Onn" on the harp was thrilling; a repetition being loudly called for, he substituted some pennillion, in which he was assisted by Llew Llwyfo, which were received by the numerous assemblage with the hilarity and pleasurable feeling which, when well sung, they seldom fail to produce. The singing of "Mae Robin yn swil," "The Bashful Young Gentleman," and "Hen Forgan a'i Wraig," by Owen Alaw, was most vociferously applauded, and gave the greatest pleasure to all present. The whole of the musical portion of this important national meeting was intrusted to this gentleman, and the audience on this occasion were unanimous in expressing their satisfaction as to his admirable arrangements.

*Wednesday, 22nd September.*

#### THE EISTEDDFOD.

If yesterday was remarkable for the fineness of the weather, to-day was in the opposite extreme. The rain poured down in torrents, until the morning was far advanced; still at 10 o'clock, the hour announced for the assembly, we repaired to the tent, but here matters presented anything but a cheering aspect, as the water soaked though the roof of the pavilion, and converted the avenues between the seats into a state of mire. Nothing daunted a goodly number of patriotic people, a large proportion being ladies, trudged through rain and mud, and, true as the needle to the pole, were on the spot punctually. The proceedings, however, did not commence for full half an hour afterwards, by which

time the rain had partially abated, and gradually the audience was augmented by fresh arrivals, until the numbers present nearly equalled those of the previous day.

At the sound of trumpet Eryr Moelfre resumed the chair.

Rev. R. Parry, (Gwalchmai,) recited the following well deserved complimentary englynion to the secretaries:—

Yma byth y cofir am Ab Ithel,  
Tra y bo beirddion try bawb i'w arddel,  
Enw'r diwygiwr yn dra diogel  
A red trwy oesau i achau uchel,  
Ei fwyn hynawsedd, o duedd dawel  
Aegyr rinwedd ei gywir annel  
A rhyfedd sylwedd ei sel—dros ei wlad  
Am ei derchafiad o'i rhesiad isel.

Yntau Carn Ingli mewn bri obrwyir,  
Ac ar unwaith y ddau a goronir,  
Dau o wir efeilliaid a arfollir,  
Dau o un galon—dyna eu gelwir.  
Y genedl gu gydag anadl gywir  
Fola'u portread, un eiliad welir  
Ar furiau palasau y cyplysir,  
Wynebau dynion gan bawb adwaenir,  
Llyth'renau'u henwau yn hir—trwy oesau  
O ddaear y lluniau a ddarllenir.

Heddyw y Brython a ddengys haeddiant,  
Y dewr wladgarwyr, y gwyr ragorant,  
Ac ar goryn y cewri a garant  
Lwyrfa, arwyddion y lawryf roddant  
Er parch, i'w cyfarch y cant—ber englyn  
Chorus y delyn i'w croesaw dalant!

After the rapturous applause which greeted this effusion a voice from the assembly called for an English recitation, whereupon Mr. Wm. Downing Evans, of Newport, Monmouthshire, (Leon,) stepped forward and gave the following lines, composed by him on the previous evening:—

Since Plenydd first, the heaven-born bard of light,  
Those strains of praise that reached celestial height,  
Poured from the ray-stringed lyre adoring love,  
That echo still thro' all the realms above,  
To God, their Sovereign Lord, bards of all time,  
Have brought the first-fruits of the song sublime!

Thus we, as meet, whose light-reviving age  
Shall glory shed on history's future page,  
To Him the tribute of all learning bring,  
And, bowed with awe, adore th' Eternal King!



For lo! on us what obligations rest,  
 Above all bygone ages greatly blest,  
 Assembled here the bards no longer dread  
 Th' assassin's steel, with friends to banquet led;  
 Pursued like fiends, o'er hill, thro' craggy dell,  
 The minstrel hears no more the foeman's yell;  
 Intestine war long banished from the land,  
 Here, heart to heart, in compact strong we stand!

Oh! mighty people! Gwalia keep thine own,  
 Heed not the alien's sneer, thy neighbour's frown;  
 Gaze o'er the past, and search, by history's ray,  
 For those who sought for universal sway;  
 Egypt, that stern—that granite-hearted power,—  
 Greece, with her loveliness, of art the flower,—  
 Rome, mighty Rome! we ne'er can love the name,  
 For o'er these mountain heights her armics came,  
 Her broad ways opened, and designed to make  
 Each fertile vale a blood-submerging lake;  
 The minstrel's joyous harp has long resumed  
 Those strains that royal hate to silence doomed.  
 Fair as the earth's first carpet-sod was seen!  
 Here lives our leek to bloom for ever green!  
 Appropriate emblem, heaven ordained to give  
 Of deathless energy, and power to live!

THESE have we still, and thus we gather round  
 The spot where all to-day intact are found;  
 Bards stand erect and to the world proclaim  
 Your Nation lives, and thus attests her fame!

LEON.

Risiart Ddu o Wynedd next addressed the Eisteddfod in englynion, followed by Cynddelw, who read the production of Absalom Fardd.

Notwithstanding the rain, which was still merciless, poetic fire once kindled at an Eisteddfod could not be damped. As soon as one had finished, another bard would "ascend the rostrum with a skip," and thunder forth his lyric or didactic composition, each vying with the other for effect. It was truly a scene in which the enthusiastic Welshman delights. Thus it was that, next in order, Estyn, whose poetical genius is already familiar to our readers, advanced, and with characteristic ardour recited his admirable lyric ballad, "The Battle of Bosworth Field." It was received with thunders of applause.

Mr. O. Wynne Jones, (Glasynys,) then spoke in Welsh on a subject which, he said, had occupied a good deal of the public attention in Wales during the last two years—the erection of a monument to Llywelyn, the last Prince of Wales. Much interest appeared to be excited by the mention of this subject, for when the speaker, after dilating on the patriotism of Llywelyn, and sketching in glowing

colours the character of the "Llyw Olaf," put the question direct, "Shall there or shall there not be a monument to his memory?" he was met with vehement cries of "yes! yes!" from all parts of the pavilion, followed by a tremendous Welsh cheer. Alluding to the success of the movement in honour of the memory of Sir William Wallace, of Scotland, where £4000 had been subscribed for a like purpose, he urged the Cymry to take immediate steps. In conclusion, he indulged in a poetic idea, picturing the spirit of the patriot prince as visiting the scenes of his career in the body, and looking down on the proceedings of the Eisteddfod itself.

He was followed by Llew Llwyfo in a Welsh speech.

After a few words from Cynddelw, and Mr. Pym ap Ednyfed, the Rev. Mr. Parry, (Gwalchmai,) read the adjudication on the following:—

*The late Fire at Wynnstay.*—This was a prize of £5 5s., offered by the patriotic chairman, for the best Welsh ode of national sympathy with Sir Watkin and Lady Williams Wynn, on the recent calamitous fire at Wynnstay, and of sincere congratulation on the merciful preservation of lives on the occasion. The judges were, Rev. R. Parry, Rev. D. Silvan Evans, and Rev. Robert Ellis. The following is a summary of their adjudication, read by the first-named gentleman.

The announcement of a prize for the best Welsh ode of national sympathy with Sir Watkin and Lady Williams Wynn, on the recent calamitous fire at Wynnstay, and of sincere congratulation on the merciful preservation of lives on the occasion, was hailed with universal approbation by the nation at large. The subject, at once replete in general interest, extensive in domestic calamity, and touching in national sympathy, afforded a fine field, and a most appropriate occasion, to call the energies of the Welsh awen into full play. It therefore raised anticipations, and all were confident of productions of the first order. On a subject so disastrous in its nature, and so alarming in its effect, every reader waited to receive the effusion of the muse with excited poetical ardour. The very terms in which it was announced created an anticipation of something telling, nervous, pointed; softened by the sweetest strains of pensive, chaste melody; overflowing with the natural feelings of sympathy and condolence. It is an admitted fact, that unless the Welsh bard, when writing on a subject of national interest, surpasses the most sanguine expectation of his readers as much as their enthusiasm outruns their common feelings, hope is sure to be followed by disappointment, and the production will fail to have the desired effect. While the adjudicators rejoice to find that this subject stimulated not less than ten candidates with hopes of success, they are compelled to confess their own feelings were not a little mortified in finding the character of the compositions much below the standard they contemplated, and that they are wanting in that elevated conception, that poetical warmth, that eloquence of diction, and that genuine expression of sympathy which the nature of the subject demanded. It would, therefore, be complimenting the authors

at the expense of their own judgment to assert that these poems ranked among the higher species of poetry; at the same time, it would be betraying a want of taste and feeling to insinuate that they are wholly destitute of merit. It seems, however, that a reserve is made, and that the judges, in case they thought all the rival compositions unworthy of the reward, should dismiss them altogether without the promised honour. Such a step no doubt may be deemed highly provoking to some of the competitors; but justice, notwithstanding all minor considerations, compels them to state that, with a disinterested review, they cannot pronounce any of them of sufficient merit to deserve the prize. They would therefore beg leave to offer a suggestion, entertaining confident hopes that even the candidates themselves, after due deliberation with the generous and noble-minded gentleman who proposed the subject, will concur in a proposition to suspend the award, augment the prize, and re-announce the subject, whereby the poetic fire of the Welsh awen may be roused to its proper element, that the public may be presented with a composition in verse worthy the noble representatives of a family who from time immemorial have been deservedly held as the distinguished ornament of their country. With the adoption of this measure we entertain hopes that the inspired genius of Llywarch Hen's muse may again be invoked, when, in an elegy on Cynddylan, and in an episode on the destruction of ancient Pengwern, he exclaimed—

Sefwch allan, forwynion, a syllwch werydre  
Gynddylan.—Llys Pengwern neud tandde!  
Gwae'r ieuangc a eiddynt brodre.

James Kenward, Esq., (Elfynydd,) then recited some lines of a "Poem of English Sympathy with Wales," but a feeling of impatience being manifested by the Welsh portion of the audience who did not understand English, Mr. Kenward felt reluctant to read the whole, and retired from the platform.

Mr. Whalley (Madog) appealed to the chairman and the meeting if there were any question before them, to allow him, and others who like him did not understand the Welsh language, to be put in the same position as those who did. He pleaded earnestly for an opportunity of hearing Mr. Kenward.

Ab Ithel begged to inform the meeting that Mr. Kenward was a person who pre-eminently "loved our nation,"—that he had been most indefatigable in collecting subscriptions for the Eisteddfod,—and had in other ways promoted the object they had all in view by all the means in his power. This announcement was received with great cheers.

Mr. Kenward was loudly called upon to proceed with his poem. He advanced, and read about twenty stanzas, in which he was vociferously applauded. The poem was written with considerable talent, and was delivered with excellent effect. It has since been published, together with a very graphically descriptive ode on the Gorsedd.

Rev. W. Morgan, (Môr Meirion,) Tregynon, then proposed, in an



enthusiastic speech, a vote of thanks to Mr. Kenward. He said the Welsh were determined to have their rules, but they never desired to be otherwise than indissolubly connected with the English and the British empire. (Cheers.) He was perfectly certain that there were millions of English hearts that contained the same sentiments as those which had been admirably expressed by their far-famed friend that day. (Cheers.) They required nothing more than justice to Cambria, and everlasting love to the English. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Whalley, (Madog,) in seconding this, said, the sentiments expressed in the poem were valuable, not only on account of their admiration of Wales and the Welsh, but because they were written in favour of something more venerable and more estimable even than that. Loyalty, a love of justice, patriotism, and every other principle calculated to promote the happiness of man, individually and collectively, existed even before the Welsh language, and it was because these had been well expressed by Mr. Kenward that he had much pleasure in seconding the proposition which had been so eloquently proposed. (Loud cheers.) Carried unanimously.

*Poem (Prydddest) on the Spring (Y Gwanwyn).*—Limited to young people under eighteen. A silver medal by Hen Eisteddfodwr. The award of the judges, read by Ab Ithel, was in favour of "Cymro Ieuangc," whose composition was the best out of ten. No one answered to the name, and the seal was broken, under which the author's proper name was found. It was Mr. H. M. Williams, Stamp Office, Holyhead.

*Proclamation of Denbigh Eisteddfod, 1859.*—Gwalchmai then proclaimed in due form that an Eisteddfod would be held within the walls of the venerable castle of Denbigh, on Alban Elfed, 1859.

The Rev. J. Hughes, (Carn Ingli,) then addressed the meeting and said—There is a prophecy, doubtless familiar to you, which tradition has ascribed to Taliesin, while some think that Jonas Mynwy is the author: it refers to the nation of the Cymry,—

"Their God they will worship,

Their language they will preserve,

Their land they will lose, except wild Wales."

This prophecy embodies in it the prominent features of Welsh history: it is a text ample in its meaning, and like gold in the bullion, every sentence is weighty and important. "They will worship their God." The Welsh are considered a religious people,—(hear, hear)—and were so from an early period. The faith of Christ was introduced into Wales, as Caradoc of Llancarvan witnesses, in the year of our Lord 55. In the Triads of the Pedigrees of the Saints 58 is mentioned; whereas Gildas writes that Christianity was introduced here *before* the victory of Boadicea over the Romans, which took place in 61. These dates are of great importance; and the discrepancy between them is not very material. Taking all things into consideration, we have reason to believe that the Gospel was preached in this country in the year 59, an eventful period, when Christ, the true Sun, appeared,

shedding His glorious beams on this island benumbed with cold, and separated at a great distance from the rest of the world—a period affecting the well-being not only of generations past and present, but of generations yet unborn. The lamp of the Gospel, thus kindled, continued to burn brightly in this our father-land when it was extinguished by Pagan persecution, or obscured by Romish superstition, in other kingdoms. “The inhabitants of Wales with their Cymraeg allies,” writes a celebrated author, “seem to be the only Christian people in existence who successfully resisted the Pagan Gothic invasion, and while all other provinces of the great Roman empire were successfully and rapidly falling under the Gothic sword, the Principality of Wales, with the natives of Armorica, Cornwall, Cumberland, and the Welsh of Strathclyde, in Scotland, effectually resisted the invasion, and succeeded in preserving their liberty and religion.” It is a remarkable feature in the history of the Welsh that, during the dark ages of Popish superstition, the bards retained the doctrinal truths of Christianity in their original grandeur and simplicity, and exposed on all occasions the depravity and absurdity of the times. Many proofs of this may be produced from their poetical works; from Taliesin in the sixth century, down to the time of the Reformation. Their motto invariably has been “Y gwir yn erbyn y byd;”

“The truth against the world.”

The people of Wales in the present day are a remarkably religious people. (Cheers.) In what country do we find 25,000 persons assembling together, as at Bangor a few years ago, and that on a week day, in the busy time of harvest, in order to worship God, and that in a temple not made with hands—a temple whose vaulted roof is the sky, and whose walls are the perpetual hills of our country,—(applause)—following, unconsciously perhaps, the example of their ancestors, who used to worship the God of Heaven within the druidic circle—“Yngwyneb haul a llygad goleuni.” Moreover, when this large assembly of 25,000 dispersed, it was remarked in the public journals, to the honour of Wales, and in proof of the morality of its inhabitants, that there was not one case of intoxication or disorderly conduct observed. (Cries of “bravo,” and applause.) Some have asserted that Wales is over-religious, and much too scrupulous in its observance of the Sunday. If this be a fault, long may it continue. (Hear, hear.) A living writer of great wit and celebrity, having borne her testimony to the morality, simplicity, and amiability of the Welsh people, remarks on their pensive disposition,—“Not a spark of Irish vivacity enlivens them, for they would no more think of cutting a joke than of cutting a throat. If a Welshman relaxed into a smile, the skin of his face would crack—(laughter)—with so unusual an effort; and as for a hearty fit of laughing, I should like to hear the jest that produced it.” (Great laughter.) Hume mentions, in his *History of England*, that some wit of those days received a crown piece for making Edward II. laugh, which must, therefore, have been rather an uncommon circumstance—and he was born in Wales. If the fair



author of *Hill and Valley* were present to witness the many smiling faces in the assembly, the bursts of applause, "and laughter holding both his sides," she would doubtless hear what the jest was which produced the laughter, even her own jest,—(more laughter)—and henceforth she would conclude that all the daughters of Wales were converted into Euphrosynes, and that all her sons were lineal descendants of Momus, the laughter-loving god. It is both amusing and instructive to peruse the remarks of tourists or historians on the national character of the Principality; like gregarious birds in their flight to a distant country, they follow in the wake of each other; what one says another asserts, and a third confirms; and thus oftentimes whole nations are judged on the principle "ex uno discite omnes." Perhaps you have heard of the tourist who spent one day in Poland, where he saw a nobleman patting a bear; therefore he put down in his note-book, "persons of consequence in Poland amuse themselves during the morning with bears." It is said of Cuvier that he could describe the size, form, and habits of any fossil animal merely by examining a tooth; in this manner a whole country is judged by writers who possess a tolerable knowledge of the roads and inns in Wales, but remain in profound ignorance of the language, manners, and customs of the Welsh people. (Hear, hear.) Again, the prophetic spirit of Taliesin tells us that the Cymry shall preserve their language. I came from Manchester with a gentleman who told me he was going to the Eisteddfod, but that the Welsh language was gone. [Ab Ithel—Gone to the Eisteddfod?] (Laughter.) If that gentleman be present now I think he will say that the Cymraeg is not like the "sick man," but possesses life, energy, and vigour. (Great cheering.) It is a remarkable feature in the Welsh tongue that it is formed on its own basis, and makes use of its own intrinsic materials. It still remains the same as it was 1300 years ago, as the writings of the older bards can testify. It has been asserted that its usage was co-existent with the Tower of Babel. The Scotch call a building, separate and apart from others, a self-contained house; so I may call the Welsh tongue—it is a self-contained language; it has largely contributed to the formation of other tongues, while she herself has had only to fall back on her own resources. In one of the triads it is stated that "the three indispensables of language are purity, copiousness, and aptness," and these three meet and harmonize in the language of Wales. The elements of that language, according to Sir W. Jones, whose extensive travels and deep researches afforded excellent opportunities of judging, and rendered his opinions most valuable, enter into the composition of every tongue in Europe, and in many of those of the distant regions of Asia, and is, in all probability, one of the three tongues into which the primitive language of the world was divided. From the period when the Romans left this island to the present day the language of our country had to encounter much opposition. Edward I. in the thirteenth century caused all the bards to be hung by martial law as "stirrers up of the people." In the fifteenth cen-



tury national rights were not allowed to any but those only who spoke English, and did not know Welsh. It has been the policy of every government, ever since the Reformation, to induce the Welsh to neglect and forget their native language and learn English; so that all the inhabitants of Britain might be one people, and of one tongue. For this end there is an act of Parliament, still in existence, which requires English Bibles and English Prayer-Books to be set up, and remain in every church and chapel throughout this country. This principle has deprived the Cymry of the administration of justice in their own language; and it was like to have prevented their ever hearing the laws of God, even the Gospel of Christ, as well as the laws of their land, in their own language. This, it is said, was solemnly debated at a very honourable board in Queen Elizabeth's time. From the issue of this debate, and from Dr. Morgan's dedication of the Bible, it appears that the Queen, to her honour be it spoken, nobly stood up in defence of the language and country of her forefathers, and commanded the Bible to be translated into Welsh. (Loud cheers.) And had she acted on similar principles in regard to Ireland, and given the Word of Life to the Irish in their vernacular tongue, it is my firm belief that that country would not only be the "Island of Saints," as in days of yore, but also the abode of peace, order, and contentment. (Hear and cheers.) But who are they that desire the extinction of the Welsh tongue? They are not the truly great and learned; not the philologist and antiquary; not the patriot and divine; not our late Poet-Laureate Southey, for he considered it an honour to be a member of a Welsh society, "an honour," as he expresses it, "which is peculiarly gratifying to me, because one of the works by which I hope to be remembered relates mainly to Welsh tradition and Welsh history;" not Sharon Turner, for he has declared "that the ancient British literature should be preserved, and the poetry and music of Wales encouraged, as objects worthy the attention and patronage of those who now, as their descendants, represent the most ancient inhabitants of our common islands. And it has given me, for some years, a very high gratification to see that the gentlemen of Wales have so zealously exerted themselves in behalf of objects so truly national and so laudable, because Wales possesses ancient remains of her old bards and writers, what cannot be convicted of later fabrication, and what in some respects no other country can afford a parallel;" not Bishop Heber, for he spoke at the Wrexham Eisteddfod in the following words:—"Although not a son of the Principality, Saxon as I am, I am most anxious for the cultivation of the language of the ancient Cimbri, a people interesting to us all, for they had colonized every nation, and although driven out by fiercer hordes, yet, wherever they went, they left their language in the names of the rivers and mountains. If then we discourage, or degrade, or neglect the language of any nation soever, we neglect, or degrade, or discourage, we cripple and fetter, and so far as in us lies we extinguish, the native genius of that people; and, feeling this so forcibly as I do, I cannot

look back without sorrow and shame to, I will not say the cold neglect, but the systematic and persevering hostility of which, on the part of your English rulers, the Welsh language was for many years the object. It is needless, and it would be painful, to go back to the causes of that hostility, or to the manner in which it was carried on, but it is to the credit of your ancestors and yourselves that its efforts were not successful. Every person familiar with the classics knows how impossible it is to preserve the racy flavour of any language by translation. I hope the day is not distant when the language of the Welsh will have its universities, and its professors, as well as that of the Anglo-Saxons, and I am sure it must flourish under the auspices of him who presides this day, who, during war had been one of his country's best defenders, and during peace the munificent promoter of its welfare." Not Bishop Burgess, for he congratulated the friends of ancient British literature on the occurrence of an Eisteddfod over which he presided, and which he denominated a "Cambrian Olympiad." (Cheers.) But who are they that desire the extinction of the Welsh tongue? They are little men of puny and contracted minds, narrow feelings, and petty jealousies, who envy Mordecai sitting in the king's gate, and devise means to deprive the inhabitants of the Principality of those characteristics which are essential to their existence as a Welsh nation. (Hear, hear.) Such persons deserve not the honourable name of patriots, nor can we consider them the true friends of the Welsh people; they are the Hamans and Samaritans of the land, abolitionists in principle, and oppositionists in practice, who aim their deadly blow at the root of a language that is venerable for its antiquity, ample in its materials, and replete with poetic lore. The Goths and the Vandals, in the plenary exercise of their devastating powers, never attempted, could not attempt to do more. (Cheers.) We live in the nineteenth century, and not in the dark ages; and to extinguish the language of old Cambria would be perpetrating such an act of barbarism as would make the ears of all generations tingle. Let those who receive official appointments in Wales, whether in church or state, have a competent knowledge of the language and customs of the people,—(a voice, "bishops and all")—that they may be able, truly and conscientiously, to perform the duties of their respective vocations with credit to themselves, and with advantage to the community at large. (Cheers.) And while we make these remarks, let it not be understood that we are opposed to the cultivation of the English language. It is our earnest desire that every man, woman, and child should possess a competent knowledge of that language. We are as strenuous on this point as any Englishman can be; but we go further; we do not wish the child to forget the letter A while he learns the letter B. Yea, let him learn many languages, if he chooses, but let him not forget his own. While we open to him the rich stores of English literature, we are desirous that he should not repudiate the more ancient, though not the more ample, stores of his own mother tongue. (Applause.) "Their land they will keep."



The very circumstance of our holding an Eisteddfod at Llangollen is evidence of the truth of Taliesin's prophecy. We do not envy our English friends the fertile plains of England, their great cities, splendid mansions, and crystal palaces. (Cheers.) We are content to dwell amongst the hills and mountains of Wales, speaking the Welsh language, and cultivating everything that is good and excellent. (Long continued cheering.)

Caradoc gave the following englyn on the Welsh language, which elicited extraordinary enthusiasm, and fairly "brought down the house." An encore was demanded:—

Tra rhêd dw'r, tra rhua taran—tra gwawl,

Tra gwelir yr huan;

A lloer mewn mantell arian,

Gwir lwydd fo i'r Gymraeg lân.

*The Peithynen.*—The next adjudication was on the prize of £3 for a peithynen, constructed after the manner of the ancient bards, with the Cywydd Cofiant Iolo Morganwg, by Gwalter Mechain, engraved thereon in bardic characters. The prize was offered by the Rev. T. James, (Llallawg,) Netherthong.

Ab Ithel delivered the adjudication of himself and colleagues on this subject. He said that the peithynen was the wooden book of the bard. Two of these had been sent in for competition, and the judges deemed that that which he held in his hand was the best. There were several things looked upon as generally necessary in the construction of the peithynen. *First*,—The material was to be, if possible, of the mountain ash, which was considered the best kind of wood for the purpose; *Secondly*,—The letters thereon must be about the size of a barleycorn; *Thirdly*,—The angles must be slightly taken off to the full depth of the letter, so that the letters upon one side may not appear on the edge of the other side; and, *lastly*, the peithynen must be of such a size as will allow the ovate to carry it conveniently in his hand at the Gorsedd. All these regulations were strictly observed in the one, whilst they were as uniformly neglected in the other.

On being called upon, Mr. Edward Lloyd (brother of Estyn) appeared as the successful candidate, and was duly invested amidst loud cheers.

Mr. Lloyd's peithynen had, we understand, been on view at Llangollen some days prior to the Eisteddfod. The other shown was made by a cabinet-maker in the town. It was massive and well finished as a piece of furniture, but the artizan had evidently not studied the use to which the article was to be applied.

*Pennillion.*—For the best pennillion singer after the manner of North Wales. First prize, £3; second ditto, £2; third ditto, £1. This was an interesting competition. Five singers entered the lists. The harp was played successively by Mr. John Edwards, Mr. T. D. Morris, Bangor, and Mr. Hughes, Liverpool. The judges were, Eos Meirion, Taliesin o Eifion, and Llew Llwyfo. The latter read the award, which was as follows:—1. Idris Vychain; 2. Joseph



Williams, Bagillt; 3. Edward Jones, Llanrwst. These were invested by Miss Davies, Llanrhaiadr, (daughter of Gwalter Mechain,) Mrs. Davies, Cheltenham, and another lady, whose name we could not learn.

*Prince Llywelyn's Epitaph.*—The prize of £3 for the best epitaph (Hir a Thoddaid) on Llywelyn, the last sovereign Prince of Wales, was then announced.

Caledfryn, in his adjudication, which was read by Ab Ithel, gave the prize to "Watcyn Fardd," Mr. John Jones, Hendy, Llanerfyl, near Cann Office. The englyn is as follows:—

Ffyddlon ymdrechodd, hoffodd amddiffyn  
Iawnderau 'i ddeiliaid; bu 'n dwr i'w ddilyn;  
Ond ein gwladgarol, wreiddiol, ben rhiddyn,  
Iechyd Gwalia—fradychwyd i'w gelyn;  
Marw yn Muallt, hallt fu hyn—Cymru a'i phlant  
Hwy oll a wylant am eu Llywelyn.

The other two judges, however, were in favour of "Llywarch's" composition; and as the committee were bound to take the views of the majority, the prize was awarded to him, who proved to be "Islwyn," Pont Llanfraith, Monmouthshire. His englyn runs thus,—

Tra thyner adgof ac ail ymofyn  
Bydd llu i wylo uwch bedd Llywelyn;  
I'n Rhyddid dirfawr mae 'n arwydd terfyn  
Dwys; trwy y dalaeth dystawa 'r delyn;  
Gwna Breinniau fil ei ddilyn—i'w feddrod,  
Yn ei waelod cydorphwys a wnelyn'.

Ab Ithel informed the meeting that the object which the promoters of the Eisteddfod had in view in offering this prize was to elicit a good and appropriate epitaph for the purpose of being inscribed on the monument which it is in contemplation to erect over his grave.

*Advantages of a Knowledge of Welsh.*—Estyn read the adjudication of the judges (himself and colleague) on the prize of £5, given by Mr. Whalley, for the best essay "On the advantages accruing to Englishmen from a knowledge of Welsh." Three compositions had been received, signed respectively, "Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg," "Traveller," and "Y gwir yn erbyn y byd." The best undoubtedly was "Oes y byd," &c., and it was a very excellent production. There was another, "Y gwir," &c., a very meritorious essay, to the author of which Mr. Whalley had determined to give £2 10s. (Cheers.)

Two other excellent essays on the subject were received too late for competition, both of which have been published in our pages. It is remarkable that two of these productions seem to have been written by English persons.

Mr. Whalley spoke highly of the second essay, observing that whilst the first expatiated with extraordinary eloquence on the claims of the Welsh language to their sympathy, respect, and encouragement, the other enabled the Englishman to understand more clearly not only why he should learn the Welsh, but how. (Cheers.) The reason why

was, that no man could thoroughly understand the English without a knowledge of Welsh,—(cheers)—and following the same principle, he ventured to state, as he had stated before, that no man could enter into the spirit of the British constitution, the laws, the legislation of this country, without understanding the principles of the ancient British Gorsedd and Eisteddfod, which were the basis of them all. At least three parts out of the four of the ordinary vernacular of the English, however different it might appear, was composed of the ancient British language, therefore there were the strongest reasons why an Englishman should learn the Welsh before Greek and Latin, which were the key to the scientific part of the English language. About three or four million pounds a year were, through the piety and liberality of our ancestors, employed for giving scholastic education to the children of this country in the universities and seats of learning. He would say that that was a total misappropriation of so much money, in so far as Latin and Greek were necessary for the understanding of the English language; because the Latin and Greek were themselves mainly derived from the Welsh. If any one doubted that, let him come forward and discuss the point at the Gorsedd. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) It was an important proposition, pregnant with great results to the literary, political, and social interests of the country. Pledging himself to do all in his power to promote and encourage so valuable a treasure as the Welsh language, the speaker condemned the practice recognized by some institutions of endeavouring to get that language into disrepute and disfavour, and forcing on the Welsh people the English language, “in the lump,” as it were, whether they would or no. Mr. Whalley then proceeded to speak of the Gorsedd, and reiterated the sentiments he had expressed on the previous evening, to the effect that all national subjects should there be discussed, alluding in this category to the representation of the people.

Colonel Tottenham here thought that Mr. Whalley was trenching on political ground, which occasioned a little altercation between them; but all was ultimately explained to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. The English and anti-patriotic papers made the most of this “scene,” but they forgot to notice that the only interruption to the harmony of a Welsh Eisteddfod arose from *two Englishmen!*

When “Hir Oes i’r iaith Gymraeg” was called upon, Mr. William Morris, Stamp Office, Swansea, came forward, and was invested amidst loud cheers. No one claimed the second prize.

*The Chair Prize.*—The next proceeding was the adjudication of the chair prize, an awdl on “The Battle of Bosworth Field, by which the Cymry recovered the monarchy of the Isle of Britain,”—£30, and a medal.

The judges were Gwilym Hiraethog, Nicander, and Caledfryn, in the absence of whom Carn Ingli read a summary of the adjudication sent in by the two first, who coincided in opinion; Caledfryn, however, dissented. The view of the majority was, as a matter of course,



adopted by the committee. After a few introductory remarks, in which the sanguinary struggle between Richard and Harry Tudor was contrasted with the peaceful encounter of the bards on this occasion, seven of whom had entered the arena, the document proceeded to review each awdl by itself. The fictitious names were, "Dydd Weithiwr," "Aneurin," "Tudur," "Tydain," "Dafydd ab Edmwnd," "Ieuan Brydydd Hir," and "Rhys Pennardd," the last of whom was considered the successful candidate. With respect to his composition, the two judges referred to remarked, that they seemed to breathe in a new atmosphere in the company of Rhys. His awdl was the shortest except that of Dydd Weithiwr. It contained rather above one thousand lines. After a brief address to the awen, the poet immediately proceeds to his subject, and it was pleasing to watch how he worked it out. Giving a short abridgment of the awdl at the commencement, the bard then allows the muse to launch into its native element, this being done in such a manner as not to need the aid of note or comment; he took a general view of the remarkable features of the battle in its connection with Harry and his councillors, and turned to the oppressed state of Britain, the tyranny of the Cæsars, Saxons, and Normans, the subjection of the Cymry under Edward, but soon returned to his text. The rhythm of the awdl was evidently the work of a master hand, and did not display any of the hackneyed alliterations resorted to by a commonplace poet. The words of the Welsh language, whilst they lost none of their innate power and effect, were under his pen as pliant as the branches of the willow. The following extracts are quoted as instances of what has been said :—

Y Ddraig Goch roddai'r cychwyn,  
Hyf welch dewr fu'n fal ch o'i dwyn,  
Morwriai mal mawr arwydd,  
Nen eilun chwai lawn o chwydd,  
Siffrwd drwy ffrwd awyr ffraw,  
Drwy uchafion derch chwyfiaw;  
Gan chwareu yn nhonnau nen  
Ei phrawf hyf drwy'r ffurfafen;  
Dig laccio, a'i adglecian,  
Drwy sybwb mawr, dros bob man,  
Nes troi'r fro'n gyffro gwyllt  
O wrhydri rhaiadrwyllt.

Alluding to the descent of the Royal Family from the Tudor line, the bard exclaims,—

O Gymro teg, mae'r gwaed da,  
Yn naturiaeth Victoria.

The name of "Pennardd" was then repeated, and the real author requested to discover himself, so as to be installed in the most honourable seat which the Eisteddfod can offer. There was breathless excitement; and so intense was the silence, that you might, as the saying goes, have heard a pin drop, when Mr. Humphreys, the local secretary, stepped forward to announce that he had received a letter on Tuesday



from "Pennardd," who proved to be Mr. Ebenezer Thomas, (Eben Fardd,) Clynog. The announcement was received with rounds of cheers. Acting as the representative of the bard, Mr. Humphreys was then placed in the chair by Tegai and Ioan Madawg, and invested with the medal by Gwalehmai, who repeated the following couplet:—

Cadeiriwyd, urddwyd y bardd,  
Profai ei hun yn brif-fardd.

*Oratory.*—For the orator of any nation, in any language, who shall deliver the best and most effective speech on the following subject:—"That the neglect by a people of their nationality is the certain prelude to their debasement and extinction." First prize, a silver coronal; second prize, a silver armlet. The addresses were limited to twenty minutes.

The first competitor was Mr. Jerome Pym ap Ednyfed, who spoke in Welsh. Mr. Richard French, of the '*Star of Gwent*' office, Newport, Monmouthshire, delivered an English address most elegantly expressed. The other competitors were Llew Llwyfo and Glasynys, both of whom spoke in Welsh.

Mr. Henry Davies, of Cheltenham, (one of the judges,) pronounced the award in favour of Llew Llwyfo, Mr. French being deemed second best. Whilst they readily acknowledged the excellence of Mr. French's oration, its flow of thought and polished diction, the judges nevertheless considered that it partook too much of the character of an essay, or composition acquired by heart, and was wanting in that impassioned eloquence which was the soul of true oratory. These requirements, on the other hand, were prominent in Llew's address. His appeals were remarkably powerful, the manner in which he enforced his arguments by reference to historical occurrences was extremely telling, and calculated to excite the people to action—the great aim of oratory; for, however studied a composition might be, however ably and beautifully expressed, if it failed to rouse the people to action, the spirit of oratory could not be in it. (Cheers.)

The successful candidates were invested, the first by Mrs. Lloyd, Cefn y Bedd, and the second by Mrs. Davies, Cheltenham.

The meeting was then brought to a close.

#### THE EVENING CONCERT

consisted chiefly of the music of Gwent and Morganwg, by the following artistes:—*Vocalists*—Mrs. Gethin Parker, of Llanover; Messrs. Llew Llwyfo, and Silas Evans, of Aberdare, and Mr. D. H. Thomas, of Rhymney. *Harpist*—Mr. T. D. Llewelyn, Aberdare. *Pianist*—Mr. John Owen (Owain Alaw). *Conductor*—Llew Llwyfo. We highly commend Llew Llwyfo for his selection of national music, and regret that his indisposition and hoarseness prevented his performing all that was allotted to him in the programme. Several ladies and gentlemen kindly volunteered their assistance to Llwyfo, consequently the programme was but partially adhered to. "T'rewch t'rewch y tant," an ancient Welsh air, beautifully arranged by

Mr. Davies, of Cardiff, was admirably rendered by his brass band. "Clod y Fenni," was sung by the choir. "Muriau Hen Gaerphily," a plaintive old air, by Llew Llwyfo, was highly applauded and redemanded. Mr. Davies, Cardiff, having played a solo on the harp, the comic duet, "Morgan a'i wraig Gwen," by Mrs. Parker and Llew Llwyfo, was vociferously encored. "Aderyn Pur," sung as a song and chorus, was very effective. Eos Llechlid sang "Jenny Jones," the audience joining in the chorus. The effect was overwhelming, several thousands singing at the same time. Mrs. Parker sang various Welsh airs very beautifully. Owain Alaw's comic songs were nearly all encored. Altogether, the concert was highly satisfactory.

#### MEETING OF BARDS.

According to arrangement, a meeting of bards present at the Eisteddfod took place shortly after 5 o'clock, at the tent erected near the *Cambrian Inn*. From fifty to sixty attended; Rev. R. Parry (Gwalchmai) in the chair. The first proceeding was to hear explanations from Myfyr Morganwg respecting certain doctrines on bardism held, and to some extent promulgated, by him. These doctrines, so far as they are understood from what transpired on this occasion, are not considered to be entirely in harmony with the Christian religion, and consequently have, as might be expected, given rise to a painful feeling amongst an order which fraternise so extensively as the Welsh bards. In the conversation which took place, Mr. T. Stephens, Merthyr, Mr. R. J. Pryse, (Gweirydd ap Rhys,) Mr. W. Williams, Staleybridge, Rev. H. Hughes, (Tegai,) Rev. W. Roberts, Blaenau, and others, spoke in opposition to Myfyr's sentiments, which were supported by himself and several others. Mistrusting, however, the motive for which the meeting had been convened, he refused to enter fully into the subject. Several resolutions were put, but that proposed by Mr. Francis, Manchester, viz., "That in consequence of the want of confidence unfortunately expressed by Myfyr, the discussion should cease," was finally adopted.

Some practical observations and suggestions on Welsh orthography were offered. The most effectual mode of securing its permanent establishment the meeting deemed to be that of communicating with all publishers and printers, requesting them to adhere to fixed rules, but no definite resolution was come to on this question. Other topics were brought forward, the meeting being kept up till 12 o'clock.

*Thursday, 23rd September.*

#### THE EISTEDDFOD.

The Eisteddfod was resumed this morning at half-past 10. It was pretty clear that the committee had not been unmindful of the comfort of the audience, for amongst other things we found that the floor of the tent had been covered with clean sawdust, so as to absorb the moisture which had found its way into the interior on the previous day. The



weather to-day was by no means encouraging, but there was an evident determination to brave and overcome every obstacle for the sake of the Eisteddfod. The audience again was numbered by thousands.

The presidential chair was, on the motion of Ab Ithel, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Morgan, occupied by David Williams, Esq., (Alaw Goch,) coal proprietor, Aberdare.

Cynddelw, Caradoc, Carnfaldwyn, and Rev. Daniel Jones, having addressed the Eisteddfod in poetical effusions, the business part of the convention commenced with the adjudication on

*Seren yr Orsedd*.—A prize of £1 had been announced on the opening day for the best englynion on the comet, which, from its appearing about the time of the Eisteddfod, received the appellation of *Seren yr Orsedd*, or *Gorsedd Star*. Six sets had been received, out of which “*Sywedydd*” had been selected as the best, who appeared in the person of Mr. Ellis, (Cynddelw,) and was invested by Miss Davies (daughter of Gwallter Mechain).

*My Mother's Grave*.—A silver armlet was offered for the best poem on “*My Mother's Grave*,” (*Bedd fy Mam*) restricted to female competitors. The judges were Glan Alun, Ceiriog, and Creuddynfab (Mr. Williams, Staleybridge). The last named gentleman read the adjudication. Out of six compositions received, that signed “*Gwenddolen*” was declared the best, the author being Miss Catherine Hughes, 18, Eaton Place, Belgrave Square, London, who was not present. She was represented by Miss Edwards, Rhosymedre, who was invested with the prize by Corporal Shields, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

In introducing this soldier, Mr. Morgan said that he had been recommended as the most distinguished soldier in that most thoroughly Welsh regiment Her Majesty's 23rd,—(cheers)—recommended upon the highest testimonials of his successive commanding officers, and with the cordial approbation of the Horse Guards as the successful candidate for the Cambrian gold torque of valour. (Great applause.) You will observe, continued the reverend gentleman, that we have been exceedingly fortunate in selecting this insignia as a torque, for there is scarcely room on his breast for another decoration. (Hear and applause.)

The second best composition was that of Miss Catherine Lloyd, Panteos, Llansilin, who, although no second prize had been advertised, received some token of approbation for her production, which was commended by the judges. The successful composition was read by Mr. Williams.

*Unpublished Welsh Airs*.—For the best collection of Welsh airs not hitherto published, £10 and a medal; the former prize being given by the Rev. Illtyd Nicholl, of Pant y Goetre, near Raglan. There were three competitors. “*Caradoc*” had collected seven tunes only; “*Orpheus*” as many as eighty; but “*Ennillwr os cyll*” not fewer than 125, very few of which were to be found in “*Orpheus*” collection. This was a proof that a large number of tunes were floating in Wales



not published. The judges awarded the prize to "Ennillwr," &c., but being strongly of opinion that both collections should be preserved, they suggested that "Orpheus" should be rewarded with £5. Mr. T. D. Llewelyn, (Llewelyn Alaw,) Aberdare, harpist, claimed the first prize, with which he was invested by Mrs. Williams, Birkenhead.

The Cardiff Brass Band then performed, and Mr. Owen gave a Welsh song, which drew thunders of applause.

*Love Song.*—Gwalchmai delivered the award for the best Love Song (Rhiangerdd) on Myfanwy Vychan, the prize being a beautiful birchen wreath in silver. Amongst the competitors were undoubtedly to be found some of the principal poets of the Eisteddfod, and the productions were a credit to the country. It had been a matter of difficulty to decide on the comparative merits of the rival candidates, all of whom displayed talent of high order. Although the judges were not unanimous, the majority had given the preference to "Tudor Trevor," but they, at the same time, strongly recommended "Myvenydd" to the liberality of the committee, to whom one of the judges had given the foremost place, and they earnestly hoped both compositions would be published.

Mr. John Hughes, (Ceiriog,) Manchester, answered to the name of "Tudor Trevor," and was invested amidst tremendous plaudits by Miss Hughes, of the Tower. "Myvenydd" proved to be Mr. O. Wynne Jones, (Glasynys,) whose appearance was also very flatteringly greeted.

The following extracts will serve to illustrate the character of Ceiriog's poem:—

Myfanwy rwy'n gweled dy rudd  
Mewn meillion, mewn briall a rhos,  
Yn ngoleu dihalog y dydd,  
A llygaid serenog y nos;  
Pan godo teg Wener ei phen  
Yn loew rhwng awyr a lli,  
Fe'i cerir gan ddaear a nen;  
I f'enaid, Myfanwy,  
Goleuach O, tecach wyt ti!  
Anwylach, perffeithiach wyt ti.

O na bawn yn awel o wynt  
Yn crwydro trwy ardd Dinas Bran,  
I suo i'th glust ar fy hynt,  
A throelli dy wallt ar wahân.

Mrs. Gethin Parker, Llanover, and Miss Roberts, attired in the picturesque costume of Wales, sang a duet, which elicited universal approbation.

*Painting.*—A prize of £10 was offered for the best oil painting by a Welsh artist on any of the following subjects:—1. Marriage at Windsor Castle of Owen Tudor and Catherine the Fair, of Valois, widow of Henry V. of Monmouth; 2. Death of Llywelyn ap Gru-

ffydd; 3. Hunting of the Twrch Trwyth, from the "Mabinogion;" 4. Conference of the Roman Monk Augustine with Dunawd, Abbot of Bangor, and the Bishops of the British Church, A.D. 603; 5. The Bard, from Gray; 6. Parting of Owen Glyndwyr and Sir Lawrence Berkholles; 7. Death of Captain Wynne, of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, in storming the Russian Battery at Alma.

There were two candidates whose productions were exhibited. Mr. Francis, of Manchester, who acted as judge, awarded the prize to a painting of "The Bard," which was undoubtedly a fine work of art, realizing in a vivid manner Gray's description:—

"On a rock whose haughty brow,  
Frowned o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
Rob'd in sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood.  
(Loose his beard and hoary hair,  
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;)   
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre!"

The representation of "the Death of Llywelyn" by Mr. Roose, was ranked as second best; the same artist exhibited a painting of "the death-scene of Captain Wynne, at Alma," both being very superior artistic specimens.

The successful candidate was Mr. William Jones, R.A., of Merthyr Tydvil, a native of Flintshire, who was invested by Miss Hughes, of the Tower.

Estyn delivered a Welsh speech, full of humour.

*Female Harpists.*—For the best female singer, in costume, of any air with Welsh words, to accompany herself on the triple harp, a gold star. The only competitor was Miss Roberts, (daughter of Mr. John Roberts, harpist,) who played and sang "The Bells of Aberdovey."

Mr. Ellis Roberts, in making the award, regretted that more candidates had not presented themselves. The cultivation of the harp was well worthy the attention of the ladies of the Principality, for there was none which showed off the figure to greater advantage than the national instrument. (Cheers.) Miss Roberts had sung well, and her touch was very delicate; she was deemed worthy of the prize.

The investiture was by Ab Ithel, the president complimenting the fair damsel in an englyn.

*The Oldest Bard.*—The next prize was a sum of £5 to the oldest bard present who had gained an Eisteddfodic prize; age to exceed threescore years and ten.

Carn Ingli announced that there were four competitors, viz., David Jones, Llangollen, aged eighty, within a few days, who had won thirteen Eisteddfodic prizes and a silver cup; Absalom Fardd, (Absalom Roberts,) Llanrwst, aged seventy-seven, who had won four prizes; Daniel Jones, aged seventy-one and a half, nine prizes and one medal; and Thomas Ellis, Caerwys, aged seventy, four medals and many prizes. David Jones was adjudged worthy of the prize. On being called upon,



the old man, with tottering steps, ascended the platform, and was received with tremendous cheering. He seemed fully to appreciate the honourable distinction conferred upon him, and the spirit of the awen reanimating his aged figure, he stood forth and recited the following englyn, being one of a set which gained for him the prize at Ruabon Eisteddfod in 1807, "On the birth of the present Sir Watkin:"—

Serchog, o enwog eginyn—anwyd

O lwynau Syr Wateyn;

Arosed y cu rosyn

Yn Wynnstay am gan oes dyn.

Miss Susan Robinson, of Clitheroe Castle, Lancashire, invested the octagenarian, to whom the president also addressed an englyn.

*Triple Harp Contest.*—A first prize of £10, and a second of £5, to the best performer, male or female, on the triple harp, open to all the world. Judges—Mr Ellis Roberts, Mr. Owen, Mr. Davies, Cardiff, and Rev. Mr. Edwards, Rhosymedre. There were eight competitors, viz., John Roberts, Richard Pugh, Corwen, T. D. Morris, Bangor, J. E. Davies, aged ten years, Lloyd Wynne Roberts, Owen Hughes, Liverpool, T. Griffiths, Llanover, and Miss Roberts. They all played Welsh airs. The performances, which necessarily occupied a considerable time, were watched with the liveliest interest. At the conclusion, Mr. Ellis Roberts said the prizes rested entirely between Mr. Morris and Mr. Griffiths, who were required by the judges to play a second time.

The final award was as follows:—1. Mr. Morris; 2. Mr. Griffiths.

Mr. Roberts took occasion to observe that a better system of fingering was required in teaching the Welsh harp. It was impossible to produce execution without due attention to this department, and he trusted they should as soon as possible have a grammar on the subject.

*The Harvest Anthem.*—Mr. Owen announced that "Meurig Hafodunos," to whom the prize had been awarded yesterday, was Mr. W. A. Williams, (Gwilym Gwent,) Blaenau, Monmouthshire.

Airs on the harp by Mr. Morris and Mr. Griffiths.

At this stage of the proceedings, the scene suddenly changed. The sound of rain as it came first, pitter patter on the canvas roof of the pavilion, then like the rush of torrents along the landers, drowning the voices of the speakers, and deadening the sound of the harps, was the signal for the sudden appearance of thousands of umbrellas, and other means of shelter from the wet, which came pouring down into the pavilion at different points, like so many waterspouts. But never, perhaps, was there so much good humour displayed under such trying circumstances. Jokes were freely circulated, and every one seemed to enjoy themselves, defying the fury of the elements. When the weather had partially cleared, an adjournment took place for refreshments.

*Ancient Style of Harp Playing.*—On reassembling, Mr. Roberts announced that Mr. Vaughan, of Penmaendovey, offered a first prize of £3, and a second of £2, for the best player on the triple harp, according to the ancient style of Mr. Parry, of Ruabon; the two



successful candidates in the last prize to be excluded from competing.

The result of the trial which subsequently took place was as follows:—1. Mr. Hughes, Liverpool, who played "Sweet Richard;" 2. Richard Pugh, who played "Sir Harry Ddu."

*A National Building.*—Mr. Whalley said he was kindly permitted by the chairman to give notice of a motion which would be submitted to the Gorsedd on the morrow—"That it is expedient to erect a building which shall be devoted to the maintenance and promotion of the interests of Wales, such building to combine the several purposes following:—A museum and record office, for the preservation of MSS., books, and relics relating to Wales and the ancient British empire. An office for promoting the regular administration of the Gorsedd and Eisteddfod; for preserving the productions of the Eisteddfodau past and to come, as also of the names of those who have been distinguished therein, and of all patriotic Welshmen who may be deemed worthy of such honours, according to the rules and regulations hereafter to be laid down by the authority of the Gorsedd. That such building be erected in a conspicuous position, and that it be dedicated to the memory of Llywelyn, and the other princes, heroes, and bards of Wales most distinguished in ancient times, as having done honour to their country in establishing or maintaining its immemorial renown. That for the purpose of carrying into effect the foregoing resolutions, and for the purpose of securing their objects, a committee be appointed." His object in giving this public notice of his intention in the first place was the hope that it would induce many present to take such an interest in the project as to secure their presence whilst it was being deliberated upon in Gorsedd; and, secondly, for the purpose of entirely removing, allaying, and thoroughly explaining, in a manner satisfactory to every one present, what appeared to be an unpleasant difference yesterday afternoon. Nothing that then occurred was calculated to affect the unanimity of the Eisteddfod, for he and his excellent friend Colonel Tottenham were, he believed, one on the subject, viz., that politics and religion ought not to be introduced here. (Cheers.) He was not aware that he had introduced either of these subjects, and if he had unwillingly trenched on forbidden ground, he hoped that what he had stated afterwards would make amends. (Cheers.) He wished now to give notice to his friend of this intended motion, because his object was not merely to afford a home, a resting-place, to the Eisteddfod, but also to promote it on the principles which, yesterday, he ventured to declare as his views on the subject; and he still maintained, notwithstanding anything that Colonel Tottenham had said, that the ancient British Gorsedd of the Eisteddfod did still exist in its full plenary and constitutional power, for the purpose of discussing and resolving upon anything of interest to the people duly convened in such Gorsedd. Those who were not prepared to recognize that power had either better not take part in the proceedings, or had better boldly come forth to question and discuss it. (Cheers.) In conclusion, he begged to

state that he should not propose the resolution without offering the means of carrying it out. There was, in this neighbourhood, a spot of ground considered eligible for the purposes referred to. He was willing to convey that land to trustees duly appointed, with all privileges connected and necessary thereto. (Great applause.)

Dr. Price announced himself as the seconder of Mr. Whalley's proposition, and thanked that gentleman for bringing it forward. He also pledged himself to do all in his power to carry out the movement.

Colonel Tottenham—I have had a sort of challenge to discuss this matter. I entirely decline it, for I do not like that sort of thing at all. The celebrated diplomatist Talleyrand, many years ago, said that in England there were a thousand different religions, and only one sauce—melted butter. (Laughter.) It is the same with politics, as to which there are a thousand different opinions. All I want is to throw them overboard, in order that we may freely enjoy ourselves on common ground. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

The President—One word will move the whole concern. A pint of oil is better than a quart of vinegar. (Hear and cheers.)

*Harp Instructor.*—The prize of £5 for the best harp instructor, or manual of directions for playing the Welsh harp, was earned by Mr. Ellis Roberts, harpist to the Prince of Wales, who was one of three competitors. The judges highly approved of the composition. He was invested by Miss Edwards, Rhosymedre.

*Pen Pastwn.*—The successful competitors for the Datganiad Pen Pastwn were,—1. D. Thomas; 2. Thomas Jones, Brymbo; 3. Edward Jones, Llanrwst. The singing was in character, and produced much merriment.

*Owen Glyndwr.*—A prize of £10 was offered for the best Lyric Ode, (Cerdd Arwest,) to the immortal memory of Owen Glyndwr (not to exceed 300 lines). The judges (Rev. D. Silvan Evans, and Rev. W. Rees,) recommended that the award should be suspended, as the compositions sent in did not possess sufficient merit.

Mr. Morris, harpist, then received the prize which he had won at the hands of Miss Richards. T. Griffith was invested by Mrs. Davies.

The President announced that Colonel Tottenham had handsomely presented £1 to be given to the little boy Davies, who was the pupil of Mr. Morris. He was invested amidst great applause by Mrs. Davies, of Cheltenham.

*Pennillion Singing.*—The prizes of £3, £2, and £1, offered for the best pennillion singers according to the manner of South Wales, were won as follow:—1. Llew Llywfo; 2. Isaac Benjamin; 3. Robert Owen. There were ten competitors.

*Welsh Costume.*—Prizes of £10 were offered for the most elegant and appropriate male and female dresses respectively, in the national Cymric costume, to be worn at the Eisteddfod. The costume was allowed to be chosen from any era in Cymric history. The "Mabinogion" abound with descriptions of costumes suited to all ranks of



society. The following females came forward to compete, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Gethin Parker, Miss Edwards, Rhosymedre, Miss Wright, and Jane Williams, a native of Llangollen. They were variously dressed, and various opinions were prevalent as to the best. The judges very discreetly divided the prize between the candidates. There were no male costumes.

*Map of Wales.*—Mr. John Williams ab Ithel, junior, (Morddal,) was the only competitor for the prize of £10 offered for a map of Wales, *tempore* Llywelyn ap Gruffydd. Mr. Morgan, barrister-at-law, Aberystwyth, who was the judge, highly commended the production for its finished execution and the accuracy of its details. Mr. Williams was invested, amidst great applause, by Miss Jane Owen, Blaenau, near Dolgelley.

*Music.*—Mr. Owen then read his adjudication on the forty-four productions received to compete for the prize of £3 offered for the best musical composition in the Welsh style, on the 15th metrical Psalm. The successful candidate was Mr. David Jones (Dewi Wyllt,) Ebenezer, Caernarvon, who was invested by Mrs. Williams, Birkenhead.

*The Capture of Rome by Brennus.*—For the best poem (prydest) on the capture of Rome by the Cymry under Brennus, B.C. 490, £20, and silver medallion of Roman eagle. The adjudication was read by Ab Ithel. Five compositions had been received, Idwal Trevor being the best. This author proved to be the Rev. Morris Williams, (Nicander,) Amlwch. Mr. Hughes, one of the local secretaries, was invested on behalf of Mr. Williams.

*The River Dee.*—£2 were offered for the best six englynion on the above subject. Out of eighteen compositions, that of Mr. Elias Jones, Hendreddu, Cerrigydruidion, was the best. He was invested by Miss Kelly, Abersychant, Monmouthshire.

*Day Labourers.*—To the day labourer (whose weekly wages do not exceed one pound) with the greatest number of children present at the Eisteddfod able to read and write in Welsh, £3, by Gwenynen Gwent. Thomas Jones, Brynmelyn, Trevor, was the only competitor. He was present with five children, and presented a certificate of the illness of the sixth.

Several impromptu englynion were then recited, and three times three having been given to the chairman, the meeting terminated.

#### THE DINNER.

A public dinner took place in Mr. Allen's pavilion at 5 o'clock, the president of the day in the chair, supported by Basset Smith, Esq., Carn Ingli, Rev. Mr. Morgan, &c.

The health of the "Queen" having been proposed, the following excellent englynion were given—

Benyw ydyw Banon,—y gre'digaeth  
Wech, helaeth ei chalon;



Benyw sy'n gwisgo'r goron,  
Addas yw i'r deyrnas hon.—(Cheers.)

CARN INGLI.

Caed tarian yn Victoria,—ein Banon,

Hon beunydd a'n nertha ;

Mur o hyd hi a'n mawrha,

Ein hawddfyd yw a'n noddfa.

CARADOC.

The health of the Prince of Wales, proposed by Carn Ingli, was responded to by Eos Meirion, harpist to his Royal Highness.

Mr. Henry Davies, Cheltenham, in a very complimentary speech, glowing with patriotism, and full of sound judgment, proposed the health of Ab Ithel, who, in responding, took occasion to advert to the origin of this Eisteddfod,—the difficulties his colleagues and he had to contend with,—their determination, nevertheless, to proceed in spite of all discouragements. The crown of their efforts was the splendid meeting which they had all witnessed. (Cheers.)

Other toasts were proposed, and the proceedings were prolonged until the opening of

#### THE CONCERT,

which took place at the usual hour. The attendance was larger than on any previous evening, the number present being estimated at about 5000 persons. From the platform the sight of so many people congregated together in one room was something unusually vast. The pavilion was well lighted with gas, and the *tout ensemble* brilliant in the extreme. Nothing could be more potent in its effect than the applause of such a multitude, cheering the minstrels to greater efforts, and inciting the vocalists to a display of all their power in discoursing sweet music; and certainly, although it might be thought, in a pavilion constructed like the Eisteddfod pavilion, music, whether vocal or instrumental, would be entirely lost, it was not so, however; for the strains of the harp, although weakened by the distance, reached even the remotest corners. Owain Alaw sang "Yr hen amser gynt," loudly encored. Many other Welsh airs of acknowledged beauty and celebrity were introduced, most of which had the effect of throwing the audience in raptures, and Llew Llwyfo entertained the company with a very humorous address. Mr. Ellis Roberts played "Llwyn Onn," arranged by himself for the harp, most exquisitely. "The Merry Mountain Maid" was sung by Miss Wynne with grace and vivacity, and was vociferously encored. We were pleased to observe the improvement which has taken place since this young lady has been a pupil of Mrs. Scarisbrick, Liverpool.

*Friday, 24th September.*

#### THE GORSEDD.

The weather this morning was everything that could be wished, promising a large attendance of the sons and daughters of Cambria,

and also of their English friends from different parts of the country. The bards, druids, and ovates were seen walking the streets and suburbs of Llangollen at an early hour, and when the time for opening the Gorsedd arrived, (9 o'clock,) they proceeded to the druidic circle, accompanied by a large number of people. The ceremony was much the same as that on Tuesday morning: Ab Ithel stood on the Maen Gorsedd, assisted by Carn Ingli, Estyn, Mor Meirion, Myfyr Morgannwg, Glasynys, and others.

The following received the degree of ovates:—

Dewi Glan Perydden, Dewi Wylt, Carnfaldwyn, Ioan Ebbwy, Cadivor, Derfel Fach, Calon Gadarn, Einion Ddu, Penyddinas, (William Henry Reece, Esq.,) Padarn Fab, Bardd Glan Aeron, Cyffyn, Cerddin, Humphrey o Feirion, Derwydd Fab, Dewi Callestr, Ieuan Collen, Eryr Alwen, Inkerwron, (Corporal Shields,) Taliesin o Eifion, Owain Alaw graduated Pencerrdd, Risiart Ddu o Wynedd, T. ap Gwilym, Ceinydd, Mair Gwilym, Gwenddydd Meilor, (Lady Marshall, was represented by Mair Gwilym,) Eos Morfa, Gwen Afon Dyfrdwy, (Mrs. Smith,) Mair Estyn, (Mrs. Lloyd,) Mwynwen (Mrs. Davies, Cheltenham).

The following were ordained Bards:—Risiart Ddu o Wynedd, Mor Meirion, Estyn.

The following were admitted Druids:—Carnfaldwyn, Cadivor, Ioan Ebbwy.

Mr. Whalley's motion of the previous day was next put to the meeting, and carried amidst enthusiastic cheering. Three cheers were also given for Mr. Whalley, and in reply he said he was very much obliged for the kind compliment they had just paid him. He also added that most probably there were many present from South Wales, who thought the mountain which he was about to present to the Welsh nation was unsuited for the purpose, in consequence of it being so far from their homes. If the committee took this view of the case, he should have great pleasure in purchasing any other spot which they would suggest as being better suited for the purpose. (Loud cheers.) A committee was then nominated, with power to add to their number, and the proceedings of the Gorsedd terminated.

#### THE EISTEDDFOD.

The assembly having met in the large tent, the Rev. J. Hughes (Carn Ingli) moved, and Ab Ithel seconded, that Henry Davies, Esq., Cheltenham, should take the chair. (Cheers.)

The chairman stated that he felt he had no claim to the honour proposed to be conferred upon him, other than that which entire sympathy with the objects of the Eisteddfod might be supposed to confer. He had long been a stranger to his native land, and could not, from disuse, address the meeting in his native tongue with that fluency which was necessary in order to conduct its proceedings as they ought to be conducted, but he trusted he should, notwithstanding, receive its support—(cheers)—in his efforts to discharge the duties



which might devolve upon him. Though unable to address them in Welsh, he assured them he should be able perfectly to understand the proceedings which occurred in the language, for he had not forgotten his mother tongue and the land that gave him birth,—(cheers)—and oftentimes, when far away, he was conscious of that “hiraeth am hen wlad ei enedigaeth” to which he had referred in the tent last evening. (Loud cheers.)

The chairman called on Gwilym Tawe, who addressed a few stanzas to the Eisteddfod.

Myfyr Morganwg was called upon, in the next place, to explain the nature and principles of Eisteddfodau; many of his remarks had been embodied in Ab Ithel's address from the Maen Gorsedd on the first day of the Eisteddfod.

Other bards addressed the assembly in poetry.

Cynddelw spoke in Welsh, his humorous remarks calling forth frequent bursts of applause.

Tegai also addressed the meeting.

*The Triple Harp.*—The best female performer, in costume, on the triple harp, £5.

There were two who came forward as candidates for this prize, Miss Roberts, whose skilful performance on the harp we have already noticed, and Mrs. Evans, of Llangollen, who, though not appearing in Welsh costume, was, through the generosity of Miss Roberts, and the wish of the assembly, permitted to compete.

Miss Roberts' execution on the harp was highly satisfactory, and elicited much applausé. Mrs. Evans played “Serch Hudol” with much taste and feeling, but the judges considered the former entitled to the prize.

The next subject for competition was

*The Impromptu Poetical Contest.*—Prize £2. There were no competitors for this prize, and in the interval Mr. Ellis Roberts favoured the assembly with sweet strains on the harp.

*Welsh Proverbs.*—For “the fullest collection of Welsh proverbs not published in the *Myvyrian Archæology*, £10.”

On this subject six compilations were received bearing the following signatures:—“Lliwen,” “Lloffwr,” “Hynafiaethydd,” “Cadwg,” “Un o'r plant,” “Mountaineer.” The first had 225 proverbs; Hynafiaethydd, 303; Lloffwr, 1527; Cadwg, 2032; Un o'r plant, 2305; while Mountaineer had 5365. The last collection was considered the best. On Mountaineer's name being called, Miss Williams ab Ithel, (Euronwy,) appeared as the successful candidate, and was invested amidst tremendous cheers by Corporal Shields, the Crimean hero.

*Choral Singing.*—The choir prize, £10, was open to all Wales, each choir to consist of not less than twenty. Two choirs competed—Glan yr Afon choir, (Independent chapel, Llangollen,) consisting of about thirty young persons, John Jones, leader; and the Wesleyan choir, Llangollen, numbering 38, John Pugh, leader. Each choir



sang the Old Hundreth, Hanover, and "Cân Dafydd Brophwyd." The Wesleyan choir won the prize, and the leader of it was crowned by Mrs. Owain Alaw.

*The Cambrian Gold Torque of Valour.*—The next prize was the Cambrian gold torque of valour for the best soldier in the 23rd or 41st Regiment most highly recommended by his officers for courage and conduct in the field.

Ab Ithel said that this was the prize of the day. The torque which he held in his hand was in imitation of those honourable badges worn by chieftains and distinguished warriors of old, to lose which on the field of battle was regarded much in the same light as to lose a banner in the present day. Hence it was the great aim of contending parties not only to defend their own torque, but to possess themselves of that of their opponents; and "tynnu yn y dorch" became in consequence an established idiom among the Cymry, expressive of a struggle for the mastery. When the promoters of the Eisteddfod thought of restoring this ancient mark of distinction, confining it to Welshmen in the 23rd and 41st Regiments, with the view of encouraging enlistment to those national regiments, they had some misgivings lest the military authorities should set their faces against the project, as an usurpation of the Queen's prerogative. But their fears on the subject were soon removed, for, without any application on their part, a communication was received from Colonel Lysons, late of the 23rd, followed by another from the Horse Guards, in which Corporal Shields was strongly recommended as a candidate for the gold torque of valour. (Cheers.) These letters he would read to the meeting, first in the language in which they were written, and then he would translate them for the benefit of those who understood only Welsh. (Cheers.) The reverend gentleman then read the letters, of which the following are copies:—

13, Great George Street, Westminster,  
20th July, 1858.

Sir,—I have been requested by a pensioner of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers to write to you regarding a prize that I understand is to be given at a meeting of which you are the Honorary Secretary. The man's name is Corporal Robert Shields; his history is as follows:—On the 8th September, 1855, he was in the attack on the Redan; I observed him amongst the foremost; he was one of the few who got to the ditch at the re-entering angle, and remained there till one of the last when our troops retired. After he had returned to the trenches, he heard that the Adjutant-Lieutenant Dyneley had been left out near the Russian works, dangerously wounded; he took off his coat and went out in search of that officer; he found him, and would have brought him in, but his wounds were too painful to permit of his being carried without a regular stretcher; he therefore returned to the trenches and obtained the services of Assistant-Surgeon Sylvester, who gallantly volunteered to accompany Corporal Shields to the place where Lieutenant Dyneley was lying, and dress his wounds; they went out under a very heavy fire and accomplished their purpose; as soon it was dark, Corporal Shields went out a third time, accompanied by Lieutenant, now Major Drewe, and several other men; they succeeded then in bringing in their wounded comrade. The Russians fired at them as they went out, but desisted when they returned, apparently perceiving that they were

carrying a wounded man. Poor Lieutenant Dyneley, one of the finest officers in the corps, died before the morning. Corporal Shields is now one of the park-keepers in Regent's Park.

I have the honour to be your most obedient Servant,

D. LYSONS, Colonel, late 23rd R. W. Fusiliers.

Horse Guards.

Sir,—I take the liberty of recommending Corporal Shields to your notice as a candidate for the gold medal about to be given for valour. The act of gallantry for which he obtained the Victoria cross entitles him to great consideration; his conduct on that occasion was fine in the extreme. With very many others I entertain the highest esteem for him, believing him to be a most gallant soldier, and peculiarly respectable man. I should be pleased to see him obtain any reward given for courage in the field.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

FRED. SAYERS, Assistant Q. M. G.

The Rev. R. W. Morgan, (Mor Meirion,) in presenting Corporal Shields, said,—It is, I feel, an honour to present a true soldier to any assemblage in the kingdom, and a truer, a more gallant one than he whom I now introduce to the Eisteddfod does not exist in the finest collection of noble spirits in the world—the British army. Higher eulogy than this it is impossible for any man in any station of life to merit or aspire to, and it rests on no doubtful, no disputable grounds; none can question the evidence of a breast so covered with clasps and decorations that scarcely is there space left for an additional tribute from a grateful country. (Cheers.) Corporal Shields is a Cymro, the representative of a race that from the earliest ages has been distinguished by two grand characteristics—profound religious feeling and chivalry in the field. Towering above us frown the ruins of the castle of one of the earliest of the great conquerors of mankind—Brân, or Brennus—the captor of the Eternal City, the founder of the Cisalpine empire and its civilization—the first general that, long antecedent to Hannibal, crossed the glaciers and snows of the Alps, and vanquished the opposing bulwarks of nature herself. (Loud cheers.) Since that remote period no century has elapsed unchronicled with the martial achievements of the British race; each era has been pregnant with heroes of the ancient British blood, the long catalogue of whom is crowned with the greatest and foremost of all constitutional commanders, whose Cambrian mother first drew breath, and whose boyish years were spent a few miles from this spot, at the ancient residence of the Trevors—Arthur, Duke of Wellington. (Loud cheers.) Born in an inferior station in life, but not the less, because the sphere of his duties has been that of obedience and not of command, a hero—not the less entitled to recognition because he is a private and not an officer—is the soldier to whom, on the united recommendation of his superiors, and with the full sanction of the authorities of the Horse Guards, the Eisteddfod has awarded the prize of the Cambrian Torque of Valour. In honouring such a character we reflect honour on ourselves. We desired in celebrating a national Eisteddfod on its ancient principles to connect it with the two regiments in Her Majesty's



service, the 23rd and 41st, which more particularly represent the military spirit and traditions of the Principality. Corporal Shields belongs to the 23rd. When there are so many regiments, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, which have alike ennobled themselves by the most signal acts of valour of which disciplined daring is capable in every province of the British dominions, it would be impossible, as the attempt would be absurd and invidious, to assign the palm of conduct and intrepidity to one more than another. (Cheers.) They are all units of one fraternity in arms, bound together by the indissoluble tie of a common spirit of loyalty to the throne and devotion to the British Empire. But if it has many equals, the regiment of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers has, we venture to assert, no superiors in the length and hardihood of its career in Her Majesty's forces, and it bears, I believe, upon its banners more names of victories and sanguinary actions in which it has been engaged than any other regiment in the service. The last battles in which Corporal Shields bore his part in its ranks were those of the Russian war in the Crimea, the clasps and medals for which now decorate his front. And very singular and instructive is the reflection that to the Crimea, whence our forefathers first, under Hu Gadarn, emigrated and colonized Britain, their children should from their British home return, a living nation and an imperishable tongue, to combat the gigantic aggressor of the north on his own soil, and to lay their ashes by the sides of the tumuli of their ancestors, in the noble cause of the rights of the weak against the oppression of the strong, and of liberty against an organized military despotism. (Cheers.) War, in a just cause, has been, and ever will be, as long as the human mind is sensitive to honour and shame, to insult and wrong, a glorious choice; and history enrolls no war more just than that in which the soldier who stands before you earned the guerdons displayed upon his person, and worn with a modesty which adds lustre to his valour. (Loud cheers.) Thousands of his comrades perished in the field, the hospital, and the trench; their deaths were met in the discharge of duty—lives poured forth in blood on the altar of their country; but the arm of God has through innumerable perils in the stricken field, and the storming of batteries bristling with cannon, brought back our Fusilier unwounded and scathless. But the committee felt that reproachless conduct is as essential to a soldier as courage, and in bestowing the torque of valour they have inexpressible satisfaction in pointing, not only to the testimonials of his military superiors as evidences of stainless moral demeanour during actual service, but to the presence on this occasion of the clergyman of his parish, the Rev. Mr. Morgan, vicar of Beaufort, Monmouthshire, who has come expressly to bear the same testimony with reference to the whole private life of Corporal Shields as long as he has known him, that is, from his earliest years. I have made these observations in order that our friends from England, not conversant with the Cymraeg, might understand the nature and object of the prize in question, and as the general committee fully feel the



gravity of their position in being called upon to adjudicate it, I beg to be permitted to introduce the Rev. Mr. Morgan, who will have the honour of reading to you the various testimonials, on the strength of which they considered themselves amply justified in awarding it to the Crimean hero who now stands before this vast assemblage of his countrymen. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. Morgan, of Beaufort, then read the various testimonials from Colonel Lysons, Colonel Bunbury, Colonel Sayers, of the Horse Guards, and other authorities, and explained the medals, the Victoria cross, the Beaufort medal, the cross of the Legion of Honour, the four clasps for the Crimean battles which decorated Corporal Shields' breast. He testified in the warmest terms on long personal knowledge to the excellent moral character in his own home of the brave man about to receive this merited recognition of his worth from the hands of his native Cambria, and trusted the prize, so appropriate to the functions of a national Eisteddfod, would have the effect of confirming any Welsh soldier in her Majesty's service in habits of obedience, order, and sobriety. He felt unmeasured satisfaction in being present on so memorable an occasion, to be a witness to the moral, as his officers had been to the military, character of their Cambrian countryman. (Cheers.)

Aldershot, 20th September, 1856.

Rev. Sir,—I beg to apologize for not sooner answering your letter of the 16th instant, but having been absent on duty for some days, I have only now received it. It gives me much pleasure to be able to bear testimony to the gallant conduct of Corporal Robert Shields, 23rd R. W. Fusiliers, on the 8th September, 1855, when, after our repulse from the Redan, he bravely offered to go out again to the front under a tremendous fire and bring in Lieutenant and Adjutant Dyneley, who was lying mortally wounded amongst some rocks close to the Redan. With the assistance of four gallant soldiers, who cheerfully volunteered to follow him, this dangerous service was nobly and successfully performed by Corporal Shields, who bore the body of his dying officer into camp at the imminent peril of his own life. For this most worthy action he was recommended for, and has since received, the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Brave and active before the enemy, Corporal Shields has also proved himself a most zealous and trustworthy non-commissioned officer on all occasions, and it gives me much pleasure to learn by your letter that his merits and services are so fully appreciated by those of his fellow-countrymen to whom he is known. I feel it due to the brave men who assisted him on the 8th September to add, for your information, a copy of a regimental order I published on the subject of their conduct on the 8th September, 1855.

*Copy of Regimental Order, 18th August, 1856.*

"When decorating Corporal Shields with the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, awarded to him by His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French, for distinguished gallantry on the 8th September, 1855, the commanding officer deems it incumbent on him to publish for general information the names of the four brave and devoted soldiers who volunteered on that day to assist Corporal Shields in bringing Lieutenant and Adjutant Dyneley, who lay mortally wounded close to the Redan. This voluntary duty was nobly and successfully performed under a very heavy fire, and Lieutenant-Colonel

Bunbury will see that the names of Private James Tailor, 2715, Private Thomas Kennedy, 3909, Private John Green, 3645, and Private Michael Ahern, 3420, are duly transcribed on the Records of the Regiment, as bright examples for the future."

HENRY W. BUNBURY, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Maison Vernet, Rue de Beauregard, Geneva, Suisse,  
22nd October, 1856.

Dear Sir,—Having been abroad for the last two months for the recovery of my health, your letter dated 8th September has only this day reached me, or you would have received an earlier reply. I can assure you it gives me much pleasure to answer your questions respecting Corporal R. Shields, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He is a fine and gallant fellow. We have served together for many days and nights in the trenches before Sebastopol, and on various occasions I have witnessed his gallantry. At the attack on the Redan, on the 8th September, he was by my side I think nearly the whole time, and on the same day he reported to me that he thought an officer of our regiment was lying wounded between the Redan and our works, and he volunteered to go in search of him. He did so, and found our Adjutant, Lieutenant Dyneley, who was mortally wounded, and brought him back (with some other men who went with him) under fire of the enemy, and in broad daylight, into our trenches. This was entirely a voluntary act of his, as the regiment had gone home to camp by order of the general, and Corporal Shields asked leave of his commanding officer to remain behind for the purpose of finding out his officer he thought was wounded, and Corporal Shields is, I can assure you, worthy of the interest you have taken in him, and nobody rejoices more than I do at seeing his own country-people interest themselves in a man that may well be called, and truly so, "a Crimean Hero."

Pray accept, my dear Sir, my sincere thanks for your warm congratulations on my return from the Crimea, and regretting much my absence from England should have delayed your receiving an earlier reply to your letter,

I beg to remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

FRANK DREWE, Lieutenant-Colonel, 1st Devon Militia,  
Late 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Rev. J. W. Morgan, Beaufort.

Corporal Shields,—According to your request I have much pleasure in being able to testify to your character during the ten years that we served together in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

From the fact of your being a countryman of mine, my attention was perhaps more directed to your conduct than it would otherwise have been, and therefore I consider I am justified in stating that your conduct and character have always been most creditable to yourself and country.

You are one of the very few (not above 50 out of 900) who embarked with the regiment in 1854, and after going through the whole campaign returned with the head-quarters to England in 1856. During the whole of that time you performed the arduous and fatiguing duties which fell to your lot cheerfully, willingly, and with a good spirit; at the same time you managed so well that, if I remember rightly, you were never even on the sick list. On the 8th September, 1855, at the attack of the Redan, you particularly distinguished yourself by (after the assaulting party had been repelled) leaving the trenches under a tremendous fire, and proceeding over the open to render assistance to Lieutenant Dyneley, the Adjutant of the regiment, who lay wounded between the Redan and the trenches; finding he was not able to make his way in with your assistance alone, you returned to the trench, procured the aid of Assistant-



Surgeon Sylvester, and four others, and with them at the *risk of your own life*, you again braved the fire of the enemy, and brought your officer into the trench. For this noble conduct you received the Legion of Honour, and that it may long adorn a breast *so worthy*, is the sincere wish of your late fellow-soldier,

ARTHUR HERBERT, Lieutenant-Colonel, late 23rd Fusiliers,  
Acting Adjutant-General, Camp, Colchester.

Llansaintffraide, Raglan, September 3rd.

Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 30th September, relative to Corporal Shields, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and in reply I beg to add my testimony to the others you have received of the worthiness of this man to receive the high honour you propose to confer upon him by presenting him with a testimonial commemorative of the distinguished part he took in the late campaign.

As a countryman, during the ten years we served together in the same regiment, I continually kept him in view, and therefore I can with confidence state that Corporal Shields is as good and brave a soldier as is to be found in the British army. I always felt proud of him as coming from the same county, and were I going to remain in these parts, nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have been present to see a testimonial *so well deserved* presented by his sympathizing countrymen.

With regard to obtaining his discharge, I fear the authorities would scarcely wish to encourage men of his stamp (who are so much required) retiring from the army, by granting pensions to those who are in the prime of life, and so capable of bearing arms; however, as the army is to be reduced considerably, commanding officers of regiments have the power to grant a certain number of free discharges, and I feel assured if Colonel Bunbury can do anything to meet your views he will be most delighted. I have given Shields a few lines in which I state my opinion of his conduct on the occasion of his bringing in Lieutenant Dyneley at the *risk* of his own life.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obedient Servant,

ARTHUR HERBERT, Lieutenant-Colonel,  
Late Adjutant-General at Colchester.

Dover, 23rd September, 1857.

Corporal Robert Shields,—As I understand there has been some misunderstanding abroad regarding the service for which you received the Victoria cross, I send you the following statement, which may be useful to you amongst your friends in assuring them of the full extent of your merit.

During the attack on the Redan, on the 8th September, 1855, I saw you among the foremost. You were one of the few who reached the ditch at the re-entering angle. After the attack was over, you went out by yourself in search of Lieutenant Dyneley; having found him, you returned under fire of the enemy to the trenches to obtain, if possible, the assistance of a medical officer; Assistant-Surgeon Sylvester volunteered to accompany you, and you conducted him across the fire of the Russians to the spot where Lieutenant Dyneley was lying; later in the evening you went out, accompanied by Captain Drew and some volunteers, and brought Lieutenant Dyneley into our trenches, and took him home. I have been given to understand that, when you first went out, you endeavoured to carry Lieutenant Dyneley in on your back, but he was not able to bear the pain of being carried in that manner. I believe this report to be perfectly true. It is much to be regretted that the valuable officer and kind friend for whom you risked so much died of his wounds during the night, and had no opportunity of acknowledging your devotion to him.

I am, your friend, and late Commanding Officer,

D. LYSONS, Colonel.



The chairman then gave a brief historical notice of the torque, stating that, among all the Celtic nations, it was the blue ribbon of valour, and that this form had been retained with great taste and propriety, as uniting the recollection of the past and present achievements of British valour. Some of them exhumed or purchased by antiquaries were of exquisite workmanship and moulding, and he congratulated the meeting that the prize offered by the committee for military worth was in all respects on a par—even in pecuniary value, for he observed the collar had the Hall mark in proof of its genuineness upon it—with the highest prizes attached to literature, poetry, or the arts. It was obvious that in decorating the young hero on the platform, they would consecrate in the best spirit of patriotism the motto, “*Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*”

Corporal Shields was then presented, and invested with the torque, amidst deafening hurrahs, by Miss Helen Williams, (Eiluned,) the daughter of Ab Ithel, who addressed the kneeling hero in those simple but comprehensive words,—“Your country is proud of you.”

Shouts, in Welsh, from the mass arose, “Is he a Welshman?” to which the Corporal shouted, in return, in Welsh, “I am a true Welshman in blood and language,” when the peals were again renewed. Silence being somewhat restored, the Corporal spoke as follows in Welsh and English—

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow-countrymen—I am a plain soldier and no speaker, and have nothing to say about myself, except that I have always tried to do my duty as a British soldier. I feel the greatness of the honour done to me by my fellow-countrymen of Wales, but my feelings will not let me express myself as I wish—they are too deep. I can say nothing more than that I thank you—I thank you most sincerely, from the bottom of my heart. (Loud cheers.)

Corporal Shields appeared on this occasion in a new suit of regiments, presented to him by the authorities of the Horse Guards. He is a fine, manly, young fellow, with a superb beard, which, falling downwards, conceals, in great measure, the torque from view. It harmonizes admirably with the regimental colour. The brave soldier was so affected when he was invested, that he was heard afterwards to declare that he would sooner face twenty thousand Russians any day than stand before such an assembly of his countrymen on an occasion like this. It was truly a national recognition of a hero's services. It is not a little to the honour of Wales that, when Corporal Shields received the Victoria cross at the hands of Her Majesty, in Hyde Park, out of the sixty so distinguished, twelve were Welshmen.

*Heroism in Saving Life.*—Estyn introduced Mr. Robert Williams, of Coed Talon, near Mold, as the successful competitor for the prize of heroism in saving life. They had just crowned valour in the person of Corporal Shields, and it was his opinion that as much bravery might be shown in saving, as in taking, the life of a fellow-creature—perhaps more. On the field of battle you were obliged to kill as

many as you could, in order to lessen the chance of being killed yourself; but one who leaped into a river to save a child from drowning was impelled by no motives of prudence and expediency, but was actuated by the highest and most disinterested bravery. He was glad to submit to them on the present occasion an act of unparalleled heroism. From the testimonials which had come to hand, it appeared that Robert Williams had been the instrument of saving several lives, not only at the risk of his own, but while suffering the most dreadful and intense agony. "Upon the 19th January, 1857, Robert Williams was on duty with his engine at the colliery of the Messrs. Haworth and Thompson, of Tryddyn. By some accident he became entangled in the rope which revolved round the drum. His foot was cut off by it as clean as though cut off with a knife, and he thrown over the revolving drum into a hole eight feet deep. Immediately recollecting that unless he could return to stop his engine, which was winding waggons up the break at full speed, loss of life and destruction of property must inevitably follow, he succeeded in climbing this eight feet with his remaining foot, reached his engine, stopped it, and fainted in a pool of blood." Robert Williams, whose wooden leg bore honourable testimony to a brave heart, then presented himself upon the platform, and was invested, amid cheers, by Mrs. Lloyd, Cefnybedd, (Mair Estyn,) the brave soldier, Corporal Shields, advancing with emotion and grasping the heroic civilian's hand.

At this stage of the proceedings the President, Dr. Games, of Liverpool, and Mr. Francis, of Manchester, addressed the meeting at some length in English. The addresses were principally on the literature and patriotic spirit of the Welsh nation. The latter further observed that the present Eisteddfod had removed from his mind the prejudices which he felt against the attempt to keep up our distinctive nationality. The same observation was heard from several other persons.

A £2 prize for the best composed National Song was retained, no composition of sufficient merit having been sent in.

Mr. John Owen (Owain Alaw) sang an English song, accompanied on the harp by Mr. Ellis Roberts, harpist to the Prince of Wales. Other songs were also sung by Miss Forey, Merthyr Tydfil, Miss Wynne, and Llew Llwyfo, all being loudly encored.

Master Evans, of 37, Great Richmond Street, Liverpool, was awarded with £3 for having returned the most correct answers (on paper) to twenty questions from Morgan's *History of the British Cymry*.

A prize of £5 for the best female singer with the harp, in costume, was next competed for. There were two candidates, Mrs. Parker, of Llanover, and Miss Forey, of Merthyr Tydfil. Won by the latter.

*Welsh Heroes in the Crimea*.—£5 were offered as a prize for the best poem on this subject, written in the triplet metre (triban milwr). There were two candidates, "Mostyn Bach," and "Carwr Heddweh," but neither was deemed worthy of the prize.



*Descriptive Ode on the Landing of Brutus at Totnes, £5.*—Two competitors, "Childe Harold," and "Madog," but neither of them up to the standard.

*Y Gwyddionadur*, or Welsh Encyclopedia, twelve englynion, £2, subscribed by "a Friend," and "Cymro;" awarded to "Hywel Dda" out of six competitors.

*Hell.*—A Cywydd, limited to young people under eighteen, £1. Ab Ithel explained to the audience why this subject appeared in the programme. It was not what the promoters of the Eisteddfod themselves would have chosen; it was proposed, and the prize forwarded, by an unknown person, who signed himself "Hen Eisteddfodwr." Awarded to Morris Owen, of Pentrevoelas.

*Welsh Linsey.*—The prize of £5 was awarded to Mr. Robert Roberts, of Caernarvon.

*Discovery of America by Madoc.*—Prize £20 and a silver star. Six compositions were received; one by "Gwrnerth Ergydlym," not being on the subject, was inadmissible. No award was made with respect to the others.

The chairman (Mr. Davies, of Cheltenham) stated that certain resolutions had been submitted to him by Mr. Whalley, of Plas Madoc, who requested permission to address the meeting upon them. (Mr. Whalley was standing on the platform with a large packet of papers in his hand.)

The Rev. R. W. Morgan, P. C., Tregynon, (Mor Meirion,) after speaking a few words to the chairman, stepped forward, and addressing the audience said, Ladies and Gentlemen,—The Eisteddfod is not the arena for the discussion or even any allusion to political or religious topics, both of which are by its avowed rules and principles rigidly excluded, and for the observance of these rules the members of the general committee, of whom I have the honour to be one, hold themselves responsible to the public. No resolutions of any description out of the strict order and programme of the Eisteddfod can be admitted or entertained from any quarter whatever. (Cheers.) And as all the business laid down in the programme has been dispatched, I pronounce the Eisteddfod now terminated. And in bringing the proceedings of the four days to a close, permit me, in the name of the general committee, to tender our most cordial acknowledgments, first, to our fellow-countrymen the Cymry, for the zeal and sympathy with which they have supported us in our arduous undertaking, and the admirable order and sobriety which have from the first hour to the present signalized their conduct. They have attended in thousands, but not a single instance has occurred among them of inebriety, or turbulent demeanour. (Loud cheers.) They have respected themselves—they have respected their national institution. And, secondly, I beg with equal cordiality to thank our friends and fellow-subjects of England, Scotland, and Ireland, for countenancing and aiding us to perpetuate by their presence and approbation this peculiarly Cambrian festival of arts, poetry, and literature, which unites the freshness of youth with the claims of the



hoariest antiquity. We have exerted ourselves to carry it out on its true, that is, its primitive principles; and it is because we have done so that we have succeeded in achieving what this immense audience itself demonstrates to be a brilliant success. We threw ourselves and the Eisteddfod upon no party, no class, no sect, but upon its own principles, and upon the whole body of the nation; and the result is before your eyes. May it prove the first of many similar, and may the memories and associations connected with its celebration in the bosoms of all present be unalloyed by a single pang of pain, or sentiment of regret. (Loud cheers.) The Eisteddfod being closed, let us all join heart and voice in honour of our beloved Sovereign in the *finale* of the National Anthem, "God Save the Queen."

The assembly at once rose, the band, harps, and singers struck up the fine strains of the National Hymn, and the chorus, pealing from the collected multitude, rolled away in solemn grandeur, and with the most impressive effect, over the town of Llangollen, its reverberations dying away in the distant recesses of the vale. The assembly then poured out at the various exits to meet again at 7 o'clock at the evening concert.

We think it right here to observe that the adjudications in music, singing, and the harp, appeared to give universal satisfaction. The adjudicators were the Rev. J. D. Edwards, Rhosymedre, whose musical compositions, and extraordinary power and volume of voice, are celebrated through Wales, Owain Alaw, the conductor of the concerts, Eos Meirion, and Eos Llechid. Among the Welsh airs not yet published are some magnificent antique productions.

Owain Alaw was invested by the general committee with a silver star, in recognition of services rendered to the general cause of Welsh music, and of the ability, courtesy, and success with which he had superintended the musical arrangements of the Llangollen Eisteddfod.

#### EVENING CONCERT.

The beauty of the weather, the happy manner in which the Eisteddfod itself had been brought to a conclusion to the satisfaction of all parties interested in its success, and the due observance of its peaceful regulations, with the knowledge that this was the final evening, filled the tent to overcrowding. The spacious pavilion was literally crammed. Such an assembly was scarcely, if ever, surpassed in the Principality. The greatest enthusiasm reigned among the entire mass, and Llew Llwyfo was loudly cheered when he came forward to announce, upon the authority of the chief constable, that never in the whole course of his life had he witnessed such order, sobriety, and decorum, as had characterized the conduct of the thousands congregated at Llangollen during this Eisteddfod. The most perfect harmony prevailed in all parts, and amongst all classes collected within the pavilion. The harpers, the band, and the vocalists, vied with each other in excelling their former efforts, and the reiterated plaudits they received testified both the willingness to be pleased, and the gratification experienced, by

the audience. Strangers who had come from the Highlands, from Ireland, and the East of England, to attend the celebration, were heard to declare that the spectacle alone within the tent richly repaid them for the journey, the sea of heads rising in masses from the platform throughout the aisles to the furthest extremities exciting a constant current of remarks, whilst the thorough good humour, quick perception, and inexhaustable enthusiasm of the Cymry, hailing with cheers every Cymric air, and welcoming the Welsh costumes of Miss Wynne and others with peals of delight, elicited from more than one the observation, "That they had never known the real Welsh people before, or understood the fire of their national character." Most of the songs were "ettoed," or encored, and two or three addresses in Welsh created an indescribable *furor* of applause. One feeling indeed animated the whole assembly, nor did a single incident occur to mar the universal concord of the last act in the drama of the National Llangollen Eisteddfod. The entertainment at last came to an end, and after a few words from Mor Meirion of acknowledgment and congratulation on behalf of the general committee, the National Anthem was sung, and the thousands wended their way out in tardy streams, giving a succession of cheers for the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the promoters and patrons of the Eisteddfod, and those who had chiefly contributed to its triumphant success in literature and music. By 12 o'clock, P.M., not an individual was to be found in the streets, and Llangollen had resumed its usual state of midnight silence and repose.

Thus ended an Eisteddfod which has so far answered the most sanguine expectations of its originators, and which, whatever its results may be, must be admitted by opponents and well-wishers alike to be a great Cymric fact, pregnant with suggestive materials, and indicating a depth of national determination for the maintenance of the Welsh language and institutions.

The above Report was compiled from various newspapers, but chiefly from the *Caernarvon Herald*, with the aid, also, of our own notes. It may be remarked, that all the newspapers that were represented on the occasion pronounced the Eisteddfod a grand success.

## GLAMORGAN.

LLYMA ryw faint o Hanes gwlad Morganwg allan o Lyfr a fu ymherchenogaeth y Parchedig Mr. Gamais, offeiriad St. Athan, ag yn awr gan Mr. John Spencer o'r un plwyf.—IOLLO MORGANWG.

Morganwg a gas ei henw gan Forgan Mwynfawr, frenin ar y wlad yma. Y wlad hynn a elwid Bro Syllwc yn yr hen amser, ond yr oedd Bro Syllwc yn fwy o lawer nag yw Morganwg; a Syllwc Isgordd ydoedd yr enw ar y rhan hynny o'r wlad y sydd rhwng y Blaeneu ar mor o Hafren i Dywi. Pan bu Morgan Mwynfawr yn frenin y wlad hynn yr oedd yn byw yn yr Adur a Breigan, ag yr oedd rhad penllad arno ef ai eppil o flaen ag ar ei ol hyd amser Owain ab Morgan Hên. Ar penllad hynny oedd hynn, a Chawrdaf ai dodwys ar yr eppil gyntaf, yr oeddyn oll yn ddiwair yn iefeinge, ac yn nwyfus yn hên, ag yn cael plant yn eu hen oedran, ag yn byw i weled eu <sup>horwyron</sup> <sub>hwyron</sub>. Ar Morgan hynn, a roddwys ei enw ar ei wlad, oedd wr hael, a doeth, a gwrol, a mwyn dros benn, a thyna fu 'r achos oi alw Morgan Mwynfawr; a ganed iddo ei fab cyntaf pan oedd dri ugain a saith mlynedd oed, a'r mab hynny oedd Morgan Hên, a hwnnw a fu fyw nis doedd ef bedwar ugain a saith oed, a phryd hynny y ganed ei fab Owain, ar y diwarnod wedi hynny y bu farw Morgan Mwynfawr ag ai claddwyd ym medd Teilo, ag ni wyddys yn awr ble mae hynny. A Morgan Hen ai Fab Owain a fu yn ymdynnu a Howel Dda ab Cadell, brenin Deheubarth, am feddiant Ystrad Yw, ag Eas, ag Ergin. A Hywel oedd yn camweitho ar Forgan, ag achwyn a wnaeth ef ai fab Owain ar Hywel wrth Edgar brenin Lloegr, ag Edgar a drywynwys rhyngtyn, ag a wnaeth iawn a heddwch iddyn, sef fe rhows dir Brychan a thir Gŵyr isa i Hywel, a thir Ystrad Yw ag Eas, ag Ergin i Forgan, ag wedi iddyn' wneuthur heddwch fe ysgrifenwyd ef ar groen iwrch, ag ar allor Deilo y gosodwyd y croen, a rhoddwyd drwy Dduw a Theilo y mawr fendith ar y



neb a gadwai iawn a heddwch rhyng brenin Morganwg a brenin Deheubarth, a'r mawr felldith ar y neb a dorrai iawn a heddwch rhyntyn. A Theilo a Dewi a drefnwys i frenin Morganwg dalu cynnhreth i frenin Llundain, ag ni chelai frenin Gwynedd y treth, herwydd brenin Llundain yw unben Prydain, ag iddo y perthyn o hawl ag iawn unbennaeth Prydain; herwydd pan rhoddwyd unbennaeth ar Ynys Prydain, y rhoddwyd i'r holl frenhinoedd a thywysogion yn yr ynys dalu cynnhreth i frenin Llundain mal y gallai gynnal rhyfel a phob gelynion. Ag o herwydd rhoddi cynnhreth Morganwg i frenin Llundain y daeth wedi hynny lawer o ymdynnu rhwng brenin Morganwg a brenin Gwynedd weithieu, ag weithieu a brenin Deheubarth, achos fei talwys gan bob brenin Ynghymru i Hywel Dda. Pan oedd Owain ab Morgan Hen yn ugain oed ef a feichogwys fenyw, ag yna torrwyd y penllad o'r eppil, ag ni bu hir lwyddiant iddynt ar ol hynny. Ef a ragwedysid drwy ysbryd Teilo y byddai gwae i'r sawl a dorrai heddwch a threfn Edgar, ag felly bu; herwydd Owain ab Morgan Hen a ddechreuws dalu 'r teyrndreth i frenin Gwynedd; ag yno y daeth Alfred i Forganwg ai filwyr, ond hwy a wnaethant gytundeb i sefyll wrth yr hen ammod, ag felly bu. Wedi marw Owain ab Morgan fe ddaeth ei fab ef Ithel Ddu, gan mor ddu oedd lliw ei wallt ai lygaid ai farf. Wedi hynny fe fu Gwrgant ei fab yn deyrnasydd, yr hwn a roddes y waen fawr yn y Blaeneu a elwid Hirwaen y brenin i bob dyn o'r byd ai chwenychai er mwyn cadw da a defaid, a hau yd; ag o hynny i maes enw 'r waen yw Hirwaen Wrgan. Ar ol Gwrgan fe ddaeth Iestin ei fab i'r deyrnas, a brenin drwg iawn oedd efe, yn blino ei wlad yn fawr, ag yn gordderchu gwragedd yr offeiriaid a phawb arall ag yn dwyn eiddigedd at ei wraig am Rhys ab Tewdwr Mawr, a hynny, medd rhai, oedd achos dechreu y rhyfel rhyntyn, sef y ddau frenin, a Iestin oedd y gwannaf yn yr ymdorf, a danfon a wnaeth ef at Einon fab Collwyn ymhlas brenin Llundain i geisio help, ag fe gas hynny. Yr Einon hynn oedd wedi gorfod ffoi at frenin Llundain oddiwrth

Rhys ab Tewdwr, yr hwnn oedd wedi myned ai wlad oddiarno. A dig iawn oedd Einon wrth Rys ab Tewdwr am hynn, a hawdd oedd gantho helpu Iestyn. Yr oedd Iestyn hefyd wedi addef iddo ei ferch Gwladus yn wraig, a goddol fawr gyda hi os efe a allai gael help iddo. Ag Einion a chwedleuwys ar Ffrancod, sef a Syr Rhobert Ffitsamon oblegid hynn, a chyttuno dywod a wnaeth Syr Rhobert a deuddeg marchog gydag ef a rhif fawr iawn o filwyr traed a meirch gyda nhwy, a chyffwrdd a Rhys a wnaethant ar Hirwaen Wrgan ym Morganwg, ag yn agos i Aberhonddi. Ag ar ol hir ymladd fe gas Rhys ab Tewdwr y gwaetha, a gorfu ar Rhys ffoi, ond fe dalwyd ef yn ebrwydd, ag a dorwyd ei benn ef o fewn i ryw ychydig i Hirwaen Wrgan, a'r lle hynny a elwir y nawr Penn Rhys, lle gwnaethpwyd y Fonachlog fawr o'r enw hynny ymhlwyf Ystrad Dyfodwg, a chwennu twmpath arno y wnaethpwyd, a Brynn y Beddau, gerllaw yno, a elwir y lle. Wedi darfod yr ymladd fe aeth Einon i ofyn y ferch gan Iestyn, ond Iestyn a chwarddwys am ei benn, ag a yrrwys Einon i bant ai fys yn ei lygad heb gyflawnu yr addewyd. Ar hynny fe lidwys Einon, a myned ar ol Syr Rhobert ai Ffrancod a wnaeth ef ag adrodd iddynt ffordd y bu, ag adrodd hefyd pwy cyfrased gwlad oedd Morganwg, a phwy mor gyfoethog oedd o yd a da a defaid a phob peth da i ddŷn. A Syr Rhobert ai wyr a ddaethant yn ol a cheisio ei hawl i Einon a wnaethant, ond fe ddywaid Iestyn yn surfalch iawn ni chelai neb ei ferch ef eithr brenin cyfoethog. Ag er hynny y dechreuwys cas eiriau rhyntyn, a'r diwedd a fu ymladd gwaedlyd wrth afon Taf a lladdwyd gwyr Iestyn, ag ef ei hun a gilwys ni wyddys yn iawn i ble. A Syr Rhobert ar deuddeg marchog ynghyd a'r Ffrancod a gymerasan Bro Morganwg, yr honn yw 'r wlad oreu Ynghymru rhyngtyn. Fe gas Einon ab Collwyn Sainghenydd, ag Einon Fradwr oedd yr enw a rhowd arno ymlaeneu dir Morganwg o'r pryd hynny i maes. Fe ddaeth gwyr y Blaeneu i lawr lawer gwaith ir Fro, ag a laddason y Ffrancod hyd onid oeddynt wedi myned ar ddifeth agos oll, oddieithr y gwyr mawrion ryw faint, y rhain a gelai



ryw ffordd neu gilydd drwy wrym cyfoeth i ddiogelu eu hunain, au neseifaid. Or diwedd fe feddylwys y Iarll Clâr diweddaf ond un yr hwn oedd hefyd hefyd yn dywysog Morganwg, wellhau 'r cyfreithau a rhyddhau 'r wlad o'r caethiant a rhows y Ffrancod arnynt, a hynny fu; ag efe a wnaeth ddwyfil o dai bychain ac au rhoddwys i dlodion y wlad ag a blannwys berllannau fal y celent win a ffrwythydd per, ag efe a wnaeth y tai sy'n dwyn enw Tai 'r Eglwys drwy blwyfau y Fro, lle byddai 'r trigolion yn niferog iawn, a diben y tai hynny oedd hynn yr oedd y parthau daearlawr i fod yn lle i gynnal llys cyfraith a llys arlwydd a llys plwyf; ag hefyd fe ddarparwyd ynddynt farchnad bob sul yny bore ar gig a blawd a chaws ag emenyn a phethau eraill iddei bwytta. Ag yna y celid gynnal dawns a cherdd bann mynid. Y mwynder hynn a wnaeth Cymry gwlad Forganwg yn esmwyth. Pan ddaeth Owain Glyndwr fe gwnnwys gwyr Morganwg gydag ef i ddial cam y Cymru yngwasg a chaethiant dan y Saeson, ond wedi marw Owain hwy gawsant eu gwneutur yn ddifraint lawer iawn o honyn am dueddu at Owain, a thost a fu'r amser arnynt, nes daeth Siasber yn dywysog ar y wlad drwy ddawn Harri y Seithfed, ag efe a esmwythwys lawer arnynt; fe wnaeth lawer o dai a pherllannau, ag a berthgaewys y tiroedd ag oedd yn gorwedd yn wyllt heb drinaeth er amser rhyfel Owain, herwydd y pryd hynny y llosgwyd y perthi ar yd, a'r tai, a phob peth arall a gymerai dan a llosg. Wedi marw Siasber fe ddaeth y brenin Harri 'r wythfed i Dywysogaeth Morganwg, ag ai rhows i'r arlwydd Wiliam Herbert, ag efe a fu ddoniol iawn i'r wlad, ag a ddanfonws dau wr o Landaf, sef Wiliam Harri a Rhisiart Harri, i wlad Ffrainge a Fflawndrys i gyrchu coedydd ffrwyth a llysiau gerddi, fel y celai wneuthur y maint a welai 'n eisiau o les i'r wlad, herwydd fe ddys-trywyd lawer o dwf gardd a pherllan yn llwyr yn amser Owain Glyndwr. A phan daeth y ddau wr yn ol fe gedwis un yn Llandaf ag a rhows iddo dir yno, ag yn y Dyffryn Olwg, a'r llall, sef Rhisiart a ddanfonwyd yn arddwr i'r brenin Harri. Ag yn amser Harri y gwn-



aethpwyd cyfundeb ar Gymru a Lloegr, ag ni bu ryfel wedi hynny. Ag yn awr y mae gwlad Gymru yn ddigon esmwyth a pharchedig heb eisiau dim ond mwy gras gan Dduw, yr hynn a ellir ei gael yn hawdd ond ei geisio.

Yr oedd breninoedd Morganwg yn dyfod o iawn ach breninoedd cynta Cymru, ag o achos hynny ni oddefyn gan neb o dywysogion Cymru bennaethu arnynt, a hynny a fu achos colli llawer o waed, ond clod i Dduw, y mae hynny o ffaig ddrwg wedi darfod. Y mae Morganwg yn awr, wedi gwneuthwr y ddosparth newydd ar wlad Gymru, wedi cael ei rhannu rhwng pedair sir, y rhan fwyaf ar oreu y sydd yn Sir Gaerdydd, ag yn honn hefyd y mae Bro Gwyr; rhan arall o Forganwg y sydd yn Sir Fynwy, ag y mae rhan yn Sir Frycheiniog, a'r bedwerydd ran yn Sir Henffordd; ag ymhlwyf Teilo y mae Morganwg ymronn i gyd heb nemawr yn un plwyf arall. A gwlad Morganwg y sydd yn dwyn o'i thir ai daear mwy na digon o fyd a gwair, a phob ffrwythau, a choed, a cherrig, a chalch, a glo, a haiarn, ag ynddi y mae digon o afonydd teg a ffynnonau, ag y mae digon o bysgod yn ei mor, ei hafonydd, ai nentydd, a gwartheg, a cheffylau, a defaid, a geifr ynddi ddigon, ag nid oes arni eisiau dim er bywiolaeth dyn ag anifail.

Ag felly y terfyna. 1772.

#### TRANSLATION.

Here is a portion of the History of Glamorgan out of a book that was in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Gamage, Rector of St. Athan, but is now in that of Mr. John Spencer, of the same parish.

Morganwg received its name from Morgan the Courteous, who was king of this district. This country was in old times called Bro Syllwg, but Bro Syllwg was much larger than Morganwg; and Syllwg Isgordd was the name given to that part of the district which lies between the Blaenau (the upper part of the country) and the sea, from the Severn to the Tywi. When Morgan the Courteous was king of the country, he resided at Adur and

Breigan, and he and his race, both before and after, were endued with a special grace, until the time of Owain, son of Morgan the Aged. And the special grace which was obtained for the family first by Cawrdaf, consisted in this, that they were all chaste in their youth, but vigorous and had children in their old age, and lived to see their grandsons (*al.* great-grandsons). And this Morgan, who gave his name to the country, was a generous, wise, brave, and extremely courteous man, which was the reason why he was called Morgan the Courteous. His first son was born when he himself was sixty-seven years old; that same son was Morgan the Aged, and he lived to be eighty-seven years of age, when his son Owain was born. It was on the day after that Morgan the Courteous died, and was buried in the grave of Teilo, but it is not known now where that is. Morgan the Aged, and his son Owain, contended with Howel the Good, son of Cadell, King of South Wales, for the possession of Ystrad Yw, Ewias, and Erging. Howel was dealing unjustly with Morgan, who with his son Owain complained of Howel to Edgar, King of England. And Edgar interposed, and brought them to the following just agreement; that is, the land of Brychan, (Brecknock,) and the land of Lower Gower, were given to Howel, and the land of Ystrad Yw, and Ewias, and Erging, was given to Morgan. And when peace was made between them, the conditions of it were written on the skin of a roebuck, and the skin was laid on Teilo's altar, and through God and Teilo was conferred a great blessing upon such as would maintain justice and peace between the King of Glamorgan and the King of South Wales, and a great curse was denounced against whoever should cause a violation of the justice and peace that subsisted between them. Teilo and Dewi, (St. David,) ordained that the King of Glamorgan should pay tribute to the King of London, and that the King of North Wales should not have the tribute, for the King of London is the monarch of Britain, and to him appertains of right and justice the monarchy of Britain, inasmuch as when monarchy was established in

the isle of Britain, it was ordered that all the kings and princes in the island should pay tribute to the King of London to enable him to maintain war with all enemies. And because the tribute of Glamorgan was paid to the King of London, many disagreements frequently afterwards sprung up, at one time between the King of Glamorgan and the King of North Wales, at another time between him and the King of South Wales, for every king in Wales paid it to Howel the Good.

When Owain the son of Morgan the Aged was twenty years old, he had a child by a certain woman, and the special grace was removed from his posterity, nor did they after that meet with much success. It had been predicted by the spirit of Teilo, that woe would betide whoever should violate the peace and order of Edgar, and so it was; for Owain, the son of Morgan the Aged, began to pay the tribute to the King of North Wales, and then Alfred marched with his soldiers into Glamorgan, but they agreed to stand by the old settlement, and so they did. After the death of Owain, the son Morgan, his son Ithel the Dark, so called from the black colour of his hair, eyes, and beard, succeeded. After that his son Gwrgant reigned, who gave the extensive plain in the upper part of the country, called Hirwaen y brenin (the king's long tract), to all who wished it for tillage and pasturage, and from henceforth the plain went by the name of Hirwaen Wrgan (Gwrgant's long tract). Gwrgant was succeeded on the throne by his son Iestyn, who was a very bad king, and harassed his country greatly, and debauched the wives of the priests and all others, and was jealous of his own wife in respect of Rhys, the son of Tewdwr the Great, which, according to some, was the cause of the breaking out of the war between the two kings. Iestyn was inferior in force to the other, so he sent to Einon, the son of Collwyn, who was at the court of the King of London, for assistance, which he obtained. The said Einon had been compelled to flee to the King of London from Rhys, the son of Tewdwr, who had taken his territories from him. And Einon was very indignant



with Rhys, the son of Tewdwr, because of this, and was easily prevailed upon to assist Iestyn. Iestyn had also promised him his daughter for a wife, with a large dowry, in case he could procure him aid. Eionon thereupon applied to the French, (Normans,) namely, Sir Robert Fitzhamon, and Sir Robert agreed to come, accompanied by twelve knights, and a very large force of horse and foot, and they met Rhys on Hirwaen Wrgan, in Glamorgan, and near Brecon. After a long contest, Rhys, the son of Tewdwr, was defeated, and he was compelled to flee, but was soon taken, and beheaded within a short distance of Hirwaen Wrgan, at a place now called Pen Rhys, (the head of Rhys,) where was erected the great monastery of that name, in the parish of Ystrad Dyfodwg—a large mound was raised over him, and the spot is called Bryn y Beddau (the hill of graves). When the battle was ended, Eionon applied to Iestyn for his daughter, but Iestyn laughed at him, and sent Eionon away with his finger in his eye, without fulfilling his promise. Eionon was thereupon greatly incensed, and going after Sir Robert and the Frenchmen, he informed them of the matter, and he also informed them what a fertile country Glamorgan was, and how productive of corn, and cattle, and sheep, and of everything that was good to man. And Sir Robert and his men returned, and endeavoured to recover for Eionon his rights, but Iestyn told them in a very churlish and haughty manner that no one should have his daughter but a rich king. Upon this there arose sharp words between them, which ended in a bloody battle close by the river Tav. Iestyn's men were slain, and he himself fled, it is not well known where, whilst Sir Robert and the twelve knights, together with the Frenchmen, seized on the vale of Glamorgan, which is the best country in Wales, between them. Eionon the son of Collwyn had Senghenydd, and he was henceforth called Eionon the Traitor, in the upper parts of Glamorgan. The men of the hills came several times down into the vale, and slew the Frenchmen until they were almost entirely destroyed, except a few of the great men, who

by dint of wealth found means somehow or other to secure themselves and their relatives. At length the last Earl of Clare but one, who was also Prince of Glamorgan, resolved to improve the laws, and to emancipate the country from the bondage which had been imposed upon it by the Frenchmen, and so it was. And he erected two thousand small houses, which he gave to the poor of the country, and planted orchards so that they might have wine and sweet fruits. He built the houses, which are called Tai'r Eglwys, (church houses,) in the parishes of the vale, where the inhabitants were very numerous. The purport of those houses was this, the ground apartments were to be abodes for the poor, and the upper rooms to be places in which to hold courts of law, the lord's courts, and parish courts. It was also provided that a market should be held in them every Sunday morning, for meat, meal, cheese, butter, and other eatables. Dancing and singing were allowed to take place in them whenever the people liked.

These indulgences made the Welsh of Glamorgan easy in their circumstances. But when Owain Glyndwr came, the men of Glamorgan arose with him to revenge the wrongs which the Cymry had suffered from the oppression and bondage imposed upon them by the English. When, however, Owain was dead, a great many of them were disfranchised, on account of their having sided with Owain, and severe were their times, until Jasper was made prince over them by Henry the Seventh. He eased their condition much, built many houses, planted orchards, and inclosed the lands which had lain waste and uncultivated since the time of Owain's war, for at that time the hedges, and corn, and houses, and every other combustible thing were burnt.

After the death of Jasper, King Henry the Eighth bestowed the principality of Glamorgan upon Lord William Herbert, who was a great benefactor to the country, and sent two men from Llandaff, namely, William Harry, and Richard Harry, into France and Flanders, to procure fruit trees and garden herbs, that he



might do all the good in his power to the country, for the growth of garden and orchard was almost wholly destroyed in the time of Owain Glyndwr. When the two men returned, he kept one of them at Llandaff, and gave him land there, and in Dyffryn Olwg; the other, Richard, he sent as a gardener to King Henry.

In Henry's time Wales and England were united, and no war broke out afterwards. And now Wales is sufficiently happy and respected, wanting nothing save more grace from God, which is easily obtained by asking for it.

The King of Glamorgan came from the legitimate lineage of the primitive kings of Wales. Wherefore they suffered none of the other princes of Wales to rule over them, which was the cause of much blood-shedding. But praised be God, that calamity is past, Glamorgan is now, since the new arrangement of Wales, divided among four counties; the largest and best part is in the shire of Cardiff, in which also is the vale of Gower; another part of Glamorgan is in Monmouthshire; there is a part in Brecknockshire; whilst the fourth is in Herefordshire. Glamorgan is almost entirely in the diocese of Llandaff, with scarcely any in another diocese. Glamorgan produces from its land and soil more than enough of corn, and hay, and all kinds of fruit, and timber, and stones, and lime, and coal, and iron, and in it is an abundance of fair rivers and springs, and there is plenty of fish in its sea, and rivers, and streams, and it has plenty of cattle, and horses, and sheep, and goats, and it is deficient in nothing conducive to the support of man and beast.

And thus it ends. 1772.



# LLYWELYN THE LAST.

By LADY MARSHALL.

(Continued from page 191.)

## CANIAD III.

GOLDEN flower—enamelled sod—  
 Were ye soft and smiling when  
 On your velvet pile they trod—  
 Iron heels of armoured men?  
 Mazy rivulet, thy rill  
 Tinkles now in merry tune,  
 As the cottage maidens fill  
 From thy wave at summer noon,  
 Lifting then with mutual aid,  
 Each to other's youthful head  
 The well poised pitcher's sparkling load,  
 Ere they take their homeward road,  
 With lightsome laugh and lightsome tread.  
 Did thy voices thus resound  
 When thy waters ere they found  
 Their passage free  
 To the narrow sea,  
 Were darkly trained to bound  
 The base of yonder turfy mound,  
 That bristled then with warrior spears—  
 The throbbing heart  
 Whences the pulses start  
 Of a nation's hopes and fears?  
 Breezes bland, the waters crisping,  
 Where the mountain shadows sleep,  
 Were ye thus your soft things lispig  
 To the willows as they weep?—  
 Could ye be thus careless breathing,  
 On the day when FREEDOM writhing—  
 Holiest rights of men and nations  
 Hung upon your next vibrations?  
 Yes:—her car majestic speeding,  
 NATURE holds her course sublime;  
 Frowns or smiles alike unheeding  
 On MAN's glory—virtue—crime—  
 What to HER the Patriot's daring?—  
 What to HER the traitor's mask?—  
 Both alike her bounties sharing  
 In her generous sunshine bask.

Through the veil that shrouds this "earthly"  
 Vainly do we strive to see  
 Who may be esteemed as worthy  
 Heirs of immortality.

Here to know is not permitted  
 Who are "signed" and who are "sealed :"  
 For such knowledge yet unfitted,  
 We must own it unrevealed.

Seek we not, with pride uplifted,  
 Towards such wisdom to aspire :  
 Each and all must first be sifted  
 In the GREAT REFINER'S fire.

As with men we daily mingle,  
 On the left and on the right,  
 Can the wisest surely single  
 Truth from treason—black from white ?

No: from hands most fondly cherished  
 Oft our bosom feels the sting,  
 As the noble eagle perished  
 By a feather from his wing ;  
 Of such the Bard full often has to sing.

When CYMRU'S warriors girdled round  
 That now deserted, silent mound,  
*In face of day and sight of sun,*  
 (So Britain's oral statutes run)  
 Upon emergencies of weight  
 To listen, ponder, and debate,  
 And concert with their Chief of Chiefs  
 T' avert or 'venge their country's griefs :  
 When he, that Chief, in stainless vest,  
 Memento of the garb that dressed  
 But armoured not our sires of yore,  
 Thick gathering to the Lymnian shore,  
 To spare—vain hope—their Island Home  
 From iron gripe of robber Rome—  
 I say when he, that Chief came forth  
 Thus clad and in his native worth,  
 And on that pyramid of earth  
 Took up as wont his lonely stand,  
 Encircled by his warrior band—  
 As his calm eye with princely pride  
 Moved thoughtfully from side to side,  
 Upon the up-turned eyes below,  
 Could he for very certain know  
 The smiling friend from smiling foe ?—  
 Ah could we thus this world were heaven below !

But no,—he read in every eye  
 A reflex of the purpose high  
 That lighted up his own—to die  
 Or live for CYMRU's liberty.  
 That flame in such an hour and place  
 Could e'en obliterate the trace

Of deeper—tenderer grief—  
 The sudden severance by death  
 Of all that cheered his lonely path—

His wedlock sweet and brief;  
 And there he stood in manly grace,  
 With stedfast mien and cloudless face,  
 Impersonation of his race—

Their dauntless PATRIOT CHIEF!

The snow-white tunic's fleecy fold  
 Was gathered in with torques of gold,  
 On either shoulder and the waist,  
 And in the centre, on the breast  
 Shone out CROES ENYCH's<sup>1</sup> sacred blaze,  
 The heir-loom of unnumbered days.  
 His lofty forehead's ample round  
 With ARTHUR's diadem was bound;  
 But, chastening all this regal show,  
 And diamond's flash, and gilding's glow,  
 And snowy tunic's graceful flow,  
 In token sad of recent woe  
 A sable tissue spread its gloom,  
 Filmy as work of spider's loom  
 O'er all:—it told the early doom  
 Of one cut off in newest bloom  
 Of mated and maternal pride—  
 Fair ELEONORE, his royal bride!

Two fleeting years had strewed their flowers  
 Of peace upon their nuptial bowers,  
 And hope held high her shining cup,  
 To fill the blissful measure up,  
 And in the crowning garland twine  
 The last and only wanting gem,  
 Thus rivetting the links divine—  
 The parent's and the husband's name—  
 Alas, the self same mocking day  
 That gave the first the second took away!

And now or e'er the tomb could close  
 Upon his earthly hopes there rose  
 A threatening crisis of the state  
 That summoned him to high debate—



A gathering head and bursting o'er  
Of that for ever festering sore  
The confine question—mutual source  
Of evil—neighbour nations' curse.

How such conterminal disputes  
Result when odds are twenty-fold,  
In similitude of talking brutes  
The ancient fabler well hath told :

When drinking on the river bank  
Beside his wily foe,  
What mattered that the weaker drank  
A dozen yards below ?—

The pretext of the wave alloyed  
Affords a faithful type  
Of those by human wolves employed  
To cloak their lawless gripe.

In e'en our days of higher claim  
To right, they scruple not to fleece  
The feebler of the flock, and name  
The spoil "material guarantees."

Such specious terms our modern tact  
Plates smoothly o'er the doubtful act :  
Nor lacked they in those rugged days  
The art to use the silvery phrase :—  
*Peace—unity—and love—and laws*  
Might lacquer o'er the blackest cause :  
Yea, and religion's seamless vest  
Cloak what her spirit must detest.

With armour forged in such a name,  
Auxiliar to the oppressor came  
The Church's power, in thunder hurled  
From Rome upon a spell-bound world—  
The *excommunication—interdict*—  
Oh ! surely pagan hell was picked  
Of all its arsenalled stores the worst  
To weapon Christian Rome the accurst !  
Dread skill—to turn with shadowy tools  
The brave to cowards—wise to fools—  
With screws unreal dislocate  
The links of order—kindred—state,  
And to the fiery ordeal doom  
The sacred firstlings of the womb !

These rites now found their Moloch foul  
Incarnate underneath the cowl  
Of that Franciscan mitred monk  
Who from no (so called) duty shrunk—

The Primate then of England all—  
Whom records JOHN OF PECKHAM call;  
One of those spirits bold and stern  
More prompt to punish than discern,  
Who to preserve externals smooth  
Will trample justice—stifle truth,  
Like pedagogues who silence noise  
In school by flogging weaker boys.

As mediator of accord  
Between Llywelyn and his lord,  
Self-constituted to that toil,  
The prelate stood on WALLIA's soil:  
Then, when the game might thus be won,  
What oily words—'twas *Father—Son—*  
'Twas *Mother Church* and *Father Pope*,  
And *Son Llywelyn*, but should hope  
Of such persuasives come to null,  
His pouch contained the fiery *bull*,<sup>2</sup>  
To dazzle—lure—confuse—oh, what  
To gain her ends Rome would she not—  
And crushing all they could not win,  
Were popes misnomered Man of Sin?

What contrast does our scene display  
Between the churchly modes and lay?  
For "servants' servants"—such the style  
That mantled many a worldly wile—  
Were versed their churchly zeal to use  
As worldly grandeur's prompt excuse.  
Though they themselves were *humble men*  
*The Church* must be upheld—what then?—  
The jewelled mitre—scarlet robe,  
Whose fabric traversed half the globe  
Before it gently dropped upon  
The meek Apostles' mighty son.

Thus clad he had a retinue  
That corresponded thereunto:  
There was the Bearer of his Cross:—  
Not such a cross as that which bore  
That PRICELESS LOAD whose bitter loss  
Was *gain* to us for evermore—  
Its gilded arms blazed all the region o'er.

There was the Bearer of his Purse,  
Who did of its contents disburse  
From time to time among the crowd,  
Along the way who kneeled and bowed.

There were the men who led by rein  
His sumpter-mules—a lengthened train :  
His chaplains—beadles—suffragan,  
And midmost he—the holy man.

It were superfluous here to paint  
A mediæval mitred Saint :  
A touch may be as telling quite  
As details more præ-Raphaelite :—  
The pallid cheek ; the furrowed brow,  
All undisturbed except when now  
And yet again their corpse-like calm  
Is broke, as by a spasmy qualm—  
Some penance prick as might be guessed,  
From iron belt or hairy vest :  
The eye that 'neath its lid downcast  
Glowed like a caverned furnace blast :  
The lips compressed, as strained to bear  
A pang, or moved in voiceless prayer.

His goal attained, 'twas now his tact  
To seem unmindful of the fact,  
As scarce his sublimated soul  
Could mindful be of earthly goal.  
Nor, till his cavalcade had stopped,  
And with the gracious etiquette  
Demanded then, the Prince had dropped  
Upon one knee, and one had set,  
That he dismounting might be propped,  
Seemed he his inward musings to forget.

Then he indeed with out-spread hand  
Waving aside the proffered aid,  
With uplift eyes and accents bland,  
And "SALVE FILI" gently laid  
His palm descending on the Prince's head.

Then with a movement that but seemed  
Extension of the same he beamed  
Upon a youth who followed on  
Llywelyn's steps—the only one  
So privileged—"Lord Prince—your son?"

The Prince replied with gentle stress  
"In duty more—in kindred less :"  
Then, pointing how the fact revealed  
Itself—"The Bearer of my Shield :—  
Our code so sacred makes the charge,  
That he who holds the royal targe  
Must closely tend his lord's behest  
Whene'er he meets a foreign guest."



Another benedictial grace—  
 The while the Primate's eye of fire  
 Shot rapidly from face to face  
 Of Prince Llywelyn and his Squire;  
 But in no other wise did he inquire.

Some specialty there must have been  
 Pertaining to that youth which caught  
 At fault that practised eye and keen,  
 Trained to admire but what it ought:—  
 A lad, some eighteen summers old,  
 Whose ruddy lip the fringe of gold—  
 Young manhood's pride but half concealed;  
 Whose arm of scarce developed mould,  
 Bore up with slight but muscly hold  
 The Dragon on the bossy shield,  
 The rallying sign of many a bloody field!

And now the stirring scene commenced;  
 And now is painfully evinced  
 How meagerly the richest phrase  
 An impress of such scenes conveys:—  
 How livelier far a painter's touch  
 Though slight soe'er could render such:  
 Oh! heaven-born art to which we owe so much!

Can any pen, though tipped with fire—  
 Can any words—can voice—can lyre  
 Depict those hills—that vale—that shore—  
 The varying tints that swifter flee  
 Than eye can trace o'er Penmaenmawr—  
 That shade or spangle Mona's sea?

And if in now its loneliness  
 That noble scene defies the pen  
 Its truth to show, oh! how much less—  
 The stage where hundred hundred men  
 Are struggling in the fevered press  
 Of life—can words describe it then?

Still less what art—what tool can give  
 A moulding of the worlds that live  
 Within those human units hid,  
 Who seem to move as chances bid,  
 Like ants in their mysterious hive?

Our readers here we claim to ask  
 (If such there be) to aid the task;  
 Their genius filling in where ours  
 Betrays the scant of verbal powers.

Feel then, kind reader, all the smart  
 That wrung Llywelyn's patriot heart,

To hear the catalogue of griefs  
Of every class—of serfs—of chiefs:  
Of every sort—from murder through  
Wrongs of all stamps and every hue?

No refuge in the Altar's pale:  
Priests by the holy place who stood  
Mixed with the rite of all avail—  
The *unbloody sacrifice*—their blood!

No refuge at the household hearth—  
Wives from its sacred precincts torn;  
Yea, driven to give untimely birth,  
And murdered with their babes half-born!

To swell the dark record what need  
The minor catalogue rehearse?—  
The fruits of honest toil with greed  
Wrenched for all payment with a curse!

Feel it all ye—each generous mind  
Where burns the spark divine,  
The anguish and the rage combined  
Within Llywelyn's soul that burned  
As each beseeching eye was turned  
On him, their only earthly aid—  
Their sworded arm—anointed head—  
Son of their ceaseless line!

For in that patriarchal day  
All ranks were privileged to lay  
In person at their Prince's feet  
Their grievances—his help entreat:  
The self-same simple age that saw  
The sainted LOUIS<sup>3</sup> meeting law  
Beneath the ever-hallowed shade  
In fair Vincennes' sylvan glade.

But CYMRIC use permitted not  
The shade: it chose an open spot  
And elevate, where all around  
Might view the stage—a sloping mound:  
Upon the apex of the cone  
Stood the PRINCE PARAMOUNT alone:  
Upon the second step and near,  
The youth promote his shield to bear:  
The slopes, arranged in graduate stage  
Held Wallia's native baronage,  
While round the basement densely massed

The people's strength was placed, that so  
This living type was fitly cast  
The social pyramid to show.

Beyond the precincts of the space  
 By natives claimed a green-sward dais  
 Was parcelled off with limits fit  
 Such embassages to admit  
 As came from other states ; and there  
 It was the Prince with stately care  
 Led up the Primate to his seat  
 And dignitaries of his suite ;  
 Himself remounting to his own ;  
 The sites so distanced that the tone  
 Of voice passed o'er at easy pitch,  
 And view distinct from each to each ;  
 The Cymric nobles pressing near  
 The solemn conference to hear.

For such occasions then among  
 The nations as a common tongue  
 The Latin was in usance still ;  
 And in its phrase a ready skill  
 In training made a duty thence  
 With which no noble could dispense.

Llywelyn had a noted name  
 For learning : by intruding claim  
 Excluded from his rightful spheres,  
 He exercised his early years,  
 Retired from public strife and storm,  
 In every pursuit fit to form  
 His character as prince—as man :  
 'Twas where the Queen of Rivers ran—  
 Maesmynan's meads and Clwyd's stream  
 Were as the bowers of Academe.  
 There met the learn'd—the wise—the good ;  
 The wires were struck—the muses wooed :  
 What while his mis-raised Uncle's heart,  
 Though brave inadequate the part  
 Of prince in troublous times to play,  
 Was breaking down from day to day :  
 DAVID—in Cymru's royal list  
 Ill name, though on her saint-roll blest !

Out then the language terse and bold  
 Of them who had the world in hold  
 In all its massive idiom rolled :  
 The initiate taking in the sound,  
 And by some signs to those around  
 Unskilled in classic accidence  
 Communicating of the sense ;  
 As in th' exotic drama now  
 The simple to the tutored owe



Their power to carry on the thread  
 Of what is being done and said ;  
 Assisted also less or more  
 By what of oratoric power  
 The speakers might display in turns—  
 The tone that melts, the look that burns :  
 Each thrilling muscle's apt avail :  
 Each gesture prompt to tell its tale !

These, when the turn became their Lord's  
 Well nigh forestalled the need of words :  
 Llywelyn had such perfect part  
 In all that makes the speaker's art—  
 Such grace of manner—charm of voice ;  
 Of words such flow—of types such choice :  
 And more than all—the cream of cream—  
 He had a *feeling* of his theme :  
 No advocate with laboured quest,  
 Of some poor case to make the best,  
 With mouthings much to glose and spin,  
 And counterpoise for truth with din :—  
 Not so : about Llywelyn's tongue  
 All man-like—god-like—graces hung—  
 His torrent language to inspire  
 All holy breathings lent their fire—  
 Humanity, truth, justice—law,  
 And Christian love and sacred awe.

The interpreter, it needs not say  
 Of despots clerical and lay  
 (For such, howe'er his purpose dread  
 Enamelled jargon overspread  
 The Primate was) lagged not behind  
 In skill to make the seeing blind :  
 Mild he began in look and word  
 "Dearly beloved in the Lord,  
 Ye prince and people of this land,  
 We will ye know that here we stand,  
 Infractious of the King's command,  
 With weary perils by the way—  
 Vigils by night and tears by day,  
 All for exuberance of love  
 We bear to you, and owe above,"  
 And at this pass his purple eyes  
 Stole darkly upward to the skies,  
 The while his thread-like fingers raced  
 In aerial curves across his breast—  
 "Ne can we long to tarry spare  
 From other flocks that need our care :

But while we stay we will ye take,  
For blood of our REDEEMER's sake."—  
And here the parenthetic chain  
Of curves and mutterings o'er again—  
"In such a sort your sins to heart  
And oaths, that ere we hence depart  
Our labours may your country bring  
To perfect union with our king :—  
A peace to bind and to endure,  
Which if they shall not now ensure,  
The time may come when with their lives  
They'd buy the chance our medium gives :  
For, know ye well that our Estate  
Of England is of such a weight  
And foremost favour in the eyes  
Of Rome that not in any wise  
Will she her duteous daughter see  
Enduring such indignity,  
As needs we must with prickings sore  
Admit that she hath oft-times bore  
From vicinage of such like sort  
As rather might indeed comport  
With manners, practices and use  
Of heathen, Saracens and Jews,  
Than Christian men ; for even they  
Of ransom treat or e'er they slay ;  
But these—your Welsh are cruel so  
Ere speech can pass they deal the blow !  
It is not therefore to be thought  
That grievances so pressing ought  
Or can be longer borne by those  
Whose puissance daily—hourly grows.—  
Our king—who yet would treaties make,  
And give in change where he might take  
Without ; and hath for mountains bare  
Made offer of a county fair  
In fertile England :—scarce we know  
How clemency could further go !  
Which, if it carry not with you  
Its weight of obligation due,  
Needs must refer such blunted sense  
To Satan's cursed influence,"  
At which bad name down spat the Son  
Of Holy Church, and then went on ;  
"That lion who with deadly roar  
Is seeking whom he may devour :  
But aye our Holy Mother knows  
To cure such maladies as those ;



And in her duty, howsoe'er  
 It doth her tender bowels tear,  
 She shrinks not even to inflict  
 The ANATHEMA—INTERDICT!"

He ceased, and at the final word  
 Among the Cymric Chiefs was heard  
 A sound—a hasty movement seen,  
 As if half-drawn their swords had been;  
 But quick their Prince the stir repressed,  
 And through the pang that rent his breast—  
 The indignant flush that dyed his cheek,  
 Calm he disposed himself to speak:—

"Father in CHRIST most reverend,  
 For that your Grace doth condescend,  
 Adversely to your Sovereign's will  
 For us to bear this weight of ill—  
 Fatigue and peril—charges—care,  
 And daily thought and nightly prayer,  
 We thank you in HIS holy name  
 You tell us prompts you to the same.  
 As for our sins, we own our guilt,  
 And turn to HIM whose blood was spilt  
 The sins of all mankind to purge.  
 As touching what you nextly urge,  
 Of treaties that to peace shall bind,  
 We pray you well to bear in mind  
 Two parties go to such an oath,  
 And who first breaks it looses both.  
 Where rests that blame in this our case  
 Witness all these who stand in place:—  
 Witness how England keeps her pact,  
 With every solemn sanction backed,  
 Men of Strathalun, with your head,  
 Ithel ab Gwysty—ruin spread  
 Through peaceful fields, and of their right  
 Their owners spoiled to slake the spite  
 Of Clifford, when by hap was found  
 A stags' foot severed by a hound,  
 Howbeit a special treaty's clause  
 Abjures the Norman forest laws.

"Witness ye men of Rhos and say  
 How keeps his pact the Lord de Grey—  
 Of Edward's deputy to play  
 The humbler part no more he deigns,  
 But kingly independent reigns,  
 Doth for the King's *his* cross uprear,  
 And by it makes the lieges swear;



Dispenses gifts as best he sees,  
 And sets at nought the King's decrees.  
 Witness Meredydd, Madoc's son,  
 Who for his services had won  
 A royal captainship to hold,  
 But lo! for want of tribute gold  
 The feudal satrap straitway spoiled  
 The meed for which the soldier toiled.

"Let RHYS OF STATWY witness how  
 Is kept far south the treaty vow:—  
 JOHN GIFFARD with his Norman bands  
 Seizing his patrimonial lands,  
 And he, against the sworn accord,  
 Cited to plead at Hereford.

"Of this sort much remains, but less  
 On such like strifes we lay the stress—  
 The clashing of the strong with strong,  
 Than on our common nature's wrong:  
 Behold the husband—widow—reft:—  
 See fathers childless—orphans left  
 On smouldering heaps to lift the wail—  
 All that remains to tell the tale  
 Of homes once smiling—hearts once free—  
 Are these the works of 'clemency?'

"And while the country groans beneath  
 These forms of outrage, woe and death,  
 To churchly ears transcending far  
 Such matters merely secular,  
 Are those that in our holy things  
 The treaty-trampling iron brings,  
 Though shame it were in Christian land  
 To need for such a treaty band.  
 Let then your Fatherhood give ear:  
 Behold MENEVIA's Bishop here,  
 To witness how that favoured race,  
 Who hold you say the foremost place  
 In Pope's and Holy Church's grace,  
 That proud pre-eminence have earned—  
 In that fair spot where long had burned  
 The radiance of the EASTERN STAR  
 While Saxons dwelt in gloom afar:—  
 That region where the lamp divine  
 Of learning—wisdom—shone—the shrine  
 At once of two such beaming lights  
 As love of saint and sage unites—  
 Yea, e'en beneath the sacred shade  
 Where CATWŴ taught and DEWI prayed—

Within that hallowed dome where first  
 The hymn of CHRISTIAN BRITAIN burst—  
 Yea, on the altar step where knelt  
 The martyr when his blood was spilt  
 In witness of his SAVIOUR's faith  
 Have Normans poured the storm of death,  
 And worse than death—to heaven arise  
 The consecrated virgin's cries !

“ Spots that e'en Mahound's cursed sect  
 In deadliest conflict would respect,—  
 The graves of prophets—these the elect  
 For riot—slaughter-houses choose—  
 Say, who are ‘ Saracens ’ and ‘ Jews ? ’

“ The aged priest, whose feeble hands  
 Would vainly check the ruffian bands  
 Uplift in prayer to heaven on high  
 With utterance smothered in the cry  
 Of lawless triumph—see him die—  
 Another martyr—not to slake  
 The blinded rage that zeal may wake  
 In some benighted heathen's breast—  
 Not before pagans to attest  
 The value of a heaven-born creed—  
 No ! 'tis to glut the brutal greed  
 Of *Christian* men whom Rome we're told  
 Doth to her inmost bosom fold !

“ But silenced be the impious tongue  
 Our *Mother* would so foully wrong,  
 As say that she was straitened so  
 As but one blessing to bestow,  
 And in the gift should pass with scorn  
 The claims of us, her elder-born.

“ Not so—not so—away the thought—  
 Our Holy Mother's breast is fraught  
 With all compassion, and in place  
 Of blame and punishment, our case  
 Will move her pity, when, forlorn,  
 She sees her flock not only shorn  
 By butcher hands, but, living, flayed !  
 Howbeit, though reft of every aid—  
 Of Church propitious—friend allied—  
 Our cause to Heaven we confide :  
 GOD's power is not shortened so  
 As HE can not His pleasure show  
 As easily to right the wrong  
 By few as many—weak as strong.

"And though our nation be *the few*,  
We are the loyal and the true!

"Vouchsafe your Reverend Grace a glance  
At yonder head-land whose advance  
Confronts the main: I ask you not  
To numerate the tents that spot  
With snowy specks the purple lea,  
Like wave-heads on the dusky sea:  
Nor estimate the heads—the hands  
That animate and urge those bands:  
But this I would your Reverence learn,  
That, as that rock-wall with its stern  
Calm purpose meets the sea's unrest,  
So doth each true-born Cymric breast  
The encroaching tide of foreign foe;  
And were I even sunk so low  
In princely pride and common wit  
As fall into the shallow pit  
By Edward dug—a *shire to hold*  
*In fertile England* for the cold  
Bare wilds of SNOWDON,—know you well  
Lord Primate that I durst not sell  
The heritage that BRUTUS gave,  
E'en were I prone to play the slave;  
No feudal fiction handing o'er  
To Cymric Prince such traitor power;  
And Snowdon's Chiefs with choral tongue,  
Denouncing all such robber wrong,  
They in their place as now they stand  
With flashing eye and lifted hand,  
And parting lip that scarce can hold  
Assent in mute respect controlled,  
Their noble testimony bear  
That I am but their mouth-piece here,  
And not in pride of princely boast,  
Aggression wild, not counting cost,  
Nor plunder-seeking confine raid  
Am here with them in arms arrayed,  
But in that sacred, solemn cause,  
Our nation's name—existence—laws—  
A cause for which I freely give  
All else for which a man would live,  
And all to whom it fits apply  
The name of MAN would live or die!"

A minute's pause that seemed like more  
Now held the late melodious air:



Then, like the whispering beach before  
The billow bursts upon the shore—  
The nascent voice of thousands ere  
Their thunder breaks its barriers o'er—  
And then those voices when their hearts out-pour.

That rolling tide of sound  
Flooding the valley round,  
Was answered soon from Penmaen's bristling steep,  
And Mona's moorland plain  
Re-echoed to the strain,  
Startling the sea-bird from his floating sleep.

ENGLAND, thou throne of FREEDOM—land  
Of manly interchanges,  
Where thought unfettered ranges  
On wing of eagle or of butterfly—  
Upon whose chainless air  
No slave-tongue mutterings dare  
To vibrate, but in dastard embryo die;  
Thou ownest no dominion  
But honest men's opinion—  
But yet thou wert not always so, blest strand.

The primal British spirit  
Which thou didst erst inherit—  
Which first thy fathers from the Gorsedd<sup>4</sup> thundered  
In foreign whispers languished  
When by the alien vanquished  
Thy branches from the parent stem were Sundered.  
Beneath the Norman heel  
Thy noble pulses feebly crept:  
Thy life-stream did congeal,  
Thy mighty soul in long abeyance slept!

'Twas marvel then to English ears  
The sound we now describe as *cheers*;  
And when those English ears were set  
On tonsured heads, more marvel yet;  
And though the Roman phalanx still  
Is ever trained in perfect drill,  
And when a diplomatic pose  
It takes more guarded ever grows,  
E'en John of Peckham and his train  
In listening to the impassioned strain  
Once raised their eyes, and once again.  
Not that it appertained to aught  
By seeing or by hearing taught—  
To precepts heaped, or "line on line,"  
Or human things, or things divine,

To alter John of Peckham's view,  
 Or change his course—he had his cue :  
 To look exceeding meek and wise :—  
 In face of facts to generalize ;  
 To blink a whole and deal with part—  
 This is the diplomatic art.

John was an adept in the school :  
 With patient smile and survey cool  
 He waited the renewal oft  
 Of patriot outburst ; then in soft  
 Mild tones which yet with silvery swell,  
 Like long vibrations of a bell,  
 Seemed not to strike the ear alone,  
 But thrilled through fibre, nerve, and bone,  
 An essay smooth he interwove  
 Of *peace, obedience, union—love* ;  
 And in the Sovereign Pontiff's name  
 A Holy War did next proclaim,  
 For which who had not served yet dared  
 For else to arm, the Church declared  
 Beneath her solemn *ban* convict,  
 And subject to an *interdict* ;  
 And as the awful doom was hurled  
 The parchment scroll a monk unfurled.

We know from history the intents  
 Of this and such-like instruments :  
 The HILDEBRANDS and INNOCENTS—  
 Italian Bishops, hatched the scheme,  
 Whose working rent the social seam :  
 Suspending Christian rites it left  
 The land that felt its force bereft  
 Of all that in the Christian plan  
 Lifts civilized from savage man :  
 And, as a *rider* to the deed,  
 A clause annexed the people freed  
 From all allegiance—duty—vow  
 Which subjects to their Sovereign owe.  
 Its bearing on the present case  
 Was subtly arranged to place  
 The Prince in jeopardy, and bring  
 His states in grasp of England's king.  
 For Edward had his service paid  
 Llywelyn nought in personal aid  
 Afforded to the Pope's Crusade :  
 So, shackled here, or fighting there,  
 On either side he met a snare,



That left his hapless land in prey,  
 Whichever call he should obey.  
 Prepared with this two-bladed plan  
 The Primate came; but, wily man  
 And daring as he was, he yet  
 Began to think he p'rhaps had set  
 At scarce its proper estimate  
 The spirit of this little state,  
 When air and ocean—dale and hill  
 Re-echoed to that patriot thrill.  
 He knew mayhap the common say  
 Of chords o'er tightened—stags at bay,  
 And thought to give a little space  
 For patriot *froth* to effervesce;  
 For best to diplomats it seems  
 To gain their ends by quiet means.  
 Thus while the Suffragan displayed  
 The papal parchment threat, he made  
 His pleasure known the dais to leave,  
 The church adjourn to, and receive  
 In state before the altar high  
 The Prince and council's weighed reply.  
 Off moved the cortège in the same  
 Slow stately order as they came:  
 THOMAS WALLENSIS at his side  
 The Prince's courtesy did provide  
 The Primate's escort fit and guide.  
 Again was paid the etiquette  
 The Primate on arrival met:  
 Again benignly planed the air  
 His filmy palms; the while a prayer  
 He breathed that Heaven would condescend  
 The Prince's filial heart to bend  
 In duty to the Holy See,  
 And then a "Benedicite!"  
 Returning from his reverend charge,  
 Upon the youth who bore his targe,  
 His steps attending as before,  
 And now whose crimsoned visage bore  
 A smile of scorn, his glances turned,  
 And while his inmost bosom burned  
 With sense of wrongs, he smoothed his brow,  
 And in an accent calm and low  
 "Madoc," he said, "'tis not so much  
 These brazen blasphemies that touch  
 My heaving spirit—not because  
 Their hellish mechanism draws



The rivets of the social frame,  
 And mines it with a poison flame,  
 I inly writhe : a deeper sting,  
 Borne on long memories' brooding wing  
 Recalls with pangs still fresh the hour  
 When love and hope's expanding flower  
 Was blasted by a like decree—  
 Breath of the same foul upas tree !  
 Of this again, when time befits ;  
 For now thy ripening age admits  
 What long thy duty has deserved—  
 A trust responding unreserved.  
 Our crisis calls for thought ; for though  
 This fresh enthusiastic glow  
 Might soon be fanned into a blaze  
 Our marcher tyrants to amaze,  
 Yet not less surely must I count  
 To find this deep insidious fount  
 Enfiltrate like a hidden spring  
 The ground we stand upon, and bring  
 Its solid mass to melt and quake  
 Beneath our feet, and doubtful make  
 Each step we on its surface take.  
 This touchstone then shall test the worth  
 Of hearts, as that of inner earth.”  
 A look—a word—in nought beyond  
 Was Madoc able to respond  
 His Master's out-burst then ; but eyes  
 And broken accents can suffice  
 Where hearts are one, and each to each  
 Is seeing, hearing, thought and speech.  
 Returning to the gorsedd mound  
 Young Madoc and Llywelyn found  
 A chance had happed to interrupt  
 Its course—a messenger abrupt,  
 With travel worn and breathless speed,  
 On purpose of o'erpressing need,  
 Did audience of the Prince entreat,  
 And falling at Llywelyn's feet,  
 Some space screened off from others' view,  
 His light disguise he from him threw,  
 And showed a face—alas ! how changed,  
 But still beloved, though long estranged—  
 His brother David—  
 “ Prince and Lord,”  
 He cried, “ the time will not afford  
 Me space to speak contrition now  
 For forfeit fealty—broken vow :—

Thus late, but not too late, God grant,  
 My factious errors I recant,  
 And—first-fruits of my zeal, on knee  
 Present you Hawarden Castle key !  
 How to my hand that fortress fell  
 O'er long it were the tale to tell :  
 Suffice for such a time to say  
 That Clifford's on his weary way  
 To Snowdon's fastness, if indeed  
 He lives a fastness yet to need !  
 That VENABLES hath made his just  
 Amende to me, and bites the dust :  
 No more my patrimonial oaks  
 Shall sink beneath his felon strokes !  
 That vapouring Trigald found the fate  
 Our princely Sire untimely met.  
 But less of this : its bearing now  
 Upon our case I rather show  
 Than more narrate, for as I neared  
 This spot disguised I rumours heard  
 Of what was passing, and could see  
 Your princely grace and courtesy ;  
 And marvelled half that you could stoop  
 To such a bald-head, blustering troop :  
 But better 'tis, and may assist  
 To work our ends : Ere now I wist  
 That Rhys ab Maelgwyn's conquering arm  
 Hath given old STRONGBOW's ghost a qualm,  
 If yet on Ystwith's rock-crowned height  
 As dwelt his substance flits his sprite.  
 This happy juncture to improve  
 To our complete success, I move  
 To hold me still in this disguise,  
 For scarcely can they yet surmise  
 My flight from England, Edward's court  
 For Easter having its resort  
 At far Devizes—you to treat  
 Of peace, and so this priest to meet  
 On every point, that he reverse  
 All papal censure, ban and curse ;  
 And back successful from his 'hest  
 Returning, when he stops to rest  
 At Hawarden, like as outward bound  
 A lodging in its walls he found,  
 St. George's banner for a while  
 The Dragon veiling to beguile,  
 He plumps into our simple snare—  
 At all events a hostage fair ! ”

The beam that lit Llywelyn's brow  
 When David hailed him, and whose glow  
 Still brightening rose, now faded slow  
 As he his purpose oped: he pressed  
 His long-lost brother to his breast,  
 As his short penitence he spoke,  
 And as the bright succession broke  
 Of rapid wonders, one by one,  
 His eyes like very lightning shone:  
 But when at length the dazzling haze  
 Of propositions closed, the blaze  
 Of pride and pleasure paled and spread  
 His features with a gathering shade.

"Brother," he said "so gladly won—  
 Prince of my house—my father's son,  
 Happy the day that doth restore  
 You to my heart, and but the more  
 Deserving of approval now  
 As more they merit all allow  
 Who labour to retrieve a fall  
 Than they who never fell at all—  
 And happier still the day that shows  
 How genuinely the current flows  
 That kindles in your veins the fires  
 That burned in Rhodri and our sires,—  
 This day for me were all too bright  
 If I could in your views unite.  
 But never in the humblest cause  
 Could I infringe the eternal laws  
 Of truth and honour—how much less  
 In such a cause of sacredness!  
 To feign agreement with my tongue  
 While else designing, though there hung  
 A thousand issues in the scale,  
 I could not stoop though all should fail.  
 The scheme that is on falsehood planned  
 Is like the house upon the sand.  
 With war declared 'tis fair to snatch  
 At all advantage, but to catch  
 A messenger at unware  
 In guise of peace were not a snare  
 Befitting for a prince to set:  
 Float then our Dragon-banner yet—  
 Beneath its honoured shade we trust  
 The LORD of HOSTS will aid our just  
 And holy cause, but if HIS will  
 Be other it is holy still.



I would in war that Hawarden's fall  
Had happed; but that is past recall:  
The best that now we can to place  
Our noble cause on noblest base  
Is your successes to declare,  
And to the minster straight repair,  
To meet the subtle Primate there:  
These changes may his hautness tame;  
If not, our duty's still the same—  
Safe he returns as safe he came."

Prince David frowned and shook his head:—  
"These scruples are o'er fine," he said,  
"They weighed not when the English hound,  
By every solemn duty bound  
Of kingly honour—Christian faith—  
Dragged off our father to his death."

"If wanted ought," the Prince rejoined  
To firmer make my settled mind,  
"Tis this—that fraud of mine would plead  
In sanction of that hateful deed."

Then turning to his squire, he signed,  
(In waiting some few steps behind)  
"Attend," he said, "Prince David's 'hest:—  
And, brother, know that surer test  
I could not give of high regard  
Than set this trusted youth your guard:  
He shall for every thing arrange  
Your travel soil to promptly change  
For fitments that your princely state  
Shall suit, in scenes that now await."

His brother's congé seemed as less  
It David's brain-pan did impress  
Than that grave cheek his mood disturbed  
With which the Prince his plans had curbed.  
He followed with a scowl of ire  
His parting step, then on the squire,  
Now proffering graciously the aid  
The Prince commanded, sharply said,  
"And what's your name my pranking Sir,  
Whose help such honour doth confer?"  
The while with sneering eye, half shut  
He measured him from head to foot.

"Madoc," he said for all reply,—  
Nor cowered his gait, nor quailed his eye.

"Madoc—that is but half a name,"  
Exclaimed the Prince, "a squire of fame,

Announced with flourishes like you  
Should surely have an *Ab* or two!"

With form erect and tranquil eye  
Still Madoc stood, but now a dye,  
Like morning kindling in the sky,  
Flooded his young transparent skin,  
And mild, as to his Sovereign's kin  
Behoved him speak

"Lord Prince," he said,  
"At bidding are we born and bred.  
That asks no leave, and gives no voice:  
Our birth-lot is not of our choice—  
But we are *fathers of our deeds*,  
And mine shall be that whoso reads  
Their record when my course is run  
Shall blush not to be called *my son*!"

(*To be continued.*)

#### NOTES TO CANAID III.

<sup>1</sup> CROES ENYCH was a fragment of the True Cross, brought to Wales by ST. NEOT, from the Holy Land, and held in the deepest veneration. This relic was found on the person of the unfortunate Prince David, when he was finally hunted up by order of Edward I.; such being the sacredness of the ornament, that not even when refuged in "dens and caves of the earth" could its possessor divest himself of the precious charge.

<sup>2</sup> *Bull*, the designation of a papal mandate is from the *bull* or leaden seal, appended to it.

<sup>3</sup> LOUIS IX. of France *dit* SAINT, died 1279. The oak under which he is said to have dispensed the law in the way alluded to is still shown in the forest of Vincennes. It is reported that the French Empress intends founding a chapel on the spot.

<sup>4</sup> Public Assembly of the States:—literally, *throne*.

## WELSH LITERATURE.

THE term civilization seems to be generally understood in a very catachrestical sense; it is taken to signify the ostentations and luxuries of wealth, the follies of fashion, the arts, most of them very iniquitous, of amassing wealth, the tyrannies of unjustly privileged orders, the modes of brow-beating and trampling upon inferiors, whether individuals or communities, of monopolizing rather than generally diffusing knowledge; and to this may be added a rage for false and delusive knowledge—if knowledge it must be called—arts and sciences that are utterly useless, with many that are pernicious, and strongly tend to annihilate genuine civilization. If by civilization we understand such things, it must be confessed that we have attained to it in a very high degree; it may be truly said of it that it has grown so high amongst us as to have its head in the clouds. Let us, however, take another view of these things from a different and opposite point. True civilization, then, signifies such a system of things of really useful learning, arts, sciences, &c., that are of real utility and comfort to man, and supply his real wants, above all such a system of *morals*; and whatever the advocates of the above system may think of me, I will say *religion*, as may be effectual to subdue the malignant and foolish passions and propensities of human nature. Instead of fierceness, substitute suavity and kindness of temper; instead of pride, humility without servility, and that of which pride is only the counterfeit, as hypocrisy of religion; true dignity of manners, instead of haughty ostentation, genuine elegance of life and conduct; a benevolent and peaceable instead of a selfish contentious disposition; a general readiness to serve our fellow-creatures, of whatever name or nation, as far as our powers extend; temperance and moderation in all our habits of living; justice uniting with benevolence in all our actions; a general rectitude of conduct such as leaves all at ease



about us, such as interferes with the just welfare of no individual within the sphere of our influence. External appearances enter but very little into the question—no further than those real requisites of life, cleanliness and decency. There is indeed a natural elegance that should run through all our actions, conduct, and external appearances; through all things that relate to mental and corporeal facts, the eye of genuine civilization will always discern it, and act upon its principles.

Mere literature is not civilization; it is only the instrument in the hands of other principles that may be used to obviate and even destroy civilization, as well as to promote it. When it is made the tool of avarice, of culpable ambition, the ladder to tyrannical authority and power, and of vain glory, the pretence for trampling upon those who have not been so fortunate as to attain to its accomplishments, the advocate of oppression, injustice, war, bloodshed, and the most audacious rapine, what is it better than the scalping-knife of the savage, the dagger of the assassin? What better than these when it becomes the herald of immorality, the champion of infidelity, the diffuser of doctrines and principles that overturn those laws of rectitude that secure good order in society, that deprive man of the best hopes that he has in this world of troubles, that deprive the miserable of the only comforts that remain to them, pleading its charter of false honour and fictitious philosophy in opposition to the well known and admitted laws of pure virtue and religious morality, arrogating to itself, even monopolizing, what the world of tyranny may be pleased to admit as wisdom.

The literature of the Welsh language, whatever defects it may have, is not chargeable with anything of this; it opens no roads to wealth and power—it has no places and pensions to attain to—advances not a single step on the high road to fortune—is not a thing of fashion—held in no respect by the knaves of fortune, or the fools of fashion. And it is for this very reason that it is so effectual in improving the minds and morals of those to whom it dictates, softening their manners, and superinducing a

suavity and rectitude of disposition and conduct that must be obvious to every eye but that of prejudice. It has nothing in view but pure mental improvement—has it not in its power to be ostentatious and arrogant—has no means of exalting itself over the head of humble poverty—has nothing to trample upon. It is acquired from no other motive than that of becoming better acquainted with the most important truths, for no purposes but those of morality, unsophisticated virtue, and that of all others the most fundamental principle of true civilization—RELIGION. In addition to these most important objects, it has attained to the means of acquiring the knowledge of many of the most truly necessary arts of life, and thus of being useful to man in enabling him to supply his natural, without creating artificial, wants.

English literature has hardly anything in view but improvement of fortune, the sordid acquisition of wealth, not the attainment of virtue and pure morality. Its objects are those of avarice, ambition, power—the means not of instructing those who are destitute of knowledge, but of trampling upon them, and of more effectually holding them in that state of degradation, slavery, and mental blindness, that best suits its own superciliousness, arrogance, and self conceit—that best answers the purposes and gratifies the wishes of avarice and pride, calling to its aid the numerous artifices of pedantry, self-interest, and vain-glory; things of all others the most abhorrent of genuine civilization, and that stifle it in everything but outward and fallacious appearances, render it a whitened sepulchre, fair without, but all filthy corruption within. It wishes to hold all in the thralldom of ignorance, and consequently in every other species of slavery, of a class, however, that has been created by itself, never by nature, or the God of nature. There are no views of this nature open to the Welsh literature. The only view to which it can possibly turn its eye is that of doing real good, of instructing the ignorant, of improving the heart, and enlightening the mind. Wales will never become truly civilized but by the literature of its own language.



English learning may make us coxcombs, knaves, and fools; but so many temptations in its hands held out to seduce us will never in any valuable degree truly civilize us. It may make us richer, prouder, and, what is the acme of its attainments, atheistically philosophical, and thus uncivilize us. But our own native literature has no other tendency than to make us wiser and better.

An English writer, speaking of the Welsh language (*Monthly Review* for May, 1805, p. 45), says, "if knowledge and civilization be beneficial, there can be no doubt that its disuse is to be desired." It appears from this, and many similar things in other English writers, that the Welsh are considered as an uncivilized people, similar probably to an American-Indian nation; that their language is not a literary one; but the fact is, that it is by far the oldest literary, and at the same time living, language in Europe. Whatever it may be believed to have been before, it certainly became a literary language in the time of the Roman empire. Writings in the language of that period are still extant. It never since ceased to be so. In all subsequent ages down to the present, the Welsh have written in their own language, and that when other modern tongues were still in their cradles, incapable of anything in literature worth preserving. Our present literature is far from being so contemptible as many suppose. We have more than a thousand printed books in the language, probably near two thousand. We have ten presses at least in Wales employed in printing Welsh books, besides many that are printed in London. It has three or four periodical publications, or magazines,<sup>1</sup> and is now equal, if not superior, to what English literature was in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, everything

<sup>1</sup> This was written about half a century ago. How the heart of the patriotic Cymro must be gladdened when he contemplates the vast strides which Welsh literature has since made, as evidenced in the publications which have emanated from the native presses. Our magazines are no longer to be counted by units, but by scores. This is a fact which ought to convince all persons, whose faculties are not deadened by prejudice, that our noble language is not yet in a declining state.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.



considered, with much less than those ages had of a strong tendency to retard instead of advancing true civilization, and incalculably less than what the present English literature has. It has no loose immoral books of any kind, none that fuel the unruly passions—none that inculcate the pernicious doctrines of infidelity—none that lead the understanding into those labyrinths of scepticism, that lead never to return the public mind into the depths of immorality. It has no places, pensions, profitable trades—no offices, employment, and high trusts to attain to that might lead it into temptation—that would render it perfectly dead to all the true purposes of civilization, a thing absolutely inconsistent with that avarice, worldly ambition, false honour, &c., that leads learning astray, and that afforded Rousseau too many powerful arguments on that side that took off the prize question proposed by the Academy of Dijon.

There can be no doubt but that the preservation and retention of the Welsh language will be the greatest blessing of all others to Wales. In this language, and in no other, can civilization and truly useful, free from baleful, knowledge be advanced and sustained amongst the Welsh. Compare the lower classes in England with those of the same order in Wales, and let impartiality decide. I will venture to say that the first are mere savages compared to the last. The modern refined English language has been so replenished with words and technical terms from ancient and modern learned languages that it is no longer the language of the vulgar, in whose dialect there are in effect no books; and those of this lower order, if they attain to a tolerable knowledge of the learned dialect of their country, find in it such a number of profane, licentious, and in every sense immoral publications, that by such knowledge they become additionally brutalized instead of being civilized. There is certainly more literary knowledge amongst the peasantry of Wales than amongst those of England, and, what is infinitely better, more true morality, more humanity of sentiment, more gentleness of character; and all this derived from

the benign impressions made upon them by the literature of their own language, that has nothing in it to counteract such impressions.

One circumstance is greatly favourable to Welsh literature; we have only to acquaint ourselves with the power of the alphabet, pronounce every letter, and accent on the penultimate syllable; we have no quiescent letters, none that are used like the English C, G, S, Th, Ch, &c., to express very different sounds; the general radices of the language are so well known that all derivatives from them are readily understood; hence it is that the Welsh generally find it a very easy task to learn to read their native language—a month is generally supposed to be sufficient to acquire this knowledge in perfection. An old poetical adage says,—

“Ni bu Cymro ’n dysgu darllain  
Pob Cymraeg yn ddigon cywrain,  
Ond un misgwaith—beth yw hynny,  
Os bydd gwyllys gantho i ddysgu?”

Many learn it in less; and we need no regular schools, for one neighbour gives another a few lessons two or three times a-week, for half an hour at a time, and the pupil is soon able to read his native language.

It is a usual thing in Wales for a few young, and sometimes older, persons of both sexes to attend for an hour, twice or thrice a-week, at a place where a good-natured neighbour—and such may always be found—will give them some instructions in reading Welsh, and often in writing. A month of such instruction generally enables the pupil to proceed in his own strength. Reading parties are formed to exercise themselves, one correcting the other, and amongst other things Welsh songs in MS. are read by them; but immoral, or in anything indecent, songs are never written in Wales; and though pieces of harmless levity are common enough, such as have a tendency to corrupt the mind, and to violate morality, are seen but so rarely that they are hardly known. Religious and moral songs are very common—read and sung the most. Even the common love songs have generally a



moral cast; we very seldom find any wherein some moral sentiment is not introduced. The authors of these are generally common mechanics, labourers in husbandry, sometimes women; and their songs in general have more of pure nature in them than can be generally found in the productions of more learned persons. There is a national passion for poetry amongst the Welsh, which has a very good effect upon the minds and general disposition. It would be an easy matter to impress on them, through the medium of song, the best principles of morality and civilization.—*MS.*

## HISTORY OF THE BRITISH BARDS.

By the Late IOLO MORGANWG, B.B.D.

(Continued from p. 169.)

RHYME, ANTIQUITY OF.<sup>1</sup>

Ex Sharon Turner *ut supra*.

“Pinkerton, in his preface to his edition of Barbour’s *Bruce*, says, pp. 12, 13, ‘whether rhyme originated from the Arabs, and, upon their conquest of Spain in the year 712, spread first to France, and thence to the rest of Europe, as Salmasius and Huet think; or whether it began among the monks of Italy in the eighth century, as some others suppose, (for these are the only *two opinions which now divide the literati upon the subject*,) certain it is, that this mode of versification may be regarded as foreign to the genuine idiom of any European language, and of very late appearance in most.’

“In the *Critical Review* for January, 1800, p. 23, in

<sup>1</sup> Ex. *Archæologia*, or *Miscellaneous Tracts Relating to Antiquity*, published by the Society of Antiquaries of London, xiv. pp. 312, &c. In *ibidem*—*Inquiry Respecting the Early Use of Rhyme*, by Sharon Turner, Esq., Art. xxvi. p. 168, and Art. xxvii. p. 187. London. 1803.



an article attributed to the said Pinkerton, he asserts, with a small modification, that ‘the *only* opinions which now divide the learned on this subject are, whether the use of rhyme originated from the Saracens, who took possession of Sicily in the year 828, or arose among the Italian monks in the eighth century;’ and he also declares it to be ‘certain that it was totally unknown to the ancient languages of Europe.’

“The result of a research into all the authors of the centuries between the third and the ninth to which I could gain access, is my full conviction that the opinions of the learned above stated are erroneous, and that rhyme was in use in Europe before either of the periods above ascribed to it.

“We find that there are rhyming poems in the Sanscrit and the Chinese. Sir William Jones says of the Moha Mudgara, that it is composed in the regular anapæstic verses, according to the strictest rules of Greek prosody, but in *rhymed couplets*.<sup>2</sup>

“The specimens of the venerated Bede, as given by Colonel Dow before his *History of Hindustan*, exhibit rhyme.<sup>3</sup>

“The French missionary to China, who died in 1780, says,—‘The most ancient Chinese verses are rhymed; there are some forty centuries old.’<sup>4</sup>

“These facts of the ancient existence of rhyme in Hindustan and China completely destroy the theory which places the origin of rhyme in Arabia, because no one can suppose that the Arabs introduced it into China, or Hindustan, in those distant eras in which these countries used it.

“‘Rhyme (it is said) was totally unknown to the ancient languages of Europe;’ it appears to me that this opinion is inaccurate; I cannot indeed produce such decisive facts on this subject as I could wish, because we

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Jones’ Works, i. p. 207.

<sup>3</sup> History of Hindustan, p. 27.

<sup>4</sup> Memoire Concernant Hist. des Chinois, Jour. viii. p. 201. Edit. Paris, 1782.

have no remains of our ancient languages, except of the Welsh, before the eighth century.

“The Arabian poems in the *Hamasa*, some of which were written before Mahomet’s time, exhibit rhyme. (We find it also in Persian poetry.) If rhyme had in ancient time thus extensively pervaded Asia, and if the stream of history be not false, which exhibits the European population as proceeding originally from Asia, I see nothing improbable in the supposition that some of the ancient languages of Europe were acquainted with it.

“The most important specimen of rhyme in the ancient languages of Europe (excepting the Welsh) is Otfrid’s paraphrase on the Gospels in the Franco-Theotisc language. The author lived about A.D. 850, or 870; it occupies 380 folio pages, and is all in rhyme.<sup>5</sup>

“Otfrid, in a letter to Leuthbert, Archbishop of Mentz, says that he wrote the Gospels thus in rhyme, to supersede the obscene songs of the Laics in the vernacular Theotisc language, and that the Frankish nation might read the sacred word in their own tongue.

“If such were the motives of Otfrid, is it not most probable that it was written not only in the vernacular language but in the popular form of his nation? If rhyme would have appeared as a novelty in his work, he would most probably have apologized for introducing it, and for departing from the popular style. One of his phrases in describing the peculiarities of the Franco-Theotisc language is, ‘it perpetually seeks rhyme.’ (See his letter prefixed to Schilter’s edition.)

“Hildegarius, who was cotemporary with Otfrid, wrote the life of St. Faron, Bishop of Meaux. He quotes in it a song on the successes of Chlotorius II. against the Saxons in 622. He says,—‘On this victory a public song (*juxta rusticitalem*), according to the rustic manner, was in every one’s mouth, the women joining in the chorus.’ He then gives an extract of the song.

<sup>5</sup> Schilter’s Thesaurus, Ulm. 1728.

‘ De Chlotario est canere rege Franconum,  
 Qui ivit pugnare in gentem Saxonum,  
 Quam graviter provenisset missis Saxonum,  
 Si non fuisset inclytus Faro de gente Burgundionum.’

“ He says, at the end of the song,—

‘ Quando veniunt Missi Saxonum in terra Francorum,  
 Faro ubi erat Princeps —  
 Instinctu Dei transeunt per urbem Meldorum,  
 Ne interficiantur a rege Francorum.’<sup>6</sup>

“ I submit that putting *Franconum* in the first verse to rhyme with *Saxonum*, and *Francorum* to agree with *Meldorum* in the last, is an undeniable proof of intended rhyme.

“ Hildegarius adds,—‘ We choose to show in rustic verse (*rustico carmine*) how famous he was deemed.’

“ These passages show that the rustic verse of the Franks in 622 was rhymed verse.

“ *Irrimen*, in the days of Otfrid, signified the act of poetical composition. Speaking of the Virgin Mary, he says,—

‘ Ist ira lob ish giwaht  
 Thaz thin irrimen ni maht.’  
 Her praise is so commemorated  
 That it may not be rhymed.

“ *Rimen*, in the Franco-Theotisc, is a verb signifying *congruere*, *obvenire*, *contingere*, to agree together, to meet; this very neatly describes rhyme, in which sounds are made to agree together, and to meet. It is therefore probable that the word rhyme comes from the ancient languages of Europe rather than from the Latin *rhythmus*, and that the Frankish *rimen* shows us the *rationale* of its use.

“ *Rim*, in Saxon, signifies numbers;<sup>7</sup> *riman* signifies to number, also to sing and to chant; as the Latin word *numerus* signifies, besides number, poetic measure.

“ If not thus derived (*i. e.*, from ancient European languages), how came ‘rhyme’ to be so called in all the

<sup>6</sup> *Vide* Bouquet’s *Recueil des Historiens de la France*, iii. p. 505.

<sup>7</sup> *Rhif* in Welsh.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.



languages of Europe,—*rhyme*, English; *riimen*, Flemish; in Danish, *rimer*; in German, *reimen*; nay even in Polish, *rymuie*; and in Russian, *remeneh*.

“Stephanus is of opinion that the once very popular song in Gothland on the Lombards, which is in *rhyme*, was composed whilst Charlemagne was reigning in Germany and Italy. The first four lines are these,—

‘Ebbe oc Aage de Hellede fro,  
Sliden de for hunger aff skaane dro,  
Da stædis næst vorum gute Gutland  
Met gamle oc unge baade Quindum oc Mand.’

Steph. in Sax. 181.

“The vernacular poetry of a nation more commonly follows ancient rules and forms than new and difficult modes. In the next place it can be proved that *rhyme* did not originate amongst either the Italian monks or Saracens in the eighth century.

“Boniface, the Anglo-Saxon, who devoted himself to convert the uncivilized Germans, and who perished about 755, closes a letter to Nithard with twenty-eight lines *rhymed*. The first are,—

‘Vale frater florentibus  
Iuventutis cum viribus  
Ut floreas cum Domino  
In sempiterno solio  
Qua martyres in cuneo  
Regem canunt æthereo  
Prophetæ Apostolicis  
Consonabunt et laudibus  
Nicharde nunc niger rima  
Imi Cosmi contagia.’

“Aldhelm, a West Saxon bishop, who died in 709, and therefore his works belong properly to the preceding century, in which he principally lived. His poetry rhymes in the middle; a poem of his is in complete rhyme. It attests itself to have been written by an Anglo-Saxon, as its author mentions his travelling through Devonshire and Cornwall.

‘Sicut pridem pepigeram  
Quando profectus fueram

Usque diram Damnoniam  
Per carentem Cornubiam.'

"Aldhelm, in his Treatise on Virginité, has the following lines, obvious and intentional rhymes:—

' Beata Maria,  
Virgo perpetua,  
Hortus conclusus,  
Fons signatus,  
Virgula radiceis,  
Gerula floris,  
Aurora solis,  
Nurus patris.'

"And in another passage, after some remarks in prose, he adds, 'ut non inconvenienter *carmine rythmico* dici queat,' (as may be expressed not unsuitably in rhymed verse,) and subjoins his specimen in these rhymes,—

' Christus passus patibulo  
Atque leti latibulo  
Virginem Virgo Virgini  
Commendabat tutamini.'<sup>8</sup>

"Whence did Aldhelm (before 700) derive his art of rhyming? not from the Arabs, for they had not yet reached Europe; it was rather from popular songs in his own language.

"The Spanish Bishop Eugenius, who died in 657, has rhyme in some of his poems. His little poem on the invention of letters is in *rhyme*.

' Primas Hebræus Moyses exaravit literas  
Mente Phœnices sagaci condiderunt Atticas,  
Quas Latini scriptitamus edidit Nicostrata;  
Abraham Syras et idem repperit Chaldaicas,  
Isis arte non minori protulit Ægyptias  
Gulfila prompsit Getarum quas videmus Ultimas.'

"Drepanius Florus, who lived about 650, used rhyme in his paraphrase on the 27th Psalm, which is in stanzas of four lines.

' Audi precantis anxia  
Pater super me murmura

<sup>8</sup> Wharton's Aldhelm, p. 297.

Dum templa ad ardua  
Elata tollo brachia.

‘Hic namque virtus inclita  
Plebis beate premia  
Hic ipse Christo proflua  
Servat salutis gaudia.’

“In 615 died Columbanus, the Irishman, who was an abbot in Gaul, and afterwards in Italy. He was the author of a few poems, one of which is in *rhymed* Latin verse. These are the first four lines,—

‘Mundus iste transit et cotidie decrescit  
Nemo vivens manebit, nullus vivus remansit.  
Totum humanum genus ortu utitur pari  
Et de simile vita fine cadit æquali.’

“Gadalstus also published another short composition of the same author; the following is a passage from it:—

‘Quæ quotidie fugis,  
Et quotidie venis,  
Quæ veniendo fugis  
Et fugiendo venis,  
Dissimilis eventu  
Similis ortu  
Dissimilis luxu  
Similis fluxu.’

“Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitou, lived between 500 and 600;<sup>9</sup> one of his poems is a Hymn to the Baptized, all in rhyme. These are the first stanzas,—

‘Tibi laus perennis auctor  
Baptismatis sacrator,  
Qui sorti passionis  
Das præmium salutis.

‘Nox clara plus et alma  
Quam luna sol et astra,  
Que luminum corona,  
Reddis diem per umbram

Tibi laus.

‘Dulcis sacrata blanda  
Electa pura pulchra

<sup>9</sup> He died in 600; wrote his poems, at least published them, in 565.  
—Ritson's *Common-Place Book*.



Sudans honore mella  
 Rigans odore chrisma  
 Tibi laus.'

"An elegy on Leontius, by the same author, is in rhyme. The three first stanzas are,—

'Agnoscat omne seculum  
 Antistitem Leontium,  
 Burdegalense præmium  
 Dono superno redditum.

'Bilinguis ore callido  
 Crimen fovebat invidum  
 Ferens acerbum nuncium  
 Hunc jam sepulchro conditum.

'Celare se non pertulit  
 Qui triste funus edidit  
 Et si nocere desiit  
 Insana vota prodidit.'

"It is remarkable that the persons whom I have adduced as using rhyme were Anglo-Saxons, Spaniards, an Irishman, and Franks. If my opinion is just that rhyme was used in the ancient languages of Europe, the source is at once obvious whence these authors had it.

"In the very century in which Fortunatus lived, the Welsh bards flourished who were mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon History, and who have been discredited by some because they used rhyme. But as I have proved rhyme to have been used in Latin poetry at the very time they lived, I think I have a right to produce them as instances of rhyme existing in one of the most ancient languages of Europe. The argument that they were supposititious, because they used rhyme, must at least be abandoned.

"Albinus quotes a rhymed poem of Sedulius, an Irishman, who lived in the middle of the fifth century.

"There is also a rhymed poem among the works of Pope Damasius, who lived in the fourth century.

"I think that all this can be only accounted for by supposing, as I have done, that rhyme existed in the popular poetry of the Gothic as well as Celtic nations, which individuals occasionally and capriciously imitated in Latin.

“The great facts, however, that it never wholly superseded the classical metres in Latin poetry, but yet has completely established itself in the vernacular languages of the best parts of Europe, seem to me to attest that to the poetry of these languages it never was unknown.”

*(End of the First Inquiry.)*

*Inquiry the Second, p. 187.*

“As my remarks (first inquiry) went to prove that rhyme was an appendage to the vernacular poetry of the ancient nations of Europe as well as of India, Arabia, and China, it seemed to me to be a matter of some curiosity to inquire if it was at all known to the Greeks and Romans.

“The object of the former remarks was to prove that the authenticity of the Welsh bards had been unjustly objected to because they used rhyme. I traced rhyme from century to century into the period at which they lived, and it seemed to me that this series of examples made each more credible. I briefly hinted at two instances of rhyme which were earlier than the sixth century. I have since met with another rhymed poem, which would alone remove every doubt of the existence of rhyme before the Welsh bards wrote.

“It is the popular Latin poem which St. Austin wrote against the Donatists. It is wholly in rhyme; each verse begins with a letter of the alphabet as far as V, and contains twelve lines in each. The whole makes up 270 lines, all ending in the same line, which is E; perhaps no other poem has appeared which contains so many lines of one rhyme.

“It begins with a line which, as a chorus, is repeated at the end of every verse. This contains a middle rhyme,

‘Omnes qui gaudetis de pace, modo verum iudicate.’

“I will only cite the first verse, which begins with A.

‘Abundantia peccatorum solet fratres conturbare

Propter hoc dominus noster voluit nos præmonere,

Comparans regnum cælorum reticulo misso in mare,  
 Congreganti multos pisces omne genus hinc et inde  
 Quos cum traxissent ad littus tunc cæperunt separare  
 Bonos in vassa miserunt, reliquos malos in mare.  
 Quisquis recolit evangelium, recognoscat cum timore :  
 Videt reticulum ecclesiam, videt hoc seculum mare  
 Genus autem mixtum piscis, justus est cum peccatore  
 Seculi finis est littus, tunc est tempus separare,  
 Quando retia ruperunt, multum dilexunt mare,  
 Vassa sunt sedes sanctorum, quo non possunt pervenere.<sup>1</sup>

“Each letter of the alphabet, as far as V, introduces as many lines.

“St. Austin was born in 354, and died in 430. This is, therefore, a specimen of rhyme not only very decisive, but very early.

“But the words of St. Austin which introduce it are as important as the poem, in proving the antiquity of rhyme. He says he wrote it in this form on purpose that it might be popular, that it might be level to the capacity of the lowest vulgar, be impressed on their memory, and be sung by them. He adds,—‘therefore I would write in no other manner, lest metrical necessity should compel me to use any words not familiar to the vulgar.’—(Ex. lib. *Retract. D. August.* 20.)

“A poem so written as ‘to reach the knowledge of the lowest vulgar, and of those utterly unskilled and ignorant, and as far as possible to fasten upon their memory,’ which are his exact words, must of course present to us a real specimen of vulgar poetry, and if so, rhyme was an appendage to the vulgar Latin poetry of the fourth and fifth centuries. We may here recall to our recollection the vulgar Latin song on the victories of Chlotarius, mentioned in my former letter.”

Thus far is fully sufficient for my purpose. Mr. Turner proceeds to prove that rhyme was known to the ancient Romans and Greeks, and proves beyond the possibility of a doubt that it was well known to them—proves that Homer frequently and intentionally made use of

<sup>1</sup> St. Austin's Works, vii. p. 3. Lyons, 1586.



rhyme. The whole of the speech of Jupiter, in the First Book of the *Iliad*, seems purposely rhymed; and other passages rhyme in triplets. The following is given (from Muratori) from Ennius, and is a rhymed triplet:—

“Hæc omnia vidi inflammari  
Priamo si vitam evitare  
Jovis aram sanguine turpari.”<sup>2</sup>

Cicero’s next citation is anonymous,—

“Cælum nitescere, arbores frondescere,  
Vites letificæ pampenis pubescere,  
Rami baccarum ubertate incurvescere.”

Amongst the fragments that remain of Ennius, his epitaph on himself is rhymed.

“Adspicite, o cives, senis Ennii imagini formam;  
Hic vostrum panxit maxuma facta patrum,  
Nemo me lacrumis decoret, neque funera fletum  
Faxit: quui? Volito, vivo, per ora virum.”<sup>3</sup>

Muratori proves that there was a rude vulgar poetry among the ancients which did not observe the laws of metre, but merely followed rhyme (*rhythmus*). Of this sort were the Fescennine and Saturnalian verses.<sup>4</sup>

(*To be continued.*)

<sup>2</sup> Quoted by Muratori from Cicero’s *Tusculum*, lib. i.

<sup>3</sup> Merula’s *Ennius*, p. 55. Leyden, 1595.

<sup>4</sup> Muratori *Antiquitates Italiæ Medievæ*, iii. p. 664.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

STEPHENS *versus* STEPHENS.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—The following may be added to the list of self-contradictions which appeared in the *Cambrian Journal* for June, 1855:—

“That Madoc left the country, is quite clear from the concurrent testimony of the bards, and the following triad,” &c.—*Literature of the Kymry*, p. 143.

“Madoc was slain in Wales, from two to five years before his father’s death—before any disturbance arose between his brothers—before 1170, when he is said to have sailed to the west.”—*Herald Cymraeg*, November 6, 1858.—I remain, &c.,

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

## LLYFR TWROG.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—If I recollect rightly, there was an inquiry in one of the earlier Numbers of the *Cambrian Journal*, (First Series,) relative to a document called “Llyfr Twrog,” or the Book of Twrog. On this subject the following information may not be uninteresting:—

Llyfr Twrog contains notices of the saints of Gwynedd, Mona, Bardsey, and the commot. It was compiled by Gruffudd ap Rhirid ap Gruffudd ap Einion, ap Gwalchmai, ap Meilor, of Llandwrog, in Caernarvonshire for Tudur ap Gronw, of Penmynydd, in Anglesey.

It is the same as “Bonedd y Saint” in the *Myvyrian Archæology*, from the Book of Havod. It mentions Cadvan of Bardsey, Elvod, Bishop of Bangor, Beuno, Cybi, Deiniol Wynn, Llywelyn of Welshpool, Seirioel, Tegai Glassawc, Gruffudd ap Cynan, Llywelyn ap Gruffudd, &c.—I remain, &c.

DUNAWD.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—Living in a remote county of England, I have several times made inquiry for some Welsh publication, and it is only very recently that I have been informed by a namesake of the existence of the *Cambrian Journal*, as if sprung up to supply the very want I had felt. I at once joined the Institute as a Member, and shall with my next subscription become a Governor,—an honour to which it shows so ready a way.

May I encroach on your space to ask two or three questions, and make two or three remarks?



I.—If, as I suppose is the fact, Cambria is merely the Latin or Roman name of the country, why not set it aside as modern, and have a purely Welsh title for the Institute and its organ? Why not Cymru?

II.—So again, the "Institute;" I should like to see that modern title supplanted by a more worthy equivalent ancient British one.

III.—What is the Welsh plaid; I mean, what is the pattern of it?

IV.—Is there any national Welsh costume, or dress, as that of the Highlanders?

V.—What is the difference between the Welsh, the Irish, and the English harps, and where can the Welsh harp be procured, and at what price?

VI.—In the *Cambrian Journal* for Alban Elved, page 204, a writer, "E. W.," suggests that the name "church" is derived from the Latin "circus." This is a derivation which I never heard of before. I think he will find that it is supposed to have its origin from the Greek κυριακη.

VII.—Seeing in the papers, in the account of the Eisteddfod, that an essay on Welsh nationality had been read by James Kenward, Esq., of Birmingham, I wrote to that gentleman, on the address given, to ask if it was in print, &c., but he could not be found, and the letter was returned to me from the Dead Letter Office. Can any of your readers tell me more about it, and, if it be in print, where it is to be procured?

VIII.—*Ab* is a Latin word, and therefore modern; *ap* is Welsh, and therefore ancient. Is it not then more proper to use *ap* than *ab* for the prefix to a Welsh name, as the Welsh cannot have been derived from the Roman, though the Roman may have been from the Welsh?

IX.—Which is the most correct Welsh form, Morris, Morys, Moris, Mawrice, Maurice, or Morice?

X.—What is the meaning of the three billets on the cover of the *Cambrian Journal*?

XI.—In the Third Volume of *Cambrian Journal*, (1856,) it is stated that further mention would be made of the Welsh national air, with a view to its establishment, but I see no further information about it in the volume for 1858, so far as I have yet received it. May I ask what is the result?

XII.—What is best to be done by a gentleman of Welsh descent, resident in England, to keep up his nationality? What societies should he join, and attend what meetings, &c.?

XIII.—In the various English histories it is asserted that the Welsh are the descendants of the Ancient Britons, driven into Wales by the Saxons when defeated in England. In the *Cambrian Journal* it seems to be said that the Welsh have always lived in Wales. Granting this to have been so, as to some, must there not at the time spoken of have been an influx of others of the Ancient Britons into Wales?

XIV.—In the *Times* newspaper, some seven or eight years or so ago, there was a paragraph showing that the number of descendants



of the ancient British was much larger than commonly supposed, as proved by physiognomy, and especially, I think it said, in the county of Northampton. Can any one direct me to the paragraph in question?

XV.—What is the title or prescription to the affix one sees to some Welsh names in the present day, as “Cuhelyn,” “Llallawg,” “Carn Ingli,” “Gwrgant,” “ab Ithel,” “Gwilym Marles,” “Gwalchmai,” “Gwenynen Gwent,” and what their meaning?

XVI.—In an account in the papers, some months since, of a gathering—I forget the occasion, but possibly I think it was on one where the Queen was to be received—it was mentioned that some ladies appeared “in full Welsh costume.” What is the “blazon” of such “coat of arms?”—I remain, &c.,

AP MORRIS.

In reply to some of the queries propounded by our correspondent, we beg to remark briefly:—1. The term “Cambrian Institute” was adopted in preference to a Cymric one, as being in our opinion more agreeable to the English ear—our Journal being written in the English language. 2. We have no objection to the substitution of a Welsh title, provided it meets with the approbation of our readers. 3. The Welsh plaid is of various patterns, according to the locality where it is worn. 4. There is a national Welsh costume, and it becomes all who really love Wales and its usages to bring it more generally into vogue. It is certainly better adapted both to the climate and scenery of Wales than the absurd English dress of the present day. 5. We must request some of our musical correspondents to answer this question in detail. We will merely observe that the Welsh harp is furnished with three rows of strings, whilst the English and Irish harps have only one. 6. As somewhat corroborative of E. W.’s etymology, though we do not profess to adopt it ourselves, we may remark that “*cyrch golychwyd*” is a phrase frequently used in bardic records to denote a place of worship. 7. It was a poem, and not an essay, that was read by Mr. Kenward. It has since been published. Mr. K.’s address is “Smethwick, near Birmingham.” 8. *Ab* and *ap* are indiscriminately used in Welsh pedigrees; but the former is more generally put before names beginning with a vowel, and the latter before consonants, *e. g.*, *ab Owen*, *ap Rhys*. This is more clearly ascertained from the compounds, *Bowen*, *Prys*, &c. 9. The usual Welsh form is *Moris*; *Morris* and *Morys* are likewise written, but never the three other forms. 10. The “three billets” represent the name of God, the very essence of bardism. 11. We have reason to believe that the proposal is still entertained. The air is duly arranged, and we trust that the words will be soon forthcoming. 12. The first thing he should do is to teach his children the Welsh language; let him also accustom them to Welsh music, costume, and usages. A prominence to these can be given at family parties. The “Cambrian Institute” is the most national society that

we know of. Attendance at Eisteddfodau is particularly recommended, as these meetings give a great impulse to a national feeling. 13. It does not follow that any of the Ancient Britons were driven from England into Wales, though it is probable that some few were. Our traditionary records represent the Loegrian nation as having become one with the Saxons. 14. We must appeal to our readers for an answer to this question. 15. The names in question are honorary titles conferred by the Bardic College; they are chosen by the bearers according to their own fancy. *Ab Ithel* is a patronymic as well, borne before it was sanctioned at a Gorsedd. 16. It would require more space than we can afford to enter into the minutiae of Welsh female costume; suffice it that the beaver hat and linsey gown are among its main characteristics.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

### ANCIENT WELSH BOOKS.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—Turning the other day over some recent MSS. my attention was attracted to the following:—"The ancient tract on tropes and figures under the title of *Naw Gloes ymadrodd*, the nine tortures of speech, and *Deunaw addurn iaith*, the eighteen embellishments of language and expression, is a curious thing, and obviously of indigenous growth in the Welsh language. The first is a system of tropes, the second of figures, and is almost indispensably necessary to be known to understand properly the ancient Welsh bards," &c. Now as it is a matter of great importance that we should show the world that Wales possesses a native literature, I shall be very glad to know where the tract in question may be found. I am acquainted with an admirable Treatise on Agriculture, also on Medicine. Let us have a series classically edited and published.—I remain, &c.,

EINION.

### DRAMATIC WORKS.

*To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.*

SIR,—About the year 1767 one Lewys Hopcin told Iolo Morganwg that when he was young he had seen a manuscript of considerable size, full of Welsh plays, under the title of "*Miraglau*," in the possession of a Mr. Thomas, or Dr. Thomas, of Llwyn Twrch; that they were from 200 to 300 years old at least. He mentioned further that they used to perform such plays in the Christmas holidays. Are these dramatic documents extant? Who is the present representative of Mr. Thomas? Does he know nothing of them?—I remain, &c.,

HUD A LLEDRITH.



## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

**LLANGOLLEN EISTEDDFOD.**—We shall be thankful if any of our readers will send us any corrections which they may think necessary to be made in the Report, in order that they may be attended to in another edition. Will the graduated Bards, Ovates, and Druids, kindly inform us whether they are duly reported;—also favour us respectively with their proper names?

**YSTRAD YWAIN.**—Ystrad Owain is the place in Glamorgan where, from time immemorial the bards met; there is a large tumulus, and in an adjoining field the remains of an ancient Gorsedd. The place is on a plain and low—so is Dyffryn Olwg; but Gawlog, Tyle'r Gawl, and Uchel Olau, are elevated places. *Query*—whether Ysgawl (schola) be from Gawl, Ys-Gawl. Ty'n Tywod is the house where they met.

**BRITISH ARTS.**—The mechanical knowledge of the ancient Britons appears to have been very considerable, from the construction of their war chariots, their temples, as Stonehenge, &c., in which they obviously evince considerable knowledge of the mechanic powers. And this supposition is not contradicted by anything that can be inferred from the simplicity and rudeness of their houses; for, being yet a nomadic people, removing frequently from place to place as best suited their purposes of pasturage or agriculture, fixed houses of considerable labour and expense of time and property were of no great use, and hardly desirable in any view. They also cultivated the ground, for Julius Cæsar reaped, thievishly, a field of their wheat. They were also acquainted with the arts of spinning and weaving, of painting and delineating objects—could, in all probability, smelt and refine metals, for we read of the use of iron, gold, silver, &c., amongst them.—E. W.

**BARDIC TUTORS.**—The bards were the tutors in the Welsh language of the gentry and others. Dwn was tutor to Dr. Richard Davies, who translated the New Testament into Welsh, in the time of Edward VI. Gruffudd Hiraethog was tutor to William Salusbury, who wrote a treatise on rhetoric, published after his death by Henry Perry. Sion Tudur was tutor to Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Merioneth, who versified the Welsh Psalms. Simwnt Fychan was tutor to Dr. William Morgan, who translated the whole Bible, *temp.* Elizabeth. The first modern translation was by Thomas Llewelyn, a bard of Regoes, in Glamorgan. The bards had MS. grammars and vocabularies, a great many of which still remain in old libraries, and collections of MSS., as those by Gwilym Tew, William Llŷn, Lewis Morganwg, Sion Philip, Llewelyn Sion, Dafydd Benwyn, Gruffudd Hiraethog, Morgan Powell, and many others, old copies of which are still to be seen, with several by anonymous writers.

**WELSH DICTIONARY.**—We understand that a new dictionary of the Welsh language, containing some thousands of words that are



not to be found in that of Dr. Pugh, is about to be issued from Mr. Gee's press at Denbigh. We wish the spirited publisher every success.

**WELSH MUSIC.**—Sir Walter Scott, in some of his notes to the *Lady of the Lake*, says, that in the Danish songs there is added a burden, having a kind of meaning of its own, but not always or uniformly applicable to the sense of the stanza to which it is subjoined. We have the same sometimes in Welsh, such as “Hob y deri dando,” “Down i'r deri down,” “Ar hyd y nos,” “Mentra Gwen,” “Or brwyn dere dere 'r llwyn, ni sonnai fwy am Siantan fwyn.” See also a song of Rhys Goch o Dir Iarll in the *Iolo MSS.*, p. 240, which has the following burden:—

“Taro tant alaw nant ael y naw twyni,  
Til dy rwm tal dy rwm canu Twm Teini.”

**HEN GYRUS o IAL.**—This personage, to whom the compilation of many of our proverbs is attributed, is spoken of as being identical with Cattwg Ddoeth, in the MS. books of the Earl of Macclesfield, Mr. Davies, of Bangor, Mr. Panton, and the Book of Penegoes.

**BOSWORTH FIELD.**—It is very clear from contemporaneous writers that the Cymry regarded the battle of Bosworth Field as a national struggle between themselves and the Saxons, in which the former recovered the ancient supremacy of Britain. Lewis Glyn Cothi is full of this idea. The following statement, culled from unpublished MSS. takes also the same view of this decisive event:—“The Chair of Ystrad Owain was instituted by Llywelyn ap Rhisiart ap Rhys Bryddain, called Lewis Morganwg,<sup>1</sup> and his cousin Gruffudd ap Ieuan ap Rhys, called Gutto the scholar, and it was held on the anniversary of the Battle of Bosworth, in memory of the recovery by the Cymry of their privilege and crown. It was afterwards ordained to be held on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, in commemoration of what she did for the sake of God and goodness, namely, securing the Holy Scripture for all who loved it.”

#### TERRITORIAL DIVISIONS.

Llyma fal y bu 'r drefn yn y dechreuad,— This was the primitive order,—

Deg ty ymhob Tref,	Ten houses in every town,
Deg tref ymhob Cwmmwd,	Ten towns in every comot,
Deg cwmmwd ymhob Cantref,	Ten comots in every hundred,
Deg cantref ymhob Gwlad,	Ten hundreds in every country,
( <i>al.</i> ymhob Cyfoeth Arglwydd,	<i>al.</i> in every lord's territory, that
<i>i. e.</i> , pob arglwyddiaeth,)	is, every lordship,
Deg cantref ymhob Arglwydd-	Ten hundreds in every lordship,
iaeth, ysef yn y bo rif y tai a'u	that is, they are divided according
rhennir.— <i>MS.</i>	to the number of houses.

<sup>1</sup> He flourished 1500–1540.

## REVIEWS.

NOTES ON ANCIENT BRITAIN AND THE BRITONS. By WILLIAM BARNES, B.D. London: J. Russell Smith. 1858.

We were delighted to see so many English persons present at the Llangollen Eisteddfod, and especially to hear them express themselves so much in favour with the object of the meeting—the cultivation of the Welsh language, and the maintenance of our national usages. It is a cheering sign. Prophets in abundance have been predicting that railways would kill the Cymraeg; but it seems that they are doing just the very reverse—they bring strangers in contact with it, who admire, and learn it. It is well-known how the philological antiquity of the Welsh language has now, for some time, recommended it to the notice and study of foreign scholars. Their example has at length been followed in England, where, it must be admitted, the soil is not very favourable to the study of languages, and where, hitherto, prejudice has been strong at work against the British tongue. Here and there may be seen scholars who have, by dint of assiduity, mastered it, so as to get free access to its treasures. Few in number they are, indeed, but they give us an earnest of a rich harvest to follow. Herbert, Appleyard, Nash, Richardson, Tregelles, and, lastly, Barnes, have given a proof to the world that even a Saxon may, by diligence and perseverance, surmount the difficulties of the Welsh language, and that their labour will not be in vain.

Our new ally, Mr. Barnes, has, in the little book before us, presented us with a very vivid and correct picture of the religion, manners, and customs of our British ancestors, for which we, in the name of our countrymen, beg heartily to thank him. It is high time that our school-books should be cleared of those absurd notices about “wicker images,” “painted savages,” “wretched hovels,” and the like, which disfigure their first pages, and that a more common-sense view of British affairs be introduced. Mr. Barnes is of the same opinion, and we doubt not that his *Notes* will do much towards bringing this end to pass.

The following chapter on “Tattooing and Clothes, &c., of the Britons,” is replete with interest and just notions, and told in a very agreeable manner. We make no apology for quoting it at length:—

“In the time of Cæsar, and later writers, it seems the Britons were tattooed, and it is said that they dyed themselves with blue, by *Glastum*, or *Glastun Glas*, is British for *blue*, and *Glastennen* is the holm, or scarlet-oak, which may have afforded the dye. Cæsar tells us that the Britons tattooed themselves that they might be more frightful to their foes; whereas Herodian says that the Britons painted (tattooed) their bodies with agreeable devices, drawing on them all kinds of figures, which was the reason why they wore no clothes, as their pride did not allow them to draw a veil over so much beauty. The



main theories of the end of tattooing must be, that it is, 1. for comeliness; 2. for ugliness, or terror to foes; 3. for tribe marks; or 4. for heraldry.

"Against the theory that it is always to terrify foes in the fight, we meet the fact, that the Tonga men did not tattoo the face, and in many of the South Sea Islands and elsewhere, the women are more or less tattooed. The Harari women tattoo their bosoms with stars, and many of the women of Bidjie 'have the flesh of their foreheads risen in the shape of marbles, and their cheeks similarly cut up and deformed.' Both sexes of the Indians of Nicaragua tattooed their bodies with stone knives, and blackened the lines by a kind of coal called *tile*; and Lieutenant Hooper says of the Tuski, that the faces of the women are tattooed on the chin, in diverging lines; and, as we can hardly impute to the ladies such disaffection to Venus, as to believe they would wilfully make themselves ugly, we give up the theory of tattooing only for terror.

"Tattoo may become a tribe mark, as sundry tribes may tattoo themselves in different patterns. The Maoris may choose circular lines, the Tonga men straight or wavy ones, and the Tahita people stars, and other natural forms; and some tribes may tattoo the face, while others may leave it clear; but it does not seem that the tattoo was chosen for a tribe-mark as its end. In some cases we may believe that it was used as heraldry. Among the Tuski, brave men of great fighting or hunting deeds are marked for an act of prowess by a permanent mark on the face: among the Esquimaux, a brave harpooner is decorated with a badge of honour—a blue line drawn athwart his face, over the bridge of his nose. The little that is done in tattooing by our sailors, when they line anchors, or letters, as P. for Poll, or B. S. for Black-eyed Susan, on their arms, with gunpowder, must be ranked under the head of tribe-marking or heraldry, rather than terror, as their markings are mostly under their sleeves, and yet are a kind of mark of the class 'Jack Tar.' Herodian's theory of handsomeness seems to us, therefore, more likely than Cæsar's of terrific ugliness; for, if any village Goody were to make herself, by patches and stripes, so ugly as to frighten her neighbours' children, she might frighten her own; and, if it be answered, that Goody's children would know beforehand that it was only Goody under the lines of terror, it would only show that they would be lines of terror only so long as they were not understood; and, since all tribes of Britons were tattooed, all of them would understand the tattooed foe to be a plain Briton, and would be no more fearsomely by him than by their own image in water. Or if, on the other hand, Britons did terrify British foes by their skin-marks, then no sooner would two warring tribes have come within sight of each other, than both of them would have run off with terror, and they would never have fought; which was not, unhappily, the case. On review of all cases, then, the aim of tattooing seems to have been comeliness, or ornament; and it is said that the Tonga men deemed it unmanly and unbecoming not to be tattooed; and Captain Elphinston writes that the skin-markings on some inhabitants of the Samoan Islands gave them the appearance of being clad in tight knee-breeches.

"But Herodian, who writes at one place that the Britons were unwilling to conceal their skin-charms by clothes, tells us in another that they were not acquainted with the use of clothes, but wore iron about their necks and waists, and deemed it an ornament, and a token of riches. We know not on what travellers' tales Herodian wrote that they did not know the use of clothes, and that they refrained from wearing them for the sake of their tattooings, when Cæsar tells us they wore, for the most part, the skins of beasts. Few men would at all times like a load of clothes, as we know from the joy of the leaping and laughing child, when his mother has withdrawn, at bedtime, the



last piece of linen swaddling from his free limbs, and the better feeling with which we could cast off most of the bands and swathings of our linen and woollen—if fashion allowed us—on a summer's day. But Herodian finds another good of the very little incumbrance of clothes. The Britons, he says, often swim or wade into the bogs, up to the waist in water and mud, which they do not reckon, as the most of their bodies are naked. Upon such statements as these of Herodian, that the Britons were not acquainted with clothes, and moreover, that they would not wear them, as they might hide their skin-lines, and, again, that they were almost unclad, we may believe that they made a difference between summer and winter, as in a line of Aneurin, who wrote in the sixth century, the *archen* (shoe) is said to be dirty in December; and in another, that in May, the old man is merry without (*archenad*), or was shoeless.

"Several kinds of foot-gear are named in writings from the sixth to the twelfth century, as the *esgid*, or light shoe, *gwentas*, a high shoe or half boot, or kitty boot, and the *botas*, or boot, and *botasau cynnyglog*, or plaited greaves. Cæsar says the Britons of his time wore only a moustache, but in the tenth or twelfth century the beard was in high honour, and a wife's wishing disgrace on her husband's beard was one of the three causes for which he might strike her. In Cæsar's time the Britons wore long hair, as Taliesin shows the men of North Wales did in the sixth century. In the twelfth century, we learn by Giraldus Cambrensis, the Welsh were cropped, though afterwards they left their hair to hang at full length. In the twelfth century the Welsh women, as Giraldus Cambrensis tells us, wore on their heads the comely head-gear,—which has been well chosen by the fair daughters of some other lands,—a square scarf, or veil, *llen*, the place of which has since been unworthily holden by the black round hat, the origin of which I know not.

"In the time of Howel Dda, weaving was a trade, as it is enacted that, if a weaver woman should receive yarn, or balls, and they should be burnt, or otherwise consumed at her house, she should make them good.

"By the laws of Moelmuad (Molmutius), the three essentials of a genuine gentleman were a rug (*brychan*), a harp, and a cauldron; the *brychan*, or rug, seems to have been to him what the opossum rug is to the Englishman in the bush of Australia. Among the poor, the *brychan* was spread on a straw-filled mattress.

"As early as from the sixth to the tenth century, we find allusions to the richest of ornaments, such as golden spurs, enamelled armour, and girdles adorned with gold, or silver, or gems, the *gold ring* (*modrwy*), and *thumb-ring* (*bodrwy*), the *arm-ring* (*breichrwy*), the *necklace* (*mwndlws*), and the *chain*, and the *golden torch*, which was the badge of nobility. The Dorset County Museum contains some interesting specimens of ancient British ornaments, and it is mark-worthy how much like the ornaments of the ancient Britons are those of the Fellaheen, or peasants of Goomeh, in Egypt. The Fellaheen women are said to wear necklaces of glass beads and amulets; and among some interesting contributions to the museum from the Rev. H. Moule is a necklace of glass beads, with amulets of Kimmeridge coal. The Fellaheen wear bracelets of a penannular shape, 'the flexibility of the metal sufficing to allow the ends to pass over the wrists and close;' and a similar pair of golden arm-rings (*breichrwy*), from the arms of some British lady who was buried in a barrow at Stafford, near Dorchester, has been placed in the museum by H. Williams, Esq. The Fellaheen wear a torch, or neck-circle, with the ends linked together by a hook, precisely like many that have been found in our barrows. Some of the Fellaheen bracelets represent strands of cord, entwined into various plaits and twists; and the true British *torch* was of twisted wire, or strands, as

the word torch means the twist ; and it was, most likely, a continuance in gold, of an earlier badge of cord.

"The great mark of nobility among the Britons and other Celtic tribes, was the torch, or golden collar. The torch was sometimes called the *gorthorch*, or high wreath ; the *gordd-dorch*, or neck wreath ; and the *aurdorch*, the golden wreath. Torchs were among the spoils taken to Rome with Caractacus, and a torch gleamed on the neck of Boadicea, and again on the nobles at the battle of Catteraeth, in the sixth century, where Aneurin, the noble bard, lost several golden torched sons. The gold torch of Fearaithach (of Ireland), A.D. 46, had wonderful properties. On the neck of a king sitting in judgment it shrunk, and compressed the neck in proportion to his wrong judgment. It would seem as if warriors at close quarters held one another by the torch, as there is an old Welsh saying, in the mouth of a man who may challenge another to a game or contest, 'mi dynav y dorch a thi' (I'll pull the torch with you). Everybody knows the case of Titus Manlius, the Roman who slew the Gaulish leader, and took his torch, whence he was called *Torquatus*, or the *torched*. The *σπρεπρόν* which, as Xenophon writes, was given by Cyrus to Syennesis, was clearly a torch, as is shown by its name.

"Some of our school-books tell their readers that the Britons wore the skins of beasts, as if it were a token of great misery ; but a good skin, or fur coat, or robe, is no token of misery or want, either in a Russian winter palace, or in an English railway carriage, through a snowy day. We are not bound to believe that the Britons pushed their arms through the fore-leg holes of a calf-skin, and walked with the tail trailing behind them. It is true the 'Mabinogion' speak of a herdsman with a skin coat (*ruchen-o-grwyn*), and the oldest writings speak of a fur or skin robe, *ysgin*, and in the Laws of Howel Dda, an *ysgin* of a freeholder is rated at 120 pennies, or about six cows, fifty or sixty pounds of our money. More than one kind of commodity, or their names, have come to us from the Celts, through the French, from whom we have taken them, as words of elegance, though we might have disdained them among the Britons, and Welsh peasantry. Thus a *pelisse* is the Celtic *péllys*, a skin or fur robe ; and we talk of a lady's trousseau, whereas, *trws* (*trwsau*), is an old British, and most likely Armorica, word for a garment or dress ; and cuirass is in British, *curas*. The Welsh flannel (*gwlanen*), or some such homespun cloth, white and unfulled, was early worn by the Cymry, and in Howel's Laws a fringed mantle (*rhuwch*), was rated at sixty pence, or three cows. The Welsh have a tradition of a race of men who came to Britain before the Romans ; and they call them the Longcoats—*hir ei peisiau*."—pp. 6-14.

In a similar strain Mr. Barnes discusses and explains other usages of the ancient Britons. The length of this extract, however, will not allow us to make any more quotations ; let our readers buy the work and read it for themselves. We can assure them that they will not regret the purchase. We must, moreover, express a hope that Mr. Barnes' British studies will not end here, but that this little volume is but a prelude to a larger and more systematic work on kindred subjects.

A POEM OF ENGLISH SYMPATHY WITH WALES, written for the Great National Eisteddfod of 1858; and LLANGOLLEN, a Poem upon the same occasion. By ELFYNYDD. Birmingham: J. Allen and Sons. 1858.

When our readers are made aware that these poetical effusions are by the author of "SNOWDON," the beautiful poem which appeared in our June Number, they will require no further information on our part. Mr. Kenward is a true poet, and we have no doubt but that, in time, his fame as such will stand high. Though an Englishman, he loves our nation dearly, and is a great admirer of our language, usages, and mountain sceneries, as will easily be seen from the poems before us. Portions of the first were recited at Llangollen, amidst loud applause, and elicited for the author the special thanks of the meeting. The second poem was written subsequently, and is more particularly a description of the Gorsedd. We quote that portion of it which delineates the "gathering:"—

"They come from Mona's sunny isle which rocks eternal guard,  
Where lives the might of many a prince, the voice of many a bard;  
They come from where the mountain-queen of Clwyd's broad domain  
Looks on grey tower, leafy dell, white cottage, golden grain;  
From where Yr Eifl's crags enwrap, cold, desolate, and stern,  
The vale that nursed the fiery snakes for traitor Vortigern;  
Where Nefyn saw the pageant pass of Edward's blood-stained sway—  
How scorns and triumphs over it our peaceful one to-day—  
From where the Lake of Beauty lies, and Aran's summits blend  
Their giant cones with Eve's gold shafts that in its breast descend;  
Where yet round hoary Snowdon beats the quenchless heart of Wales—  
And *shall*, till stedfast rock dissolves, till rushing river fails!  
Where Vyrnwy sparkles mid the groves and meadows rich with kine,  
And spreading uplands white with sheep, and quiet homesteads shine;  
Where Past and Present meet and mix in Cardiff's storied town;  
Where fair Glyn Neath, from Brecon's ridge, her streams lead dancing down;  
Where Towy glides through level meads and gardens of delight,  
And Merddin's spirit animates wood, waterfall, and height;  
Where Usk and Wye confirm to Gwent the beauty of her name,  
And Learning holds her heritage, and Royalty his fame;  
Where Merthyr's fires and circling smoke deform the air, yet give  
A recompence in art and wealth, and peace by which they live;  
Where round Saint David's stormy head the deep-voiced breakers pour,  
And howl the sea-winds through the shrines where worship is no more;  
They come from hall and cot remote—from factory and farm,  
United by one common bond, led by one sacred charm;  
And e'en from England's airless towns where commerce blocks the street,  
For Patriotism keeps their heart though Fortune guides their feet;  
They come with hope and purpose high, and voices tuned to glee,  
To stand as stood their forefathers beside the holy Dee—  
To rear in peace their Gorsedd-stone on basis firm and strong,  
And in their great Eisteddfod to honour Art and Song."—pp. 21, 22.



**Y BRYTHON; Cambro-Briton Magazine.** Nos. I., II. Tremadog:  
R. J. Jones. 1858.

In our last we had occasion to notice this periodical as a weekly paper; since then it has undergone a change, and has become a monthly magazine. We are particularly pleased with it under this new form, presenting, as it does, articles of a varied, instructive, and amusing character, such as are sure to make it popular. There is only one thing connected with it with which we are disposed to find fault—its name. *The Scots, or the Caledonians*, would be quite as appropriate as *Y Brython*. Let it assume the significant and comprehensive name *Y Gwyddon*—or, as an easier violation of its original title, *Prydain*—and unite itself to the CAMBRIAN INSTITUTE, as the organ of the Welsh portion of our readers. If it were to adopt this suggestion, we should recommend it, moreover, to alter the form of its folding, which at present is rather unwieldy. Subject to these qualifications, we highly recommend it, as the best thing of the kind in the language.

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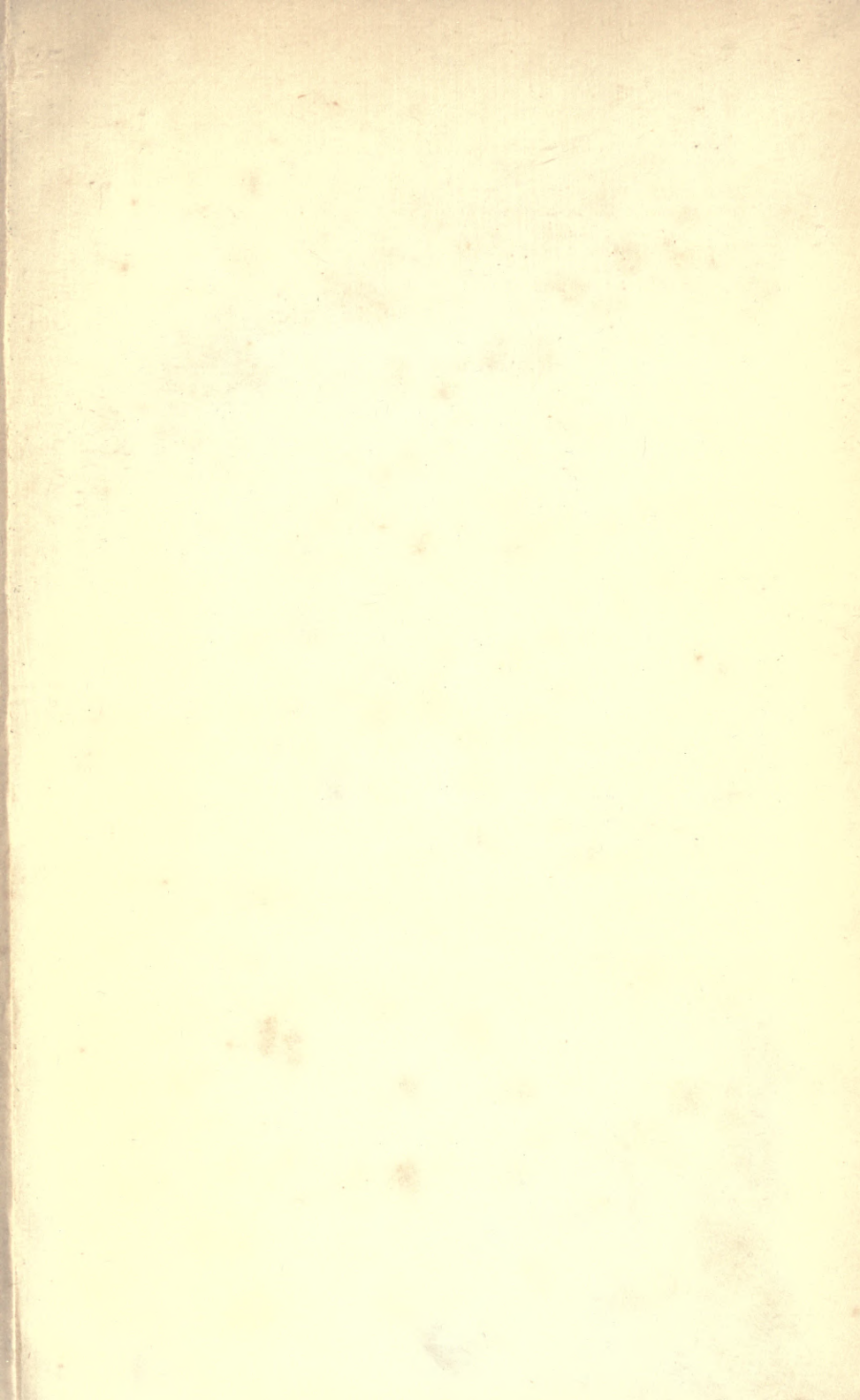
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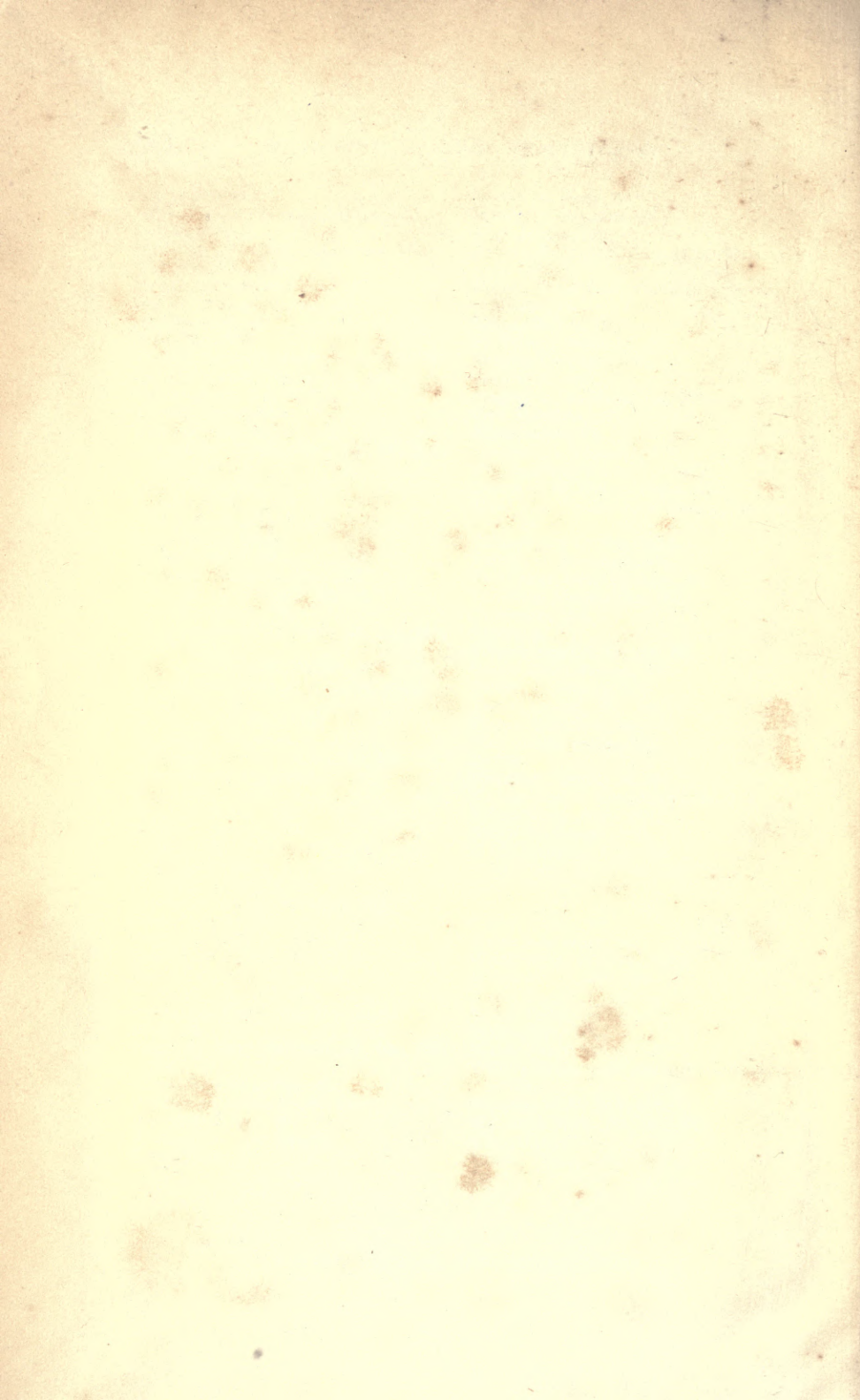
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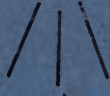
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